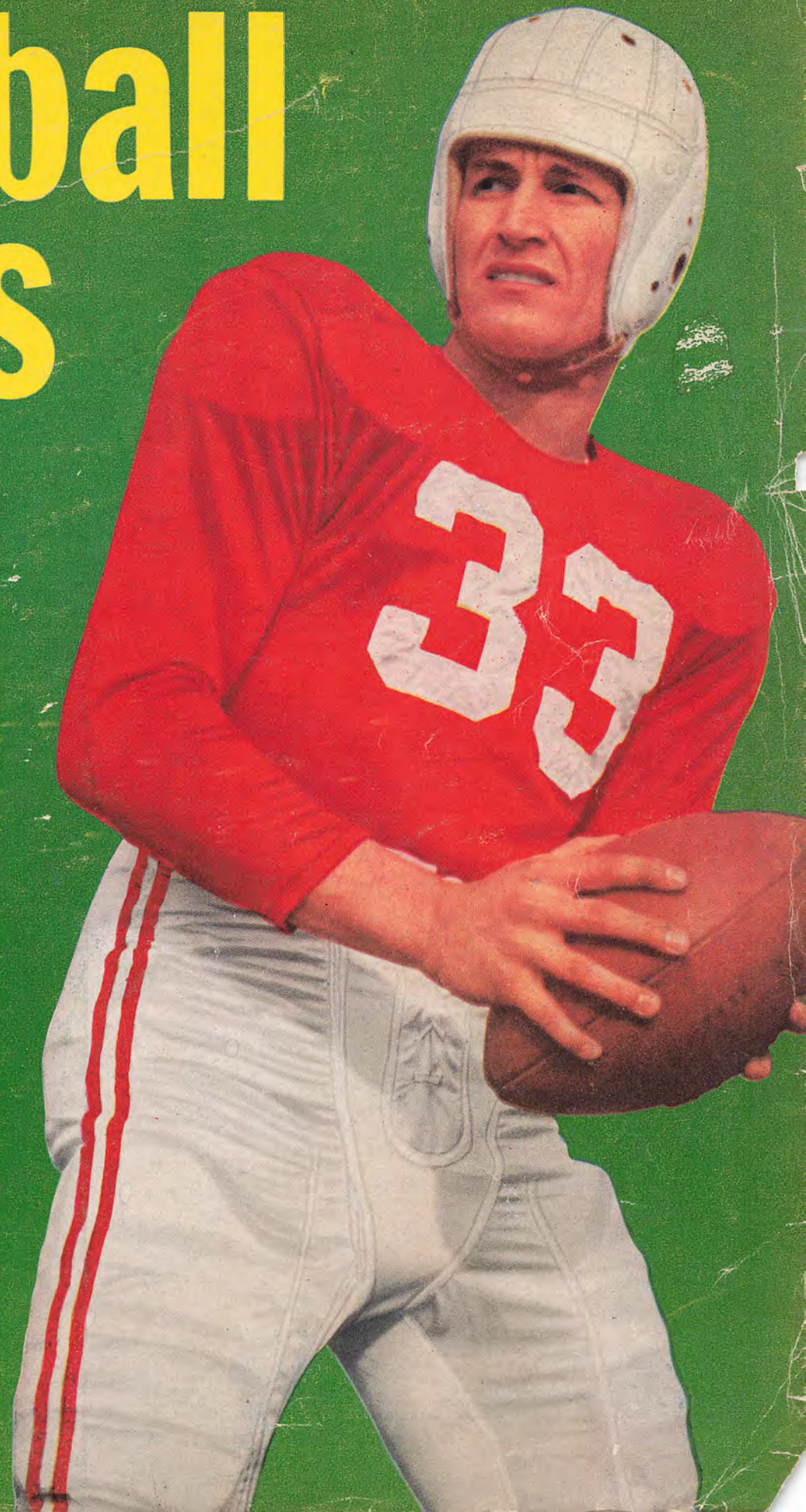
"WHY THEY ALL PICK AGGANIS" BY COACH BUFF DONELLI

football stars

25c



500 Sportswriters* pick five best passing backs

AGGANIS, Boston
HEINRICH, Washington
McKOWN, T.C.U.
SAMUELS, Purdue
SCARBATH, Maryland

*see back cover

HARRY AGGANIS

A BELL MAGAZINE

DELL SPORTS GROUP

Football-1952 Who's Who in Sports Baseball Life Stories
Official Baseball Annual Baseball Stars Baseball-1953

football stars

COLLEGE

5 Best Passing Backs..... 3
5 Best Running Backs 19
5 Best Defending Backs 33
5 Best Ends 45
5 Best Linemen 57

PROFESSIONAL

10 Best Pros 69

EDITOR Stanley Woodward
MANAGING EDITOR Marilyn Galanter
RESEARCH Joy Kaner
ART EDITOR Gordon Reekie
ART DIRECTOR Fernando Texidor
COVER DESIGNS Angelo Grasso
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR Henry P. Malmgreen

national editorial board

EAST
Stanley Woodward, Miami News
Hy Goldberg, Newark Evening News
MIDWEST
Joe Doyle, South Bend Tribune
PRAIRIE-MOUNTAIN
Ed Garich, Kansas City (Mo.) Star
PACIFIC COAST
Dick Friendlich, San Francisco Chronicle
SOUTHWEST
Bill Rives, Dallas News
SOUTH
Morris McLemore, Miami News
PROFESSIONALS
Joe Sheehan, N.Y. Times
Milton Gross, N.Y. Post
David Condon, Chicago Tribune

Cover photo by Leo Alexander

FOOTBALL STARS, Vol. 1, No. 1. Published annually by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Geo. T. Delacorte, president; Helen Meyer, vice president. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention For The Protection of Literary And Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in the United States, 35c in Canada. Printed in U. S. A. Copyright, 1952, by Dell Publishing Co., Inc.

500 experts can't be wrong!

■ FOOTBALL STARS is not a one-man book. It was written by a formidable corps of experts on information furnished by an even more formidable corps. As far as I know, its conclusions on individual worth of players in certain well-defined categories are the soundest yet returned.

This writer, or any other single writer, had comparatively little to do with these conclusions. A group of 500 newspaper writers, television and radio experts, judged the players. The jury stretched across and up and down the country. It was reinforced, on the blue ribbon principle, in areas where the game is particularly strong.

We've been discussing college players up to this point. The pros who appear in this book were judged by the coaches of the National League in a poll conducted by Bert Bell, commissioner of professional football. Each coach was required to ignore members of his own team and vote only for opposing players. Favoritism was thus ruled out and the choices comprised an All-Star aggregation whose qualifications may not be questioned.

The college selection problem was much more complex than the pro. First the editors gleaned the country for the names of outstanding players, querying coaches, reporters and aircasters. A ballot then was worked up and submitted to the 500-man jury. No juror was bound by the names on the ballot. The editors merely asked that the juror give consideration to the nominees revealed by the preliminary survey.

FOOTBALL STARS deals mainly with individual players and their specialized abilities. It makes little effort to estimate team values. The latter task was attempted by this writer in a companion book called FOOTBALL—1952, now on the newsstands.

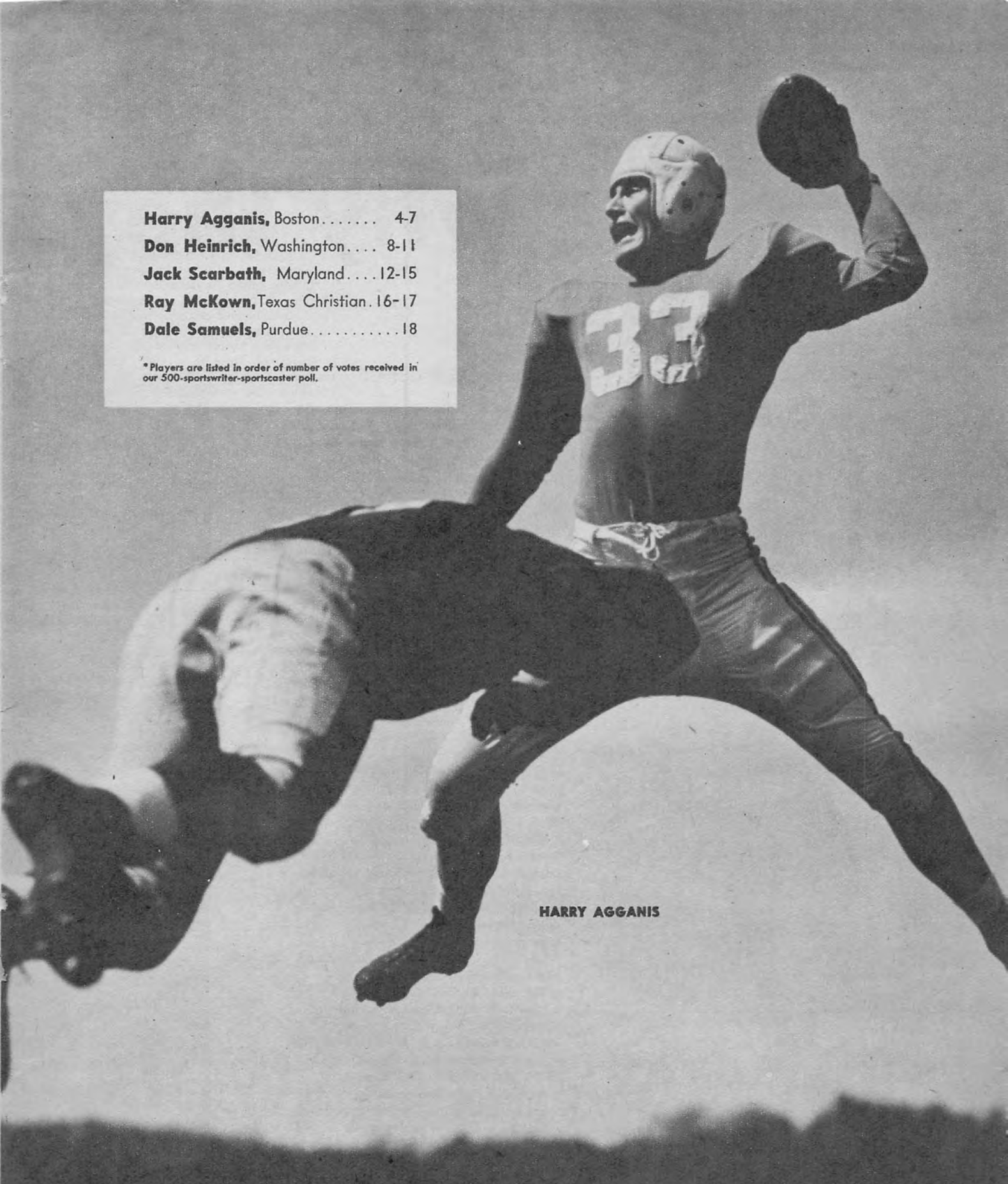
The players in FOOTBALL STARS are divided into the following categories: Running Backs, Passing Backs, Defending Backs, Ends, and Linemen.

Some backfield men received votes in more than one category. Harry Agganis, for instance, who was voted the nation's best passing back, received votes in all three categories in which he was eligible. Unlike most T formation quarterbacks, he is also a defensive player.

In the main, the categories served their purpose, however, for the T formation is still the most popular attacking method, and in it the division of duties is quite clear. The quarterbacks are principally passers; the other backs runners.

The primary emphasis in this book was on backfield men, for they are the boys on whom principal public interest is focused. Ends ranked second, and linemen, whose importance everyone will agree to, were given comparatively little notice.

stanley woodward



Harry Agganis, Boston..... 4-7
Don Heinrich, Washington.... 8-11
Jack Scarbath, Maryland....12-15
Ray McKown, Texas Christian.16-17
Dale Samuels, Purdue.....18

* Players are listed in order of number of votes received in our 500-sportswriter-sportscaster poll.

HARRY AGGANIS

the five best passing backs*

"why they

by **coach buff donelli**

■ It was a rough ride from Boston to Syracuse back in the fall of 1949. The plane bucked and dipped like an angry bronco.

Personally I didn't notice the ride because I was worrying about other things and perfectly willing to let the pilot take us in without contributing prayers or body English. I kept my mind on the game that was going to be played the next night, and my mind followed a vicious circle . . .

Syracuse was strongly favored to wallop us. However, our team was better than anyone realized. It was a good team, though a young one. I could see a chance of winning, but I conjured up a thousand troubles. Our kids were young. Many of them would be playing before a big crowd for the first time. Therefore, they were bound to make mistakes. Therefore Syracuse would probably beat us.

My mind went over and over the same unholy track. I probably made a show of myself. I remember loosening my tie, getting out my play sheets and discarding them a dozen times.

We were over Troy, or maybe Albany, when I felt a tap on my shoulder. I looked up and saw a tall loose-jointed kid standing in the aisle in an open shirt and windbreaker. It was Harry Agganis, our sophomore quarterback from Lynn, the shoe town north of Boston.

"How's it, Coach?" said the kid grinning. "You worried?"

The plane bucked viciously, but Harry, in the loose-jointed, certain manner of a bronco-buster, rode with it.

"Don't worry, Coach. We'll take 'em."

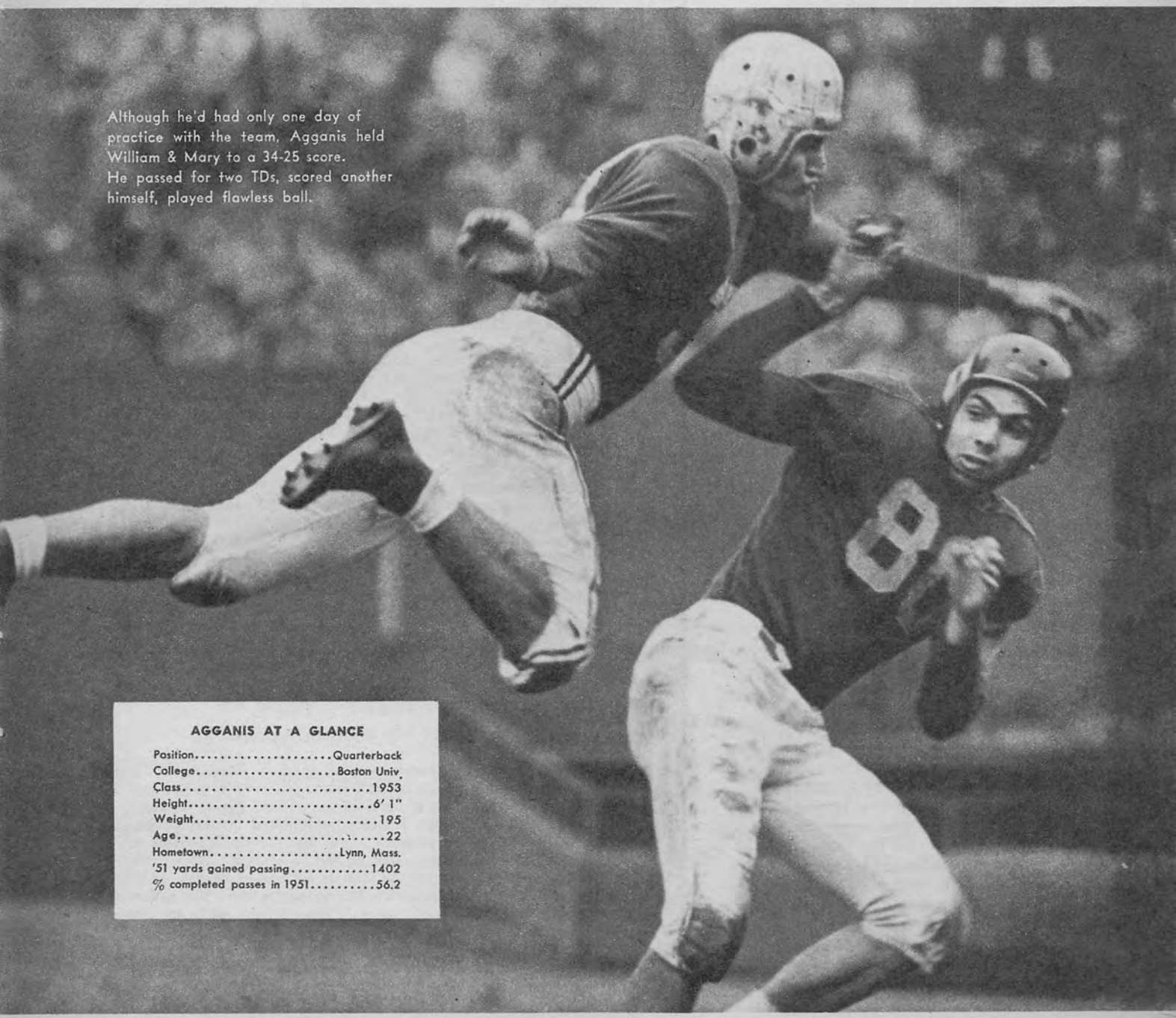
The kid slapped me on the back, walked to his seat and picked up a magazine.

At first I resented his assurance a little. What business had a boy just out of high school to notice the worrying of an old stager like me? Then, before I knew it, I was laughing at myself.

"You try to teach your boys poise, I said to myself, "and here you are getting a lesson from a fellow you've hardly begun

MORE ➤

all pick agganis"



Although he'd had only one day of practice with the team, Agganis held William & Mary to a 34-25 score. He passed for two TDs, scored another himself, played flawless ball.

AGGANIS AT A GLANCE

Position	Quarterback
College	Boston Univ.
Class	1953
Height	6' 1"
Weight	195
Age	22
Hometown	Lynn, Mass.
'51 yards gained passing	1402
% completed passes in 1951	56.2

"why they all pick agganis," continued

to teach." From that point on that boy, Harry Agganis, was something special to me. He was only 18 years old, but he certainly could teach me something.

In the locker room before the game he got himself taped early and sat with his eyes closed. Not a worry in the world. When we went on the field, it was pouring. He was our passer, and the rain should have unnerved him. He took it in stride.

He called the plays, and I don't remember a mistake. He ran like a dervish, tackled runners and knocked down passes all over the field. Not only this, but he remembered his suffering coach and every time he was near the bench, he said something cheerful to me.

Driven, as well as led, by this young sophomore, we upset Syracuse, 33-21.

Agganis, tall, lanky, left-handed, has been a coach's dream ever since. And there are other members of our profession beside me who will tell you he is the greatest T quarterback of the day. Paul Brown, coach of the phenomenal Cleveland Browns, paid him the compliment of drafting him.

Notwithstanding, I was frankly surprised when the FOOTBALL STARS panel of experts named Harry the greatest passing back of the year. The choice confirmed my previous conviction that writers and radio men arrive at sound conclusions on comparative value. I was surprised only because Boston University teams are not as well known as some of Harry's worthy rivals.

Agganis differs from his rivals in that he is a 60-minute ball player, safety man in the defense as well as play-director and executor in the attack. He is virtually a one-man team. He saves games by knocking down enemy passes and tackling dangerous runners, wins them with his slashing runs and his own supremely accurate left-handed passes.

He is also the Boston University punter, and he turned in the remarkable average of 42 yards in this department. His punts have offensive as well as defensive value for he is adept at putting the enemy in a hole by punting (*Continued on page 82*)

agganis—a great

his running . . .
"dangerous after he intercepts"

■ Most T-formation quarterbacks do comparatively little running except for their maneuvers in evading the incoming tacklers while they try to get off their passes. Harry Agganis is the exception to the rule. If Agganis were a halfback, he undoubtedly would be one of the top ball carriers in the country. For a big fellow, he is deceptively fast. He has an unusually long stride; it doesn't appear as if he's moving swiftly. But as a sophomore two years ago, he outran all of Donelli's backs in a 50-yard sprint. He's extremely elusive and can throw as good a body fake as any ball carrier. Playing defense as well as offense, Agganis is particularly dangerous in an open field after he intercepts a pass. While most T quarterbacks show a minus running average because they are charged with yardage when they're forced to "eat the ball," Agganis averaged 5.4 yards as a soph, 1.8 as a junior.

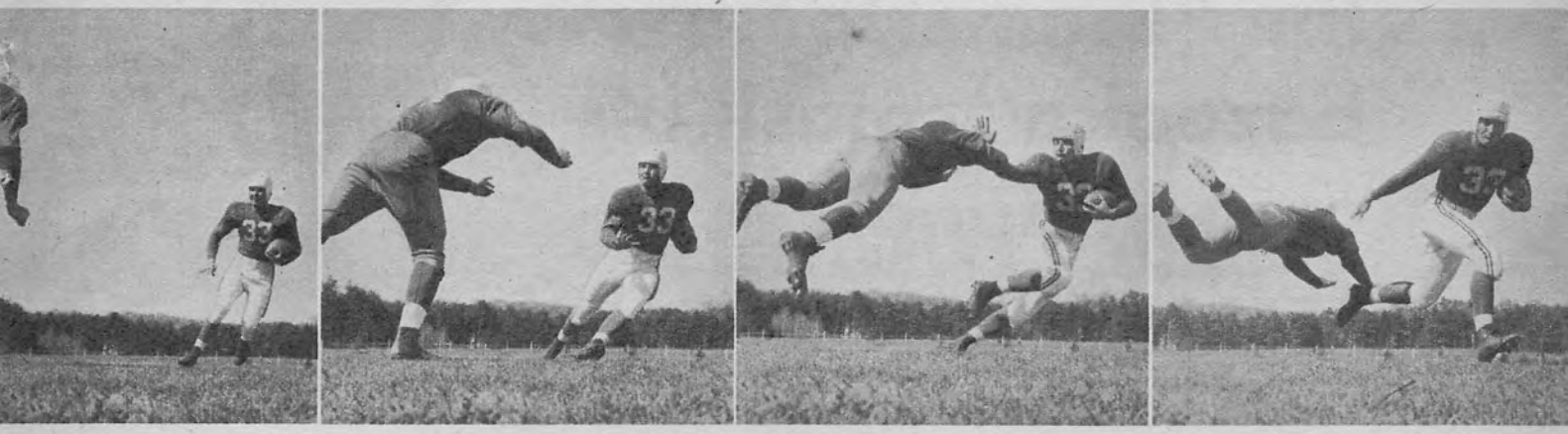
his passing . . .
"he can rifle the ball or lob it"

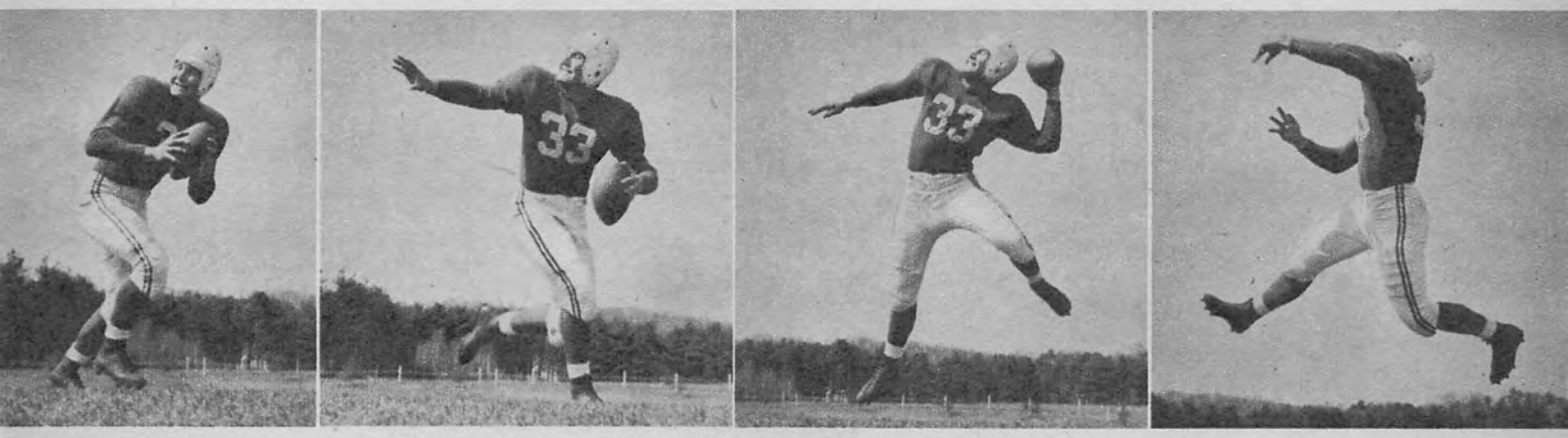
■ Boston University's coach, Buff Donelli, believes that if Harry Agganis threw more passes, he would consistently lead the nation's flingers statistically, but Agganis insists upon directing a more diversified attack and he's more interested in touchdowns for his team than in personal records. No passer, college or professional, offers a greater variety of aerials. He can rifle the ball, lob it, and throw short ones and long ones equally well. His uncanny knack of timing makes his passes difficult to intercept and his ends are supremely confident that he'll always serve the ball in the right place at the right time. They also point out that the southpaw throws an extremely light ball, one that is easy to handle. It's rare that Harry is tackled before he can get the ball away for he doesn't adhere to the same pass pattern and he's one of the more adroit quarterbacks in maneuvering out of trouble.

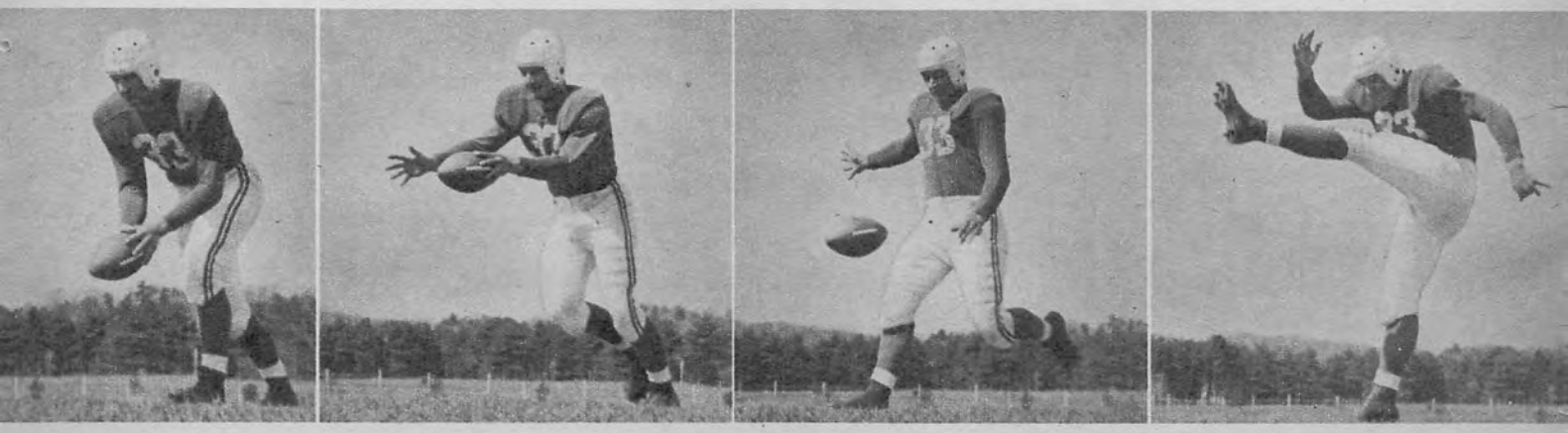
his punting . . .
"one of his boots travelled 80 yards!"

■ As a punter, and he kicks with his left foot, Harry Agganis is the reverse of what the boxing profession calls a gymnasium fighter, one who excels in his workouts and flops in actual combat. The Boston booter is often outdistanced in practice sessions, but when the pressure is on him, the Golden Greek is terrific. In his sophomore year, he had an average of 46.5 yards per punt. Returning from the Marines last season, he was one of the nation's top kickers with a 39.9 average, a mark that suffers because he frequently punts out of bounds from inside the 50-yard line. One of his boots last year traveled 80 yards on the fly but was nullified by an offside penalty. As an indication of how he operates under pressure, in the Oregon game in 1951, he picked up a wobbly pass, kicked it on the dead run and although he was 12 yards back, it landed 41 yards from the line of scrimmage.

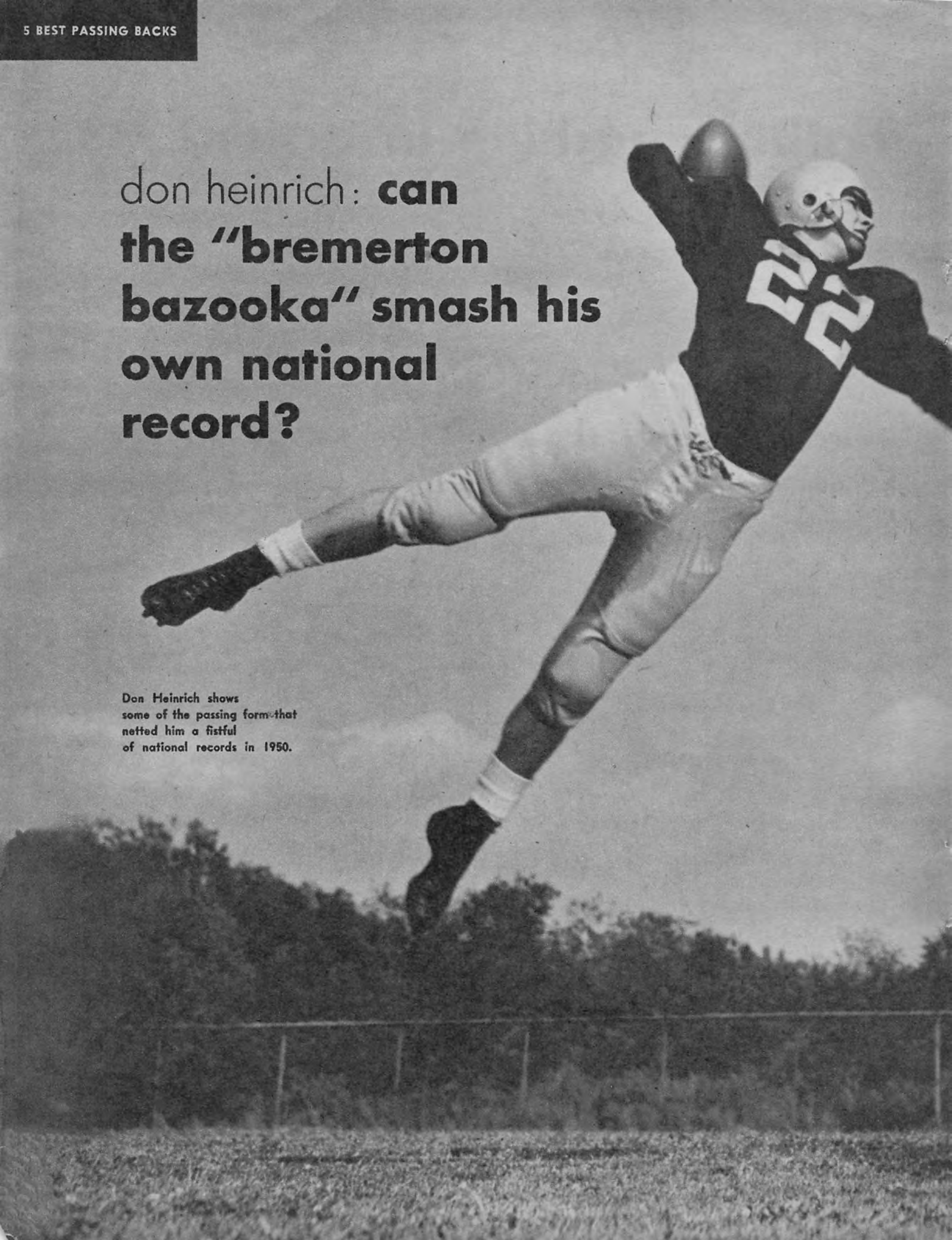
football machine in action!







don heinrich: **can the "bremerton bazooka" smash his own national record?**



Don Heinrich shows some of the passing form that netted him a fistful of national records in 1950.

HEINRICH AT A GLANCE

Position	Quarterback
College	Washington
Class	1953
Height	6'
Weight	181
Age	22
Hometown	Bremerton, Wash.
'50* yds. gained passing	1846
% completed passes in 1950	60.7

* Heinrich was out injured, in '51

■ The autumn sun glinted off the surface of nearby Lake Washington as the quarterback spun out from under the center, faked a handoff and rolled out toward the sidelines of the practice field. He was looking for receivers downfield, but they were all covered, and a big lineman bore down on him menacingly.

The quarterback could have thrown the ball away blindly, and had he done so, the college football picture in 1951 might have been altered considerably. Stanford, for instance, probably wouldn't have kept that New Year's date with Illinois in the Rose Bowl.

But Don Heinrich, University of Washington's quarterback, had not set six national and Pacific Coast Conference records for passing in the previous season by tossing the pigskin away in panic. He chose to run the ball instead. The lineman, a freshman tackle, trapped him near the sideline and Don went down hard, on the point of his elbow. When he arose, his right arm hung loosely at his side. Diagnosis: a shoulder separation.

So, in a meaningless scrimmage two weeks before the season was to open, the

MORE ➤

the "bremerton bazooka", continued

Huskies lost the All-American who was to have led them to the Pacific Coast Conference championship they had missed by the margin of a single touchdown the year before.

Even to approach his past performances this fall sets Heinrich a mighty task, particularly since every opponent on the Washington schedule will lavish devoted attention on him, with or without the ball. However, Coach Howie Odell this spring took precautions against Don becoming the victim of his own teammates again. Heinrich wore a bright green jersey in every scrimmage (Washington's colors are purple and gold) and the Huskies had orders not to jostle him.

In 1950, he had led Washington to an 8-2 record. Then, during the winter of 1950-51, he suffered a broken wrist in an auto accident near his home town of Bremerton. He missed spring practice, but got back in shape by playing softball during the summer.

it hurt to watch . . .

The wrist injury had healed when Heinrich suffered the shoulder separation on Saturday morning, September 8th. Last season while he watched disconsolately from the bench, Washington stumbled along to three wins, one tie and six defeats, five by a touchdown or less. Even half a Heinrich would have swung the balance the other way in some of those games.

But this fall the 6-foot, 181-pound senior, born in Chicago but come to greatness in the town of Bremerton on the upper left-hand corner of the map, will be back in the Washington wheelhouse. The golden right arm is limber again for the campaign to restore the Huskies to Pacific Coast eminence and only incidentally to regain for Heinrich those individual passing records snatched by others during his idle season.

He was named to the Associated Press and *Chicago Tribune* (Players') All-American teams in 1950. In achieving his All-American ranking, Don established two NCAA marks, one of 134 completed passes in a season (since broken by Don Klosterman of Loyola) and another of 60.7 per cent of passes completed, based on (*Continued on page 82*)

don heinrich and the great all-time passing records

HIGHEST PERCENTAGE OF COMPLETIONS

THE RECORD: 134 out of 221 for 60.7%. Held by Heinrich, Washington, 1950.
OLD RECORD: 110 out of 191 for 57.6%. Held by Adrian Burk, Baylor, 1949.

■ For many years, southwest colleges dominated the nation's passing statistics. TCU's Slingin' Sammy Baugh was the leading flinger in 1935 and 1936 to be followed in the next two seasons by another Horned Frog, Davey O'Brien, and in 1939 by Kay Eakin of Arkansas. As the T formation, with its emphasis on a passing attack, spread around the country, individual throwing stars blossomed. Total passes increased heavily and the need for pin-point firing raised the percentage of completions so that the record had been moving steadily upward. Charley Conerly of Mississippi, now a professional Giant, set an all-time percentage mark of 57.1 in 1947. Two years later, Adrian Burk, of Baylor, eclipsed Conerly's record by a fraction with 57.6. Heinrich in turn shattered his in 1950.

MOST TOUCHDOWN PASSES, ONE SEASON

THE RECORD: 23. Held by Vito "Babe" Parilli, Kentucky, 1950.
HEINRICH'S RECORD: 14, 1950.

■ Bulwarked by a powerful line in 1950, Babe Parilli shattered the all-time record for a single season with 23 scoring passes. When Babe connected three times against George Washington U. in the next to the last game of the 1951 season, he had a three-year total of 50, surpassing the old record of 48, held by John Ford of Hardin-Simmons. In the matter of one-game scoring accomplishments, Don Heinrich was not far behind Parilli. The Kentucky passer shares with Billy Wade of Vanderbilt the one-game record of five touchdown tosses, which Babe achieved against Cincinnati in 1950. In the opening game of the 1950 campaign, Heinrich flung four six-point aerials against Kansas State. That's superior shooting!

CONSECUTIVE PASSES WITHOUT INTERCEPTION

THE RECORD: 88. Held by Francis (Reds) Bagnell, Pennsylvania, 1950.
HEINRICH'S RECORD: 70, 1950.

■ Heinrich started the 1950 campaign by throwing 70 passes, none of which was intercepted. His streak was broken in the fourth game against Oregon State, when late in the third period, he looped a long one intended for Joe Cloidt. Oregon's towering John Thomas came out of what was described as a "low hanging cloud" to make a leaping one-handed catch. Meanwhile back East, in Pennsylvania, the brilliant Reds Bagnell was compiling an all-time mark of 88 without interception, three more than the record set by Rice's Tobin Rote in 1949. On one afternoon, against Dartmouth, Bagnell completed 14 straight while the Quakers were rolling to a 42-26 victory. The Penn halfback's string finally was shattered as the Army intercepted three of his tosses to post a 28-13 triumph.

GREATEST NUMBER OF COMPLETED PASSES, ONE SEASON

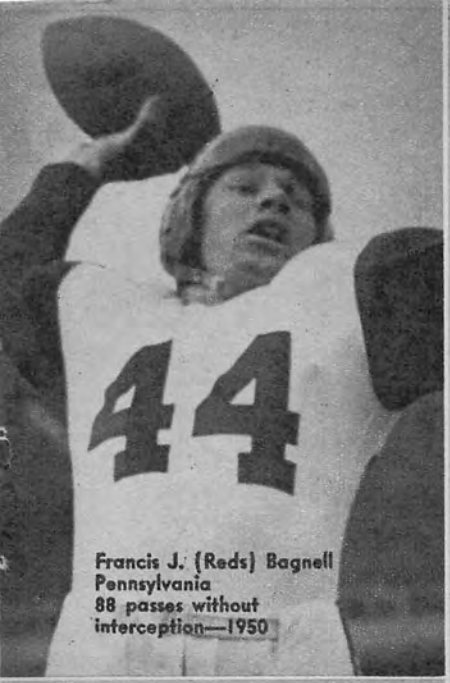
THE RECORD: 159. Held by Don Klosterman, Loyola (Calif.), 1951.
HEINRICH'S RECORD: 134, 1950.

■ When Heinrich set the all-time high for completed passes two years ago, he improved by a single completion the mark set by Charley Conerly of Mississippi in 1947, but the Bazooka Kid had fully 15 more than his nearest rival, Dave Cunningham of Utah. Heinrich's record lasted for only one season, as Don Klosterman of the powerful Loyola (Calif.) team came along in 1951 to hit 159 receivers. However, while Loyola was winning eight out of nine games, Klosterman was firing the ball 315 times, almost 100 attempts more than Heinrich made in 1950. There were occasions when Heinrich elected to cross up the opposition by using a running attack, as in the Minnesota game, the only contest in which he failed to gain more than 100 yards overhead. Against the heavy Gopher line, Heinrich was expected to fill the air with passes, but he confined himself to 20 throws, and instead sent his backs through on ground plays.

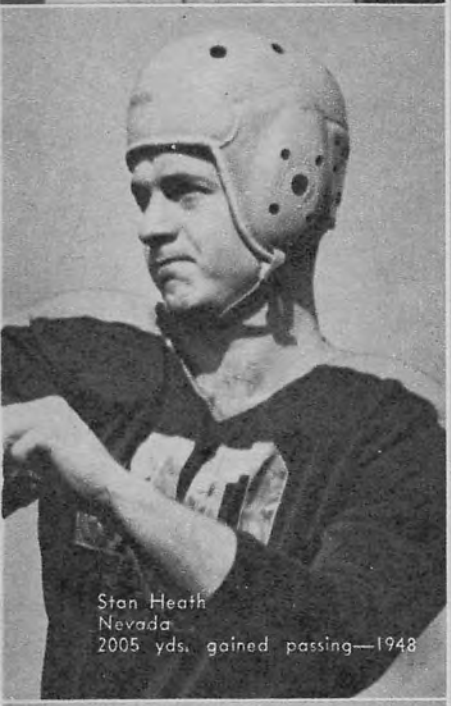
YARDS GAINED PASSING, ONE SEASON

THE RECORD: 2,005. Held by Stan Heath, Nevada, 1948.
HEINRICH'S RECORD: 1,846, 1950.

■ Most difficult of all the records at which Henrich will be firing this year is Stan Heath's mark for total yardage gained passing. Pitching for Nevada in 1948, Heath strewed records all over the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain areas. Until Stan came along with his 2,005 yards, the all-time high was 1,457 yards, racked up by Davey O'Brien in 1938. In 1949, Tom O'Malley, Cincinnati University's flyrod, was able to lead the nation with 1,617. The following season, Heinrich came along to fall only 159 yards short of Heath's peak performance. His top performance two years ago was against Kansas State, with 292 yards on 15 completions.

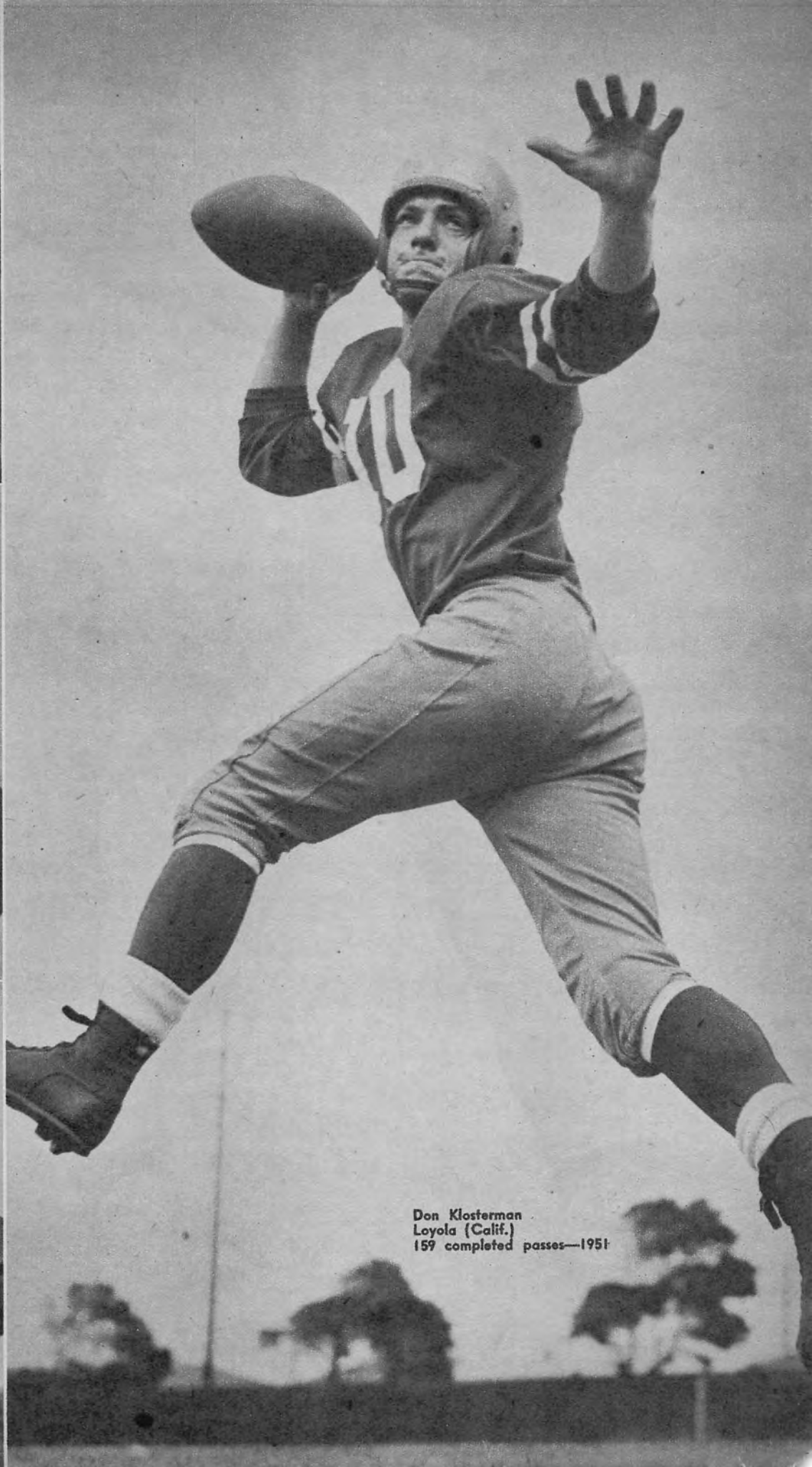


Francis J. (Reds) Bagnell
Pennsylvania
88 passes without
interception—1950



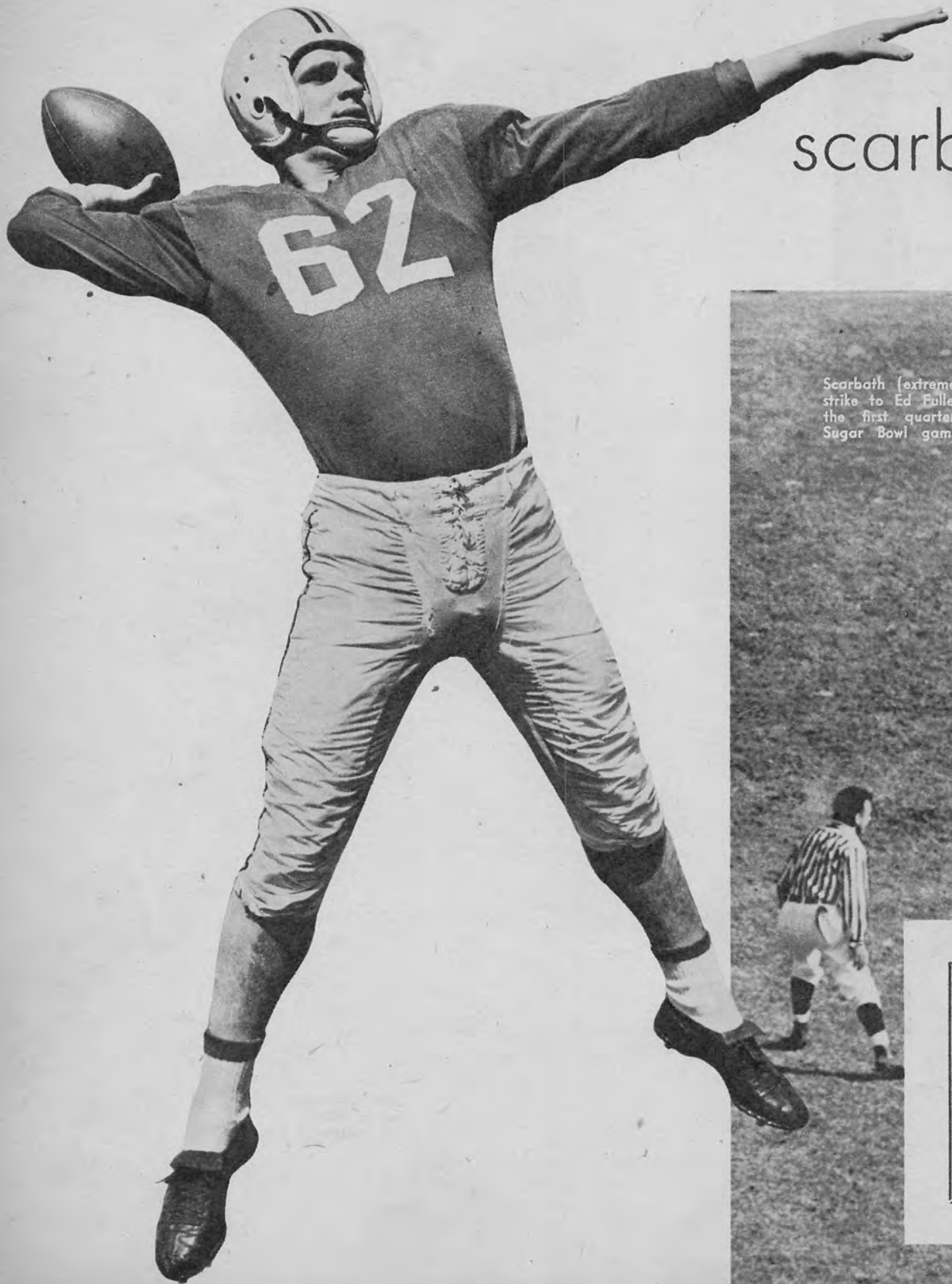
Stan Heath
Nevada
2005 yds. gained passing—1948

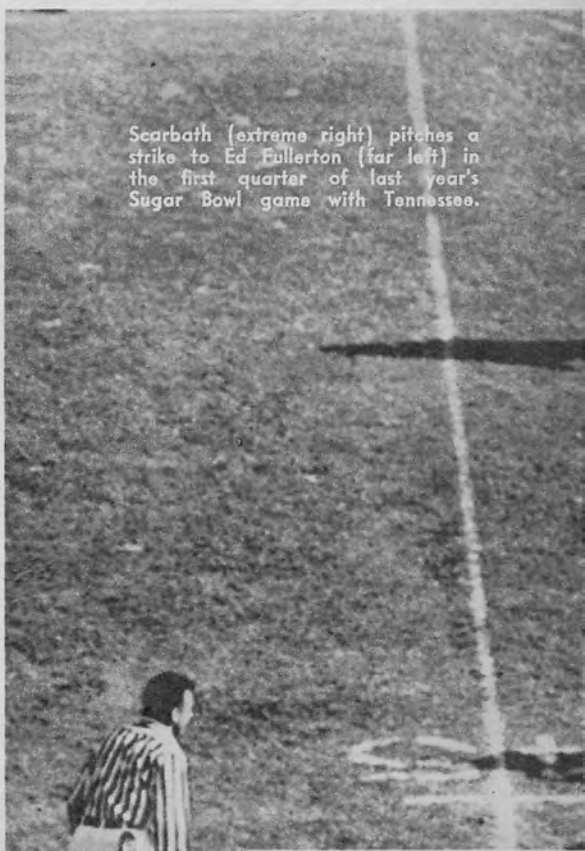
Vito (Babe) Parilli
Kentucky
23 touchdown passes—1950



Don Klosterman
Loyola (Calif.)
159 completed passes—1951

jack scarbath:



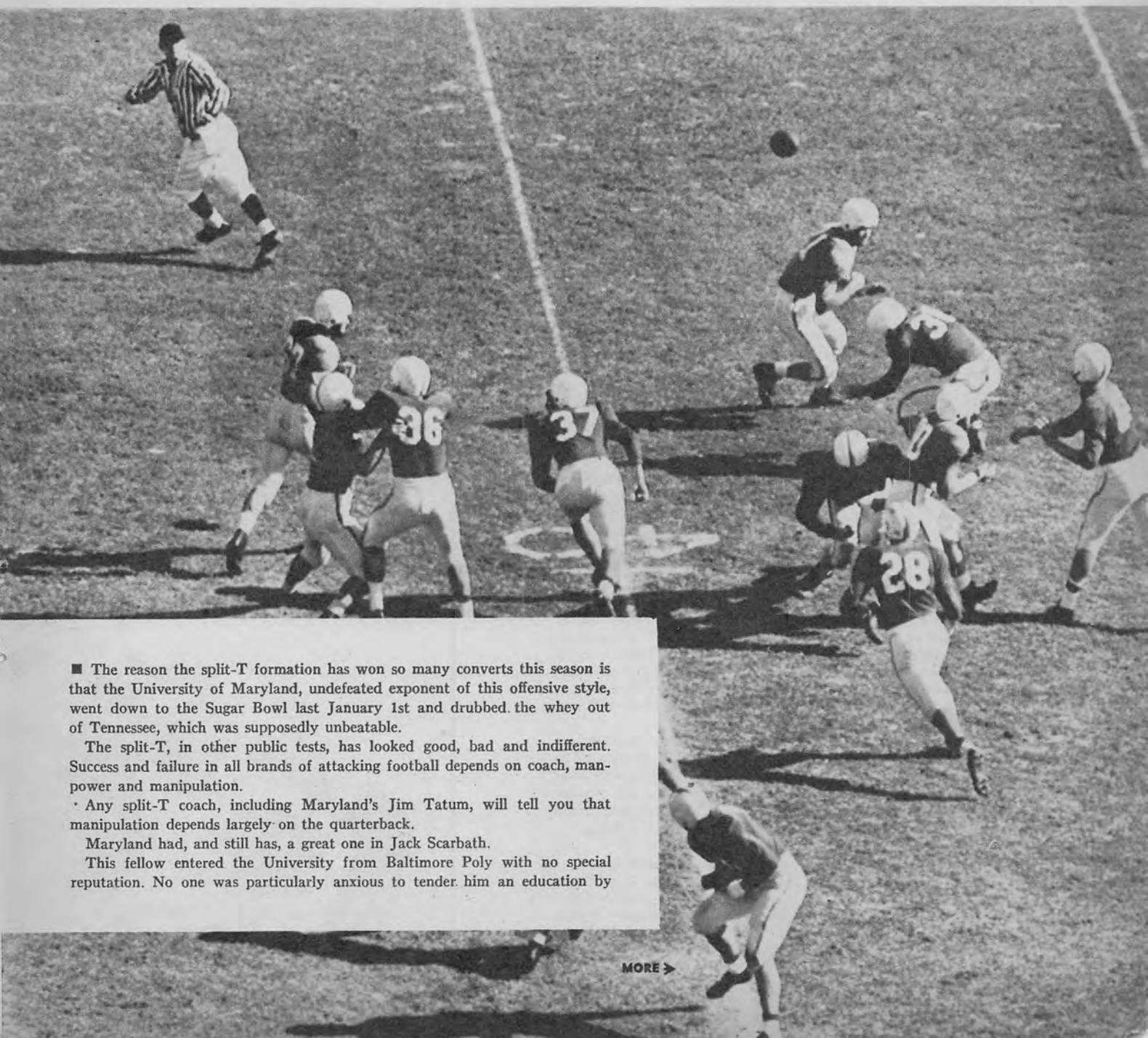


Scarbath (extreme right) pitches a strike to Ed Fullerton (far left) in the first quarter of last year's Sugar Bowl game with Tennessee.

SCARBATH AT A GLANCE

Position...Quarterback
College.....Maryland
Class.....1953
Height.....6' 1"
Weight.....190
Age.....21
Hometown
Baltimore, Md.
'51 yards gained passing.....837
% completed passes in 1951.....50.7

the guy who puts the split in the "t"



■ The reason the split-T formation has won so many converts this season is that the University of Maryland, undefeated exponent of this offensive style, went down to the Sugar Bowl last January 1st and drubbed the whey out of Tennessee, which was supposedly unbeatable.

The split-T, in other public tests, has looked good, bad and indifferent. Success and failure in all brands of attacking football depends on coach, manpower and manipulation.

Any split-T coach, including Maryland's Jim Tatum, will tell you that manipulation depends largely on the quarterback.

Maryland had, and still has, a great one in Jack Scarbath.

This fellow entered the University from Baltimore Poly with no special reputation. No one was particularly anxious to tender him an education by

MORE >

the split 't'- how it began . . .

Coach Don Faurot, Missouri

■ When Jack Scarbath directed the Maryland eleven to its spectacular triumph over Tennessee in the Sugar Bowl last New Year's Day, it was just another chapter in the continuing success of college teams that have been operating out of the split-T formation.

As one of the early devotees of the split-T, Coach Jim Tatum can look back at the 1951 campaign as the climax year, for after five years of steady drilling, he watched his Terrapins through to Maryland's first undefeated season in 57 years. That moved him up on a par with that other fabulously successful split-T coach, Bud Wilkinson of Oklahoma, both of whom should send notes of thanks to Don Faurot of Missouri.

The Navy's wartime athletic program cast Faurot, Tatum and Wilkinson onto the same coaching staff at the Iowa Pre-Flight School and by the time they went their separate ways, Tatum and Wilkinson had absorbed much of Faurot's split-T lore. Now the pupils have outstripped the teacher, for Maryland and Oklahoma ran up scores of 35-0 and 34-20, respectively, over Missouri last year.

Faurot was a split-T man as early as 1941. After watching the results obtained with the straight-T in 1940 by George Halas' Chicago Bears and Clark Shaughnessy's Stanford University team, Faurot began experimenting. Instead of following strictly the patterns of Halas and Shaughnessy, Faurot envisioned a greater spread in the line, and decided to make his quarterback more of a running threat by sliding up and down the scrimmage line instead of spinning.

That 1941 Missouri team led the nation in net rushing yards per game, finished sixth nationally in total offense and earned a bid to the Sugar Bowl. If Faurot hasn't had quite enough material in the post-war era to capitalize on his brain child, the same can't be said of Tatum and Wilkinson, who "borrowed" it.

Faurot believes his formation is more adaptable than any other used currently for four specific reasons: (1) It requires only average personnel. (2) It averages more yards per play. (3) It springs the backs into the open field more readily. (4) It puts greater pressure on standard defenses.

After the war, Tatum went to Oklahoma as head coach with Wilkinson as his chief aide. In 1947, Tatum moved to Maryland and Wilkinson succeeded him. As proof of Faurot's four points, Wilkinson's Sooners have compiled a fabulous five-year record. They won 31 straight games from 1948 through 1950 for a new American collegiate record. The "Big Seven" Conference still hasn't learned how to defend against it, for Oklahoma has racked up 26 Conference victories without losing a league game during Wilkinson's five seasons on the job. Bud's overall record as head coach showed 45 victories, six defeats and one tie.

Tatum took his 1946 Oklahoma eleven to the 'Gator Bowl, where the Sooners walloped North Carolina State, 34 to 13. As soon as he reached Maryland, the Terrapins began to move, and the fifth year was the big one, with nine straight victories during the regular season topped off by the Sugar Bowl upset of the Volunteers. In his five years at College Park, Tatum's won 38, lost nine, tied three.

Naturally, a coach must have the material to make any system work. Tatum had only to give the go ahead signal to backfield operatives like Scarbath and "Mighty Mo" Modzelewski. Claude Arnold and Leon "Mule Train" Heath helped make the Oklahoma machine function in high gear. Missouri's outstanding quarterback since Faurot inaugurated the Split T was Harold "Bus" Entsminger in 1947 and 1948. He was adept at faking a pitchout, then slicing off tackle.

the guy who puts

grant-in-aid. So he went to College Park and made his own arrangements to enter. Ultimately he talked the athletic office into giving him a scholarship.

Ever since, Dr. Curly Byrd, the athletic-minded ex-football coach who is Maryland's president, and Coach Tatum have been thanking their stars that Jack insisted on matriculation. Without him Maryland might not have—probably wouldn't have—been able to split the T with such unfailing, unerring accuracy.

In Maryland's victory over the Vols in the Sugar Bowl last New Year's Day, Scarbath had his own plan of attack—like this "sneak," good for a third TD.

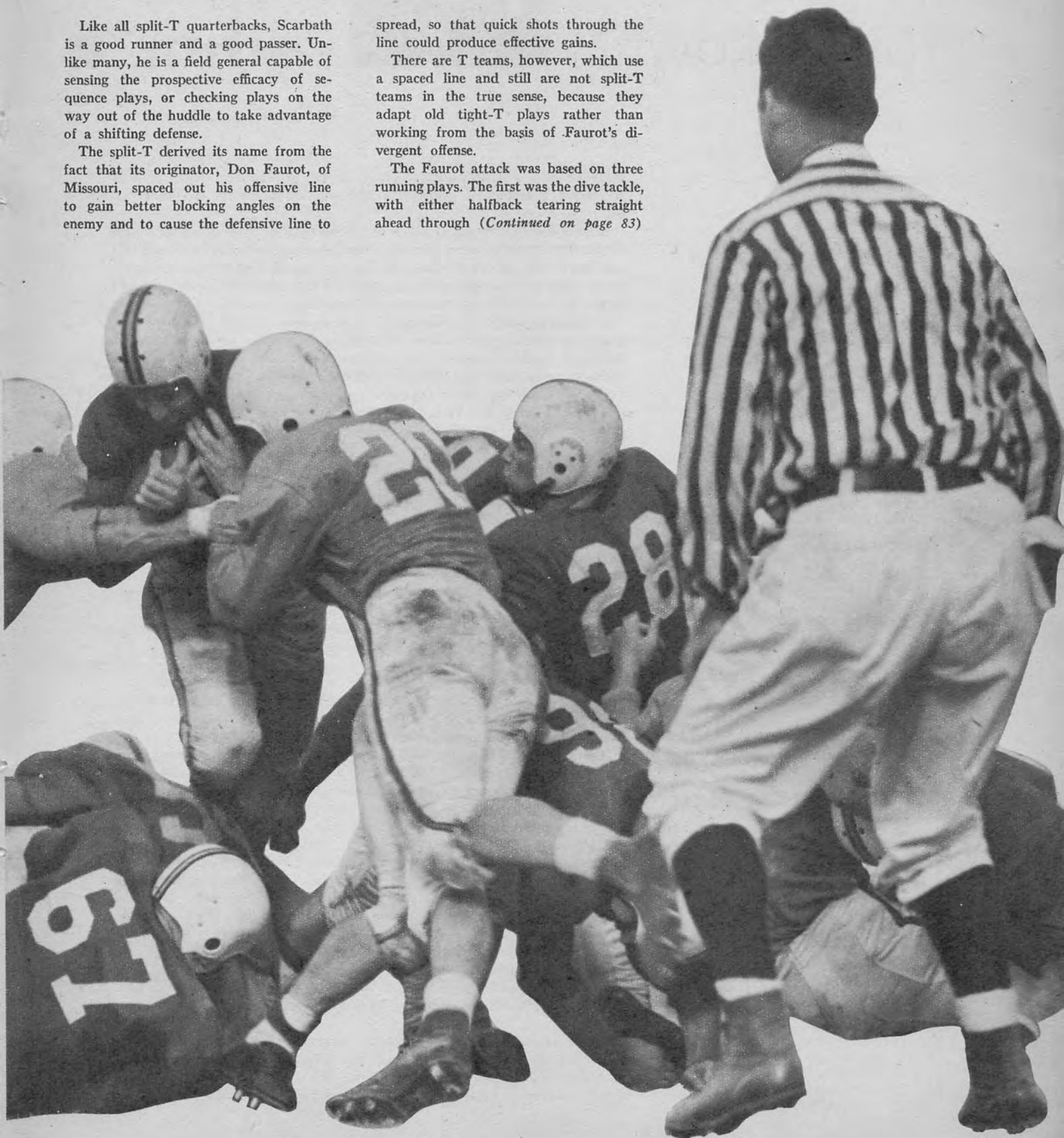
the split in the "t," continued

Like all split-T quarterbacks, Scarbath is a good runner and a good passer. Unlike many, he is a field general capable of sensing the prospective efficacy of sequence plays, or checking plays on the way out of the huddle to take advantage of a shifting defense.

The split-T derived its name from the fact that its originator, Don Faurot, of Missouri, spaced out his offensive line to gain better blocking angles on the enemy and to cause the defensive line to spread, so that quick shots through the line could produce effective gains.

There are T teams, however, which use a spaced line and still are not split-T teams in the true sense, because they adapt old tight-T plays rather than working from the basis of Faurot's divergent offense.

The Faurot attack was based on three running plays. The first was the dive tackle, with either halfback tearing straight ahead through (*Continued on page 83*)



ray mckown: what a

Yesterday he was defeated TCU's sad-sack safety. Today, at tailback, this soph was sparking his boys to a title. How could one day make such a difference?

■ When TCU went to Lubbock, Texas, last fall to play their fourth game of the season, a sophomore named Ray McKown was riding the Horned Frogs' bench.

He was listed on the TCU roster as the fourth-string tailback on the Dutch Meyer spread, but he hadn't played a down on offense and didn't expect to. He had seen a little service at safety, but his performance hadn't been impressive; in the Frogs' previous games, he had made two unnecessary fair catches and had allowed a touchdown pass to be completed over him.

In TCU's opening loss to Kansas, 13-27, he made a fair catch on a punt with nobody within 20 yards of him. He was also responsible for at least one of KU's two touchdown passes. The next week, TCU beat Nebraska, 28-6, but McKown again made an unnecessary fair catch. Against Arkansas, which TCU won 17-7, he played well at safety but did nothing outstanding.

When the Frogs met Texas Tech, Coach Meyer had three good tailbacks ahead of McKown: Gil Bartosh, Malvin Fowler and Danny Powell. But Fowler had been out since the Arkansas game with a hurt knee, and Bartosh was limping on an injured ankle. Powell had been lost with a knee injury the second day of practice.

That day, Texas Tech was inspired and ferocious. Tech has tried for years to get into the Southwest Conference without success. So the Red Raiders like nothing better than to lick a Southwest Conference club. TCU lost Bartosh early when he tried to run on his injured ankle. Keith Flowers, All-American lineback, went out with injuries.

In the first three periods, Tech rolled up a 33 to 0 score. TCU's defense leaked like a sieve and its offense sputtered and stalled time after time.

In desperation, Meyer decided to gamble with McKown. After all, there was nothing to lose; the situation was beyond repair.

almost in a state of shock . . .

McKown was so astonished and nervous at being sent into the tailback spot that he was almost in a state of shock. But in the huddle, his mates clapped him on the back and spoke words of encouragement.

His parents watching, the kid from Dumas, on the West Texas plains, settled down and went to work. Behind his leadership, his sharp passing and hard running, the Frogs scored three touchdowns in that final period.

They lost the game, 33 to 19, but that great day they had found a star who later was to lead them to the Conference championship. As the popular song goes: "What a difference a day makes!"

The question remains, of course: what suddenly made a hero out of a bench-warming second-rater. The answer, perhaps lies in the fact that football is the jigsaw puzzle of sports, and the best coaches are the ones who juggle the pieces until the picture takes on the sharpest focus. Sometimes under the pressure of necessity, a coach has to go along with an imperfect fit. But the wisest ones keep experimenting. Those that do, eventually come up with winning combinations.

Branch Rickey of baseball fame uttered a classic observation a few years back when he said, "There's no such thing as luck in sports. Luck is merely the residue of design."

Injuries to players who outranked him gave Danny Ray McKown his big chance last fall. Luck did play that much part in his meteoric rise from obscurity.

At the same time, however, Coach Dutch Meyer had been astute enough to foresee just such a contingency. He had singled out (*Continued on page 84*)

MC KOWN AT A GLANCE

Position	Tailback
College	Texas Christian
Class	1954
Height	6'
Weight	177
Age	20
Hometown	Dumas, Tex.
'51 yards gained passing	911
% completed passes in 1951	48.4

difference a day makes!

TCU's Ray McKown gets dumped by two Trojans in a '51 game.

dale samuels: "send up another six!"

When the fire strikes Dale, he rips off a TD faster than the scoreboard can post it. Wise operators keep a six-point lead on him!

■ Chicago sportswriters covering the "routine" Notre Dame-Purdue football game in 1950 reversed their usual procedure in the first few frantic moments after the Boilermaker's momentous upset of the Irish, a defeat that halted a streak of 39 games without defeat.

Instead of the office getting information from the writers, the writers had one stock query for the desk men back home: Who's Samuels?

Dale Samuels, a pint-sized, icicle-cool sophomore on a field that usually sports gridiron giants, startled the Irish and all football with his pin-point passes and imaginative strategy that resulted in a 28-14 Purdue win.

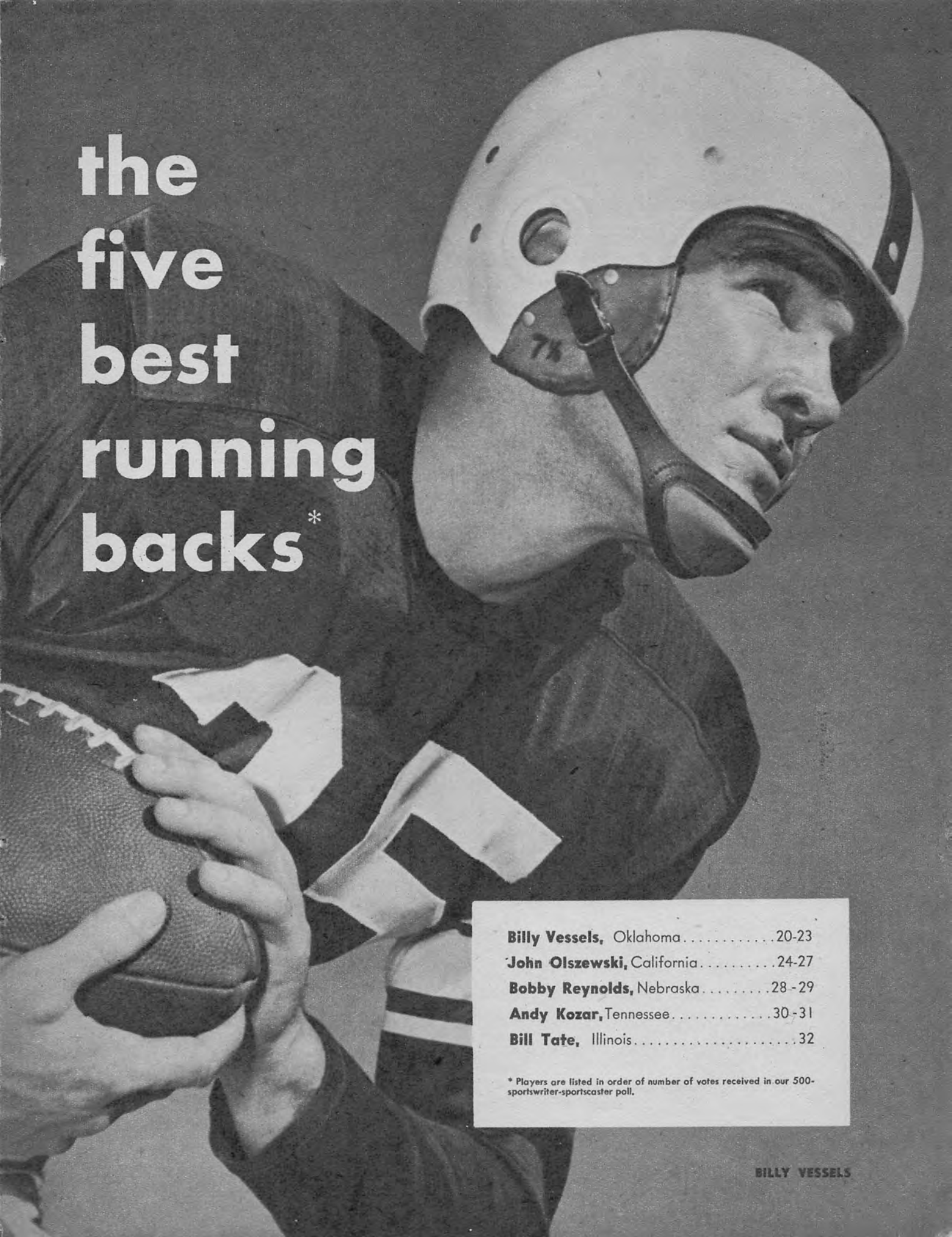
Had the sportswriters bothered to check, they would have discovered that (1) Samuels was a Lindblom (Chicago city champs, 1948) product who had a high school record knack of coming through when the going was toughest and (2) that as a passer he was neglected by other collegiate recruiters because he was too small, 5-9, 165 pounds.

Coach Stu Holcomb, liking his clutch performances as a prep, took him on what he calls "a hunch." It paid off to the acute embarrassment of Purdue opponents, all of whom, except Indiana, have had Samuels' touchdown passes completed against them by the "runt" they said was too small for football.

Samuels carried his "touch in the clutch" to Purdue with him and while he is best known for his upset (*Continued on page 84*)

SAMUELS AT A GLANCE

Position	Quarterback
College	Purdue
Class	1953
Height	5' 9"
Weight	170
Age	21
Hometown	Chicago, Ill.
'51 yards gained passing	954
% completed passes in 1951	49.3



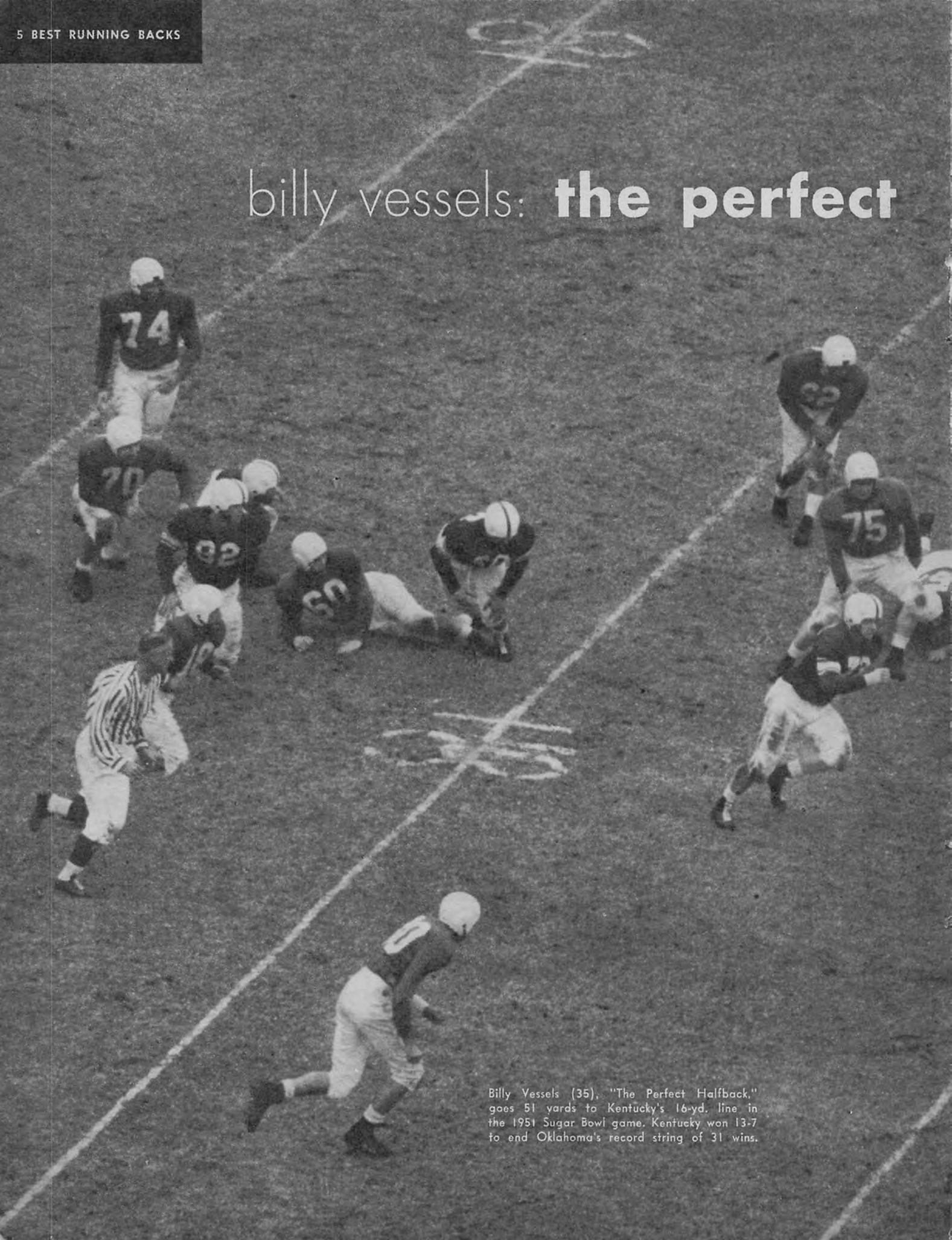
the five best running backs*

Billy Vessels, Oklahoma 20-23
John Olszewski, California 24-27
Bobby Reynolds, Nebraska 28-29
Andy Kozar, Tennessee 30-31
Bill Tate, Illinois 32

* Players are listed in order of number of votes received in our 500-sportswriter-sportscaster poll.

BILLY VESSELS

billy vessels: **the perfect**



Billy Vessels (35), "The Perfect Halfback," goes 51 yards to Kentucky's 16-yd. line in the 1951 Sugar Bowl game. Kentucky won 13-7 to end Oklahoma's record string of 31 wins.

halfback?

■ Across the minds of thousands of football coaches tonight will drift dreams. Most recurring of these is the fervent desire for a halfback who can do all things well. In other words, the eternal search is for the perfect halfback.

The requirements for same are not overly lengthy nor are they too uncommon singly. When you look for them combined in high degree in one individual, however, you wind up with a bare handful of players who rightfully earn the title of "The Perfect Halfback."

Because Billy Vessels, playing as a sophomore on the nation's No. 1 college football team in 1950, Oklahoma, exhibited these qualities in marked degree, this article will evaluate the Vessels talent in terms of "The Perfect Halfback."

The perfect halfback is a runner with size, speed and power, who knows how to use these skills effectively.

Vessels' physical make-up is ideal for the perfect halfback. Coach Bud Wilkinson says he doubts there is another runner in

MORE ➤

VESSELS AT A GLANCE

Position....Halfback	Hometown Cleveland, Okla.
College...Oklahoma	'51 yds. gained rushing.....143
Class.....1953	'51 yds. gained rushing per carry.....5.3
Height.....6'	
Weight.....190	
Age.....20	

the perfect halfback?
continued

the entire nation who combines talents to run hard and cleverly and who has his competitive spirit.

Billy weighs in at 185 to 190 pounds, yet his most effective weapon as a runner is blazing speed. That speed is an asset which enabled him to score in eleven straight football games, starting in the 1950 season and continuing into the early 1951 season (he was injured against Texas in the third game of 1951, a sprained knee, and played no more last year).

Vessels' most dramatic use of speed occurred in the Oklahoma-Texas A. and M. game last fall. There was time for only one play by Oklahoma before the halftime whistle, and the Sooners were pinned back on their 26-yard line. The Oklahoma quarterback, Eddie Crowder, called for Vessels on a trap play. Vessels broke through guard and sped 74 yards to score, using sheer speed to outrun the entire Aggie team, gaining with every stride. If he hadn't scored that touchdown, Oklahoma's record of having scored in 56 straight games dating from 1945 would have been broken. As of now the Sooners have scored in 64 straight.

When speed isn't enough, Vessels uses his magnificently conditioned body as a battering ram. Oklahoma was behind, and only 3:46 remained on the clock against Texas in 1950. The Sooners had gained possession on the Texas 11-yard line. Vessels, running solo around the right end, faked out the end, then put his shoulder down and bowled over the Texas linebacker. He twisted away from the defensive halfback and scored. Jim Weatherall converted for a 14-13 Oklahoma victory.

Billy scored 15 times in the 1950 season, including most of the vital TDs and was at his best in Oklahoma's three tough games. He scored both touchdowns against Texas, two of the five against Texas Aggies and scored three against Nebraska in the Big Seven title game. The latter performance (*Continued on page 85*)

life story of a "perfect halfback"

■ He's a happy-go-lucky type who wears bow ties and answers to the nickname of "Curly." It's only when you see the set of the jaw and the competitive gleam in the eye that you realize Billy Vessels is a football player who rates the name of "Dynamite."

Billy was brought up in Cleveland, Oklahoma, near the spot where the late Will Rogers was born—a city of 2,500 population which remembers Billy as an indestructible and unstoppable high school athlete.

Blessed with fabulous speed and a tightly knit, muscular body to go with it, Billy was a top high school athlete at Cleveland High.

Even before that, he had shown his future greatness as a grade schooler. He was an unstoppable football player whom nobody cared to tackle and in track he outran everybody. In the Oklahoma State high school meet at Stillwater in 1948, Vessels finished second in the 100-yard dash, first in the 220, won the 200 yard low hurdles and the broad jump. He scored 18 points and single-handedly carried Cleveland High to the No. 2 spot.

It was this type of performance which caught the eye of Coach Bud Wilkinson, and he landed the eager youth for his Sooner grid team. The fact that Vessels made the starting team in 1950 as a sophomore is proof of his ability. Oklahoma is attractive to a great number of top high school players, but few of them are starters in their sophomore years.

they love a guy who doesn't brag

Billy won over his teammates with his attitude. As great a ball carrier as he is, Billy is a modest kid who is never boastful about his feats. He's a tremendous hustler who gives every ounce to every play.

Anytime Billy's in the ball game, he's trying furiously to win, not for Vessels but for Oklahoma. His tremendous drive, coupled with his power and speed, make him a top runner, who's always dangerous if he can get a start.

Coach Bud Wilkinson is sold on the Vessels talent. He thinks Billy is the outstanding runner in the Conference and doesn't know where he'd look to find a better one anywhere in the nation.

Billy is a hard training player, too, who knows that condition is the key to success. He is always in top physical condition and keeps that way with intramural sports during the football off-season.

Billy played in five spring practice games at the Oklahoma spring drills, all of them rugged, and was never hurt. In the annual alumni-varsity game April 5, 1952, he proved his condition by running back the opening alumni kickoff for 85 yards and a TD, eluding 4 tacklers in 4 different parts of the field.

SKIER: A natural athlete, Billy learned winter sports more quickly than most.

BASKETBALLER: At Cleveland, Okla., H. S., basketball was just one of his sports.

TRACK MAN: In '48 meet, he won 220-dash, and hurdles.

In typical powerhouse style, Olszewski drags Santa Clara tacklers goal-ward. Calif. won this '51 game 34-0.

john olszewski: "he just don't give a damn!"

■ *(Professional football scouts have been watching California's Johnny Olszewski for two years. This is the transcript of a conversation with a scout who has often seen Olszewski in action and has collected from other sources all the information he could about the Bear fullback.* THE EDITORS)

Pro football is lousy with halfbacks who can run the ends. If a halfback isn't that fast, he usually keeps his amateur standing. But find a fullback rugged enough to smash inside tackle and still quick enough to run wide, and you've got something. Just as a left-handed batter has a step and a half on a right-hander going down to first base the fullback has a yard and a half head start on the halfback when it comes to running the ends—IF he can get out there. That's why this Olszewski (o-SHEV-ski) is such a rare bird.

He isn't so very big, either. Six feet and 195 pounds is darned near undersized for pro fullbacks, if you look over the lists of good ones. But Johnny O is all warhead; he explodes on contact and scatters tacklers all over the place. And he's not just a runner. I haven't seen a better blocker in two years. Someone has done some coaching on him, too. He used to leave his feet trying to knock somebody down. Last time I watched him, though, he led a halfback wide, used his shoulders perfectly to knock a floating end out of the play, then turned downfield without losing stride and creamed the defensive halfback.

Watching him, you might get the idea he was pure cussedness. When he's carrying the ball out in the open, he seems to go looking for tacklers instead of looking for alleyways to avoid 'em. He's fast enough to run away from the average linebacker and he can cut a corner as sharp as any drill team, but he doesn't much bother going out of his way if he sees somebody in front of him.

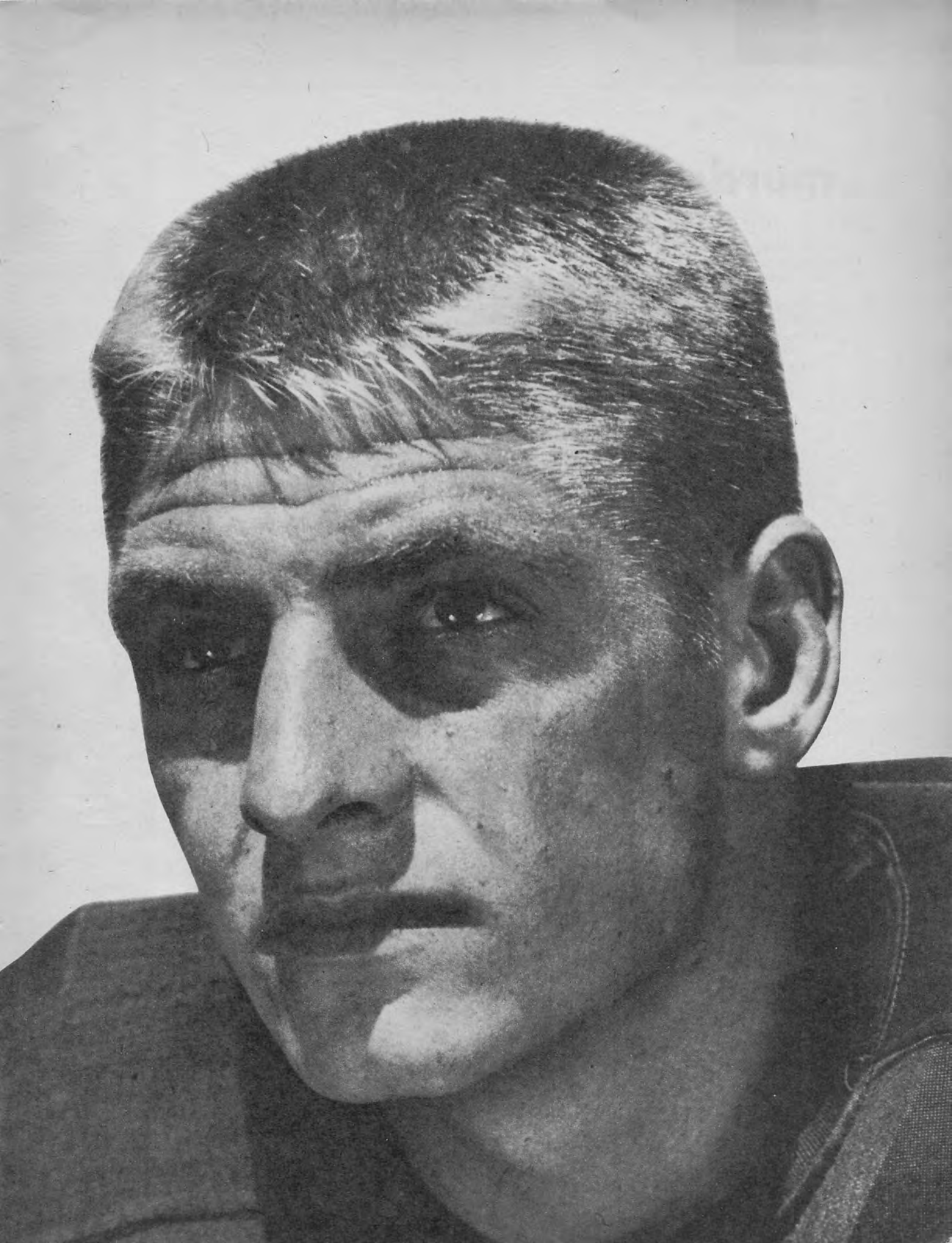
Take the Penn game at Franklin Field last fall. That was a pretty good show of what Olszewski can do even when he isn't doing it. George Munger decided he'd stop Johnny hitting inside if he didn't do anything else, and the Quaker defense was really jammed up around the middle.

Penn held Olszewski to a stinking 65 yards, but to do it, they set up Cal's pass game like it was dummy scrimmage. The Bears scored four times on passes, and who do you think reared back and

MORE ▶

OLSZEWSKI AT A GLANCE

Position	Fullback
College	California
Class	1953
Height	6'
Weight	195
Age	22
Hometown	Long Beach, Calif.
'51 Yds. Gained Rushing	651
'51 Yds. Gained Rushing Per Carry	7.3



murder is no object

■ As Johnny Olszewski heads for his last season in the California backfield, Pacific Coast football followers visualize a climax campaign that will place the Golden Bear among the celebrated bone-crushing ball carriers of the past. Johnny is bound to be remembered for a long time, even though he may not quite match the feats of such powerhouses as Ernie Nevers of Stanford, Bronko Nagurski and Herb Joesting of Minnesota, Bullet Bill Osmanski of Holy Cross and the Chicago Bears, more recently Doc Blanchard of the Army, and to go back 40 years or more, Jim Thorpe of the Carlisle Indians and Ted Coy of Yale.

Pop Warner, who coached both Nevers and Thorpe, never could make up his mind about which was the greater line plunger. Nevers gave one of his finest performances in a losing cause, in the Rose Bowl game of January 1, 1925, when Stanford lost to Notre Dame's Four Horsemen, 27-10. Stanford outrushed the Irish that day, 164 yards to 134, and Nevers was responsible for most of the yardage. He hacked his way through the "Seven Mules" to reach the eight-yard line, from where Stanford scored on a pass, and subsequently the Palo Alto offense was halted after Nevers had battered to within eight inches of another tally.

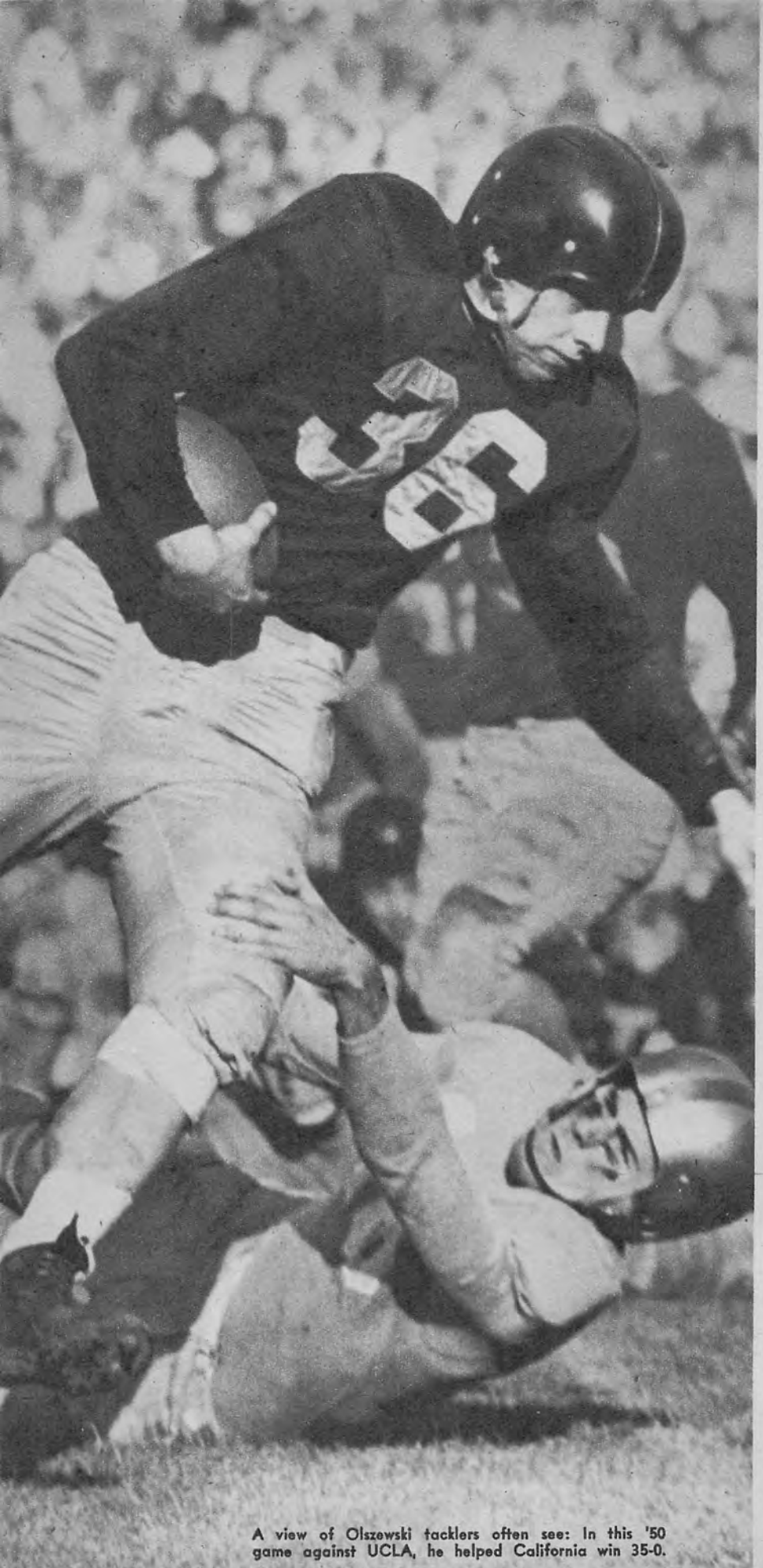
One of Knute Rockne's favorite stories concerned his encounter with Thorpe. Rockne's assignment was to tackle Thorpe, which he did successfully, three times. After the third time, Jim remarked to him, "You let Jim run."

Thorpe took the ball again and Rockne went at him. Recounting the experience, Knute said he never before had received such a shock. It was as if he had been struck by a locomotive, followed directly by a 10-ton truck. He remained inert while Thorpe rumbled 40 yards to a touchdown and as Jim came back up the field, he smiled and quipped, "That's a good boy, Knute, you let Jim run."

Nagurski has become almost a legendary figure when gridiron bone crunchers are mentioned. Agile and hard, at 230 pounds, he was a fearsome performer either at tackle or fullback. In his junior year at Minnesota, 1928, he went into the Wisconsin game braced with a steel corset to protect a vertebra that had been fractured four weeks before. The Bronk hit Wisconsin's star back, Russ Rebholz, so hard, that he fumbled and Nagurski recovered on the 17-yard line, from where Bronko banged his way over on three plays for the lone score of the contest. In addition, he overhauled Bo Cuisinier three times while he was headed for touchdowns and intercepted three Wisconsin passes on the goal line.

Most present day football fans in the East saw Blanchard as he split enemy lines for 38 touchdowns in three undefeated Army seasons. On one occasion, the Cadet fullback rocketed through the end zone and smack into a brick wall at the end of the stadium. The collision left him badly dazed and as he was led to the sidelines he muttered, "Their linebacker was lousy but that safety man was a rough one."

Minnesota's 230-lb. Bronko Nagurski (left) was tougher than most even when injured. Osmanski of Holy Cross (right) was a bone-cruncher whose nickname "Bullet Bill" fitted him like an iron glove.



A view of Olszewski tacklers often see: In this '50 game against UCLA, he helped California win 35-0.

"he just don't give a damn!" continued

threw one thirty yards on the button for one of those TDs? Johnny O, that's who. I couldn't have been more surprised if one of the bears in the zoo had suddenly got up and started playing the flute.

That wasn't what I started to say about Johnny, though. They sprang him once on an end run and he had gone about ten yards when the Penn safety and halfback pinched him in near the sidelines. He could have cut back to the inside and at least made a try at outmaneuvering them, or he could have stepped out of bounds and saved himself a bouncing. Instead, he just lowered head and shoulder and boomed straight ahead into both of them. He got right up, too, but the Penn boys were taken off to be reassembled.

It hasn't anything to do with a mean disposition; I checked on that. He's a quiet, blond kid, and his teammates think he's too modest for his own good. Last year they voted him the Ken Cotton Award, which goes to the player on the California squad who has shown the most courage. Players don't do that for a guy they don't like.

like the horse in the joke

But on the field, Olszewski's like the horse in the old joke. You know, he didn't run into the wall because he was blind; he just didn't give a damn. I think that's Johnny.

That could be a drawback. I mean, the percentages are with you when you try to get away from tacklers, even if you don't succeed all the time. But you'll get more yardage than if you go sniffing for them just because you like the contact and don't give a damn.

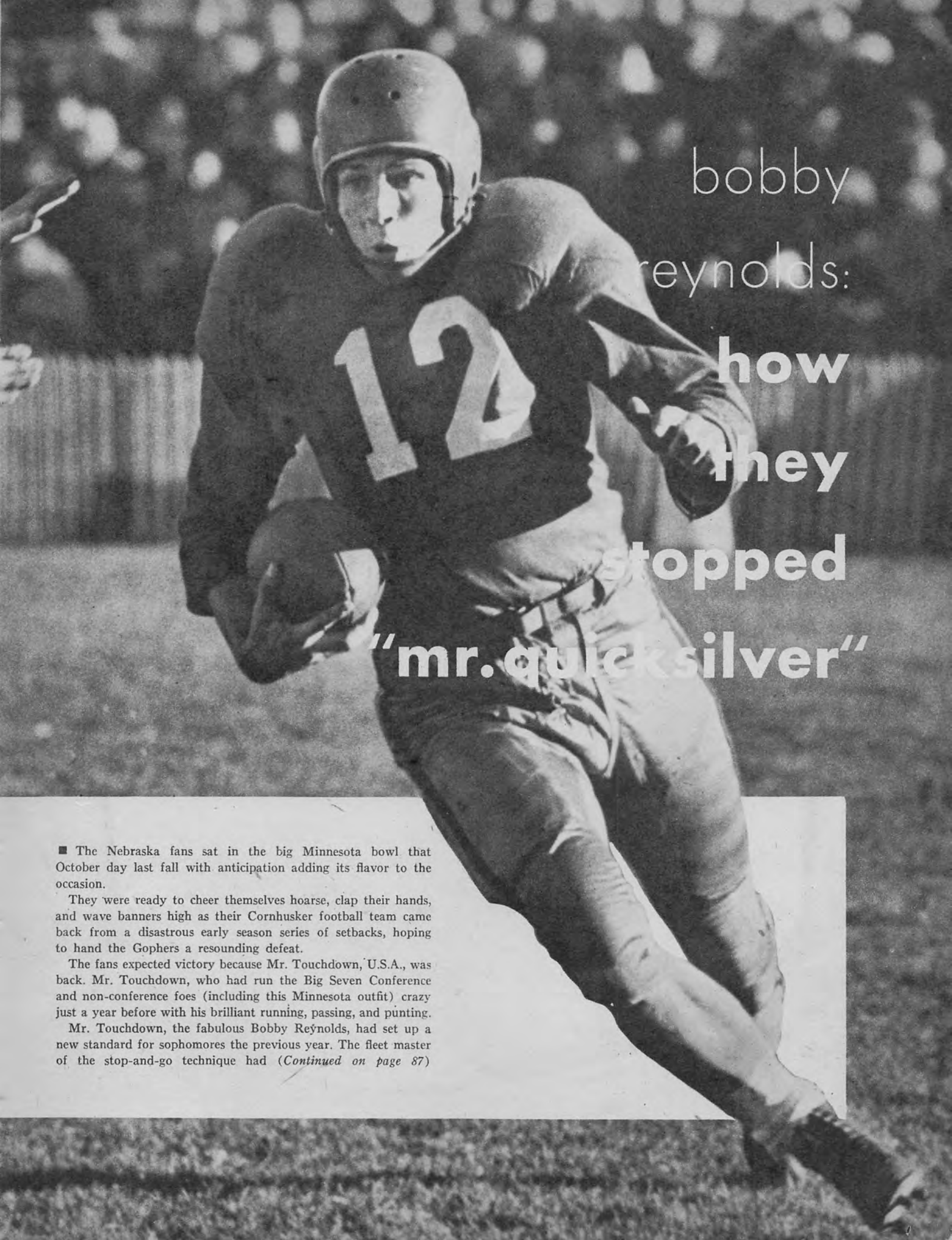
In high school this human ramrod sprained his ankle, had a calcium deposit on his right thigh, broke his nose and fractured his jaw. The left side of his face was numb for three months after the jaw was cracked.

He broke it in the first quarter of the Mt. Carmel game in his senior year of high school, 1948. He sat out the second and third quarters (*Continued on page 86*)

Nebraska's Bobby Reynolds gets off on a ground-gaining run in last year's Colorado game.

REYNOLDS AT A GLANCE

Position	Quarterback
College	Nebraska
Class	1953
Height	5' 11"
Weight	180
Age	20
Hometown	Grand Island, Nebr.
'51 yards gained rushing	424
'51 yards gained rushing per carry	4.9



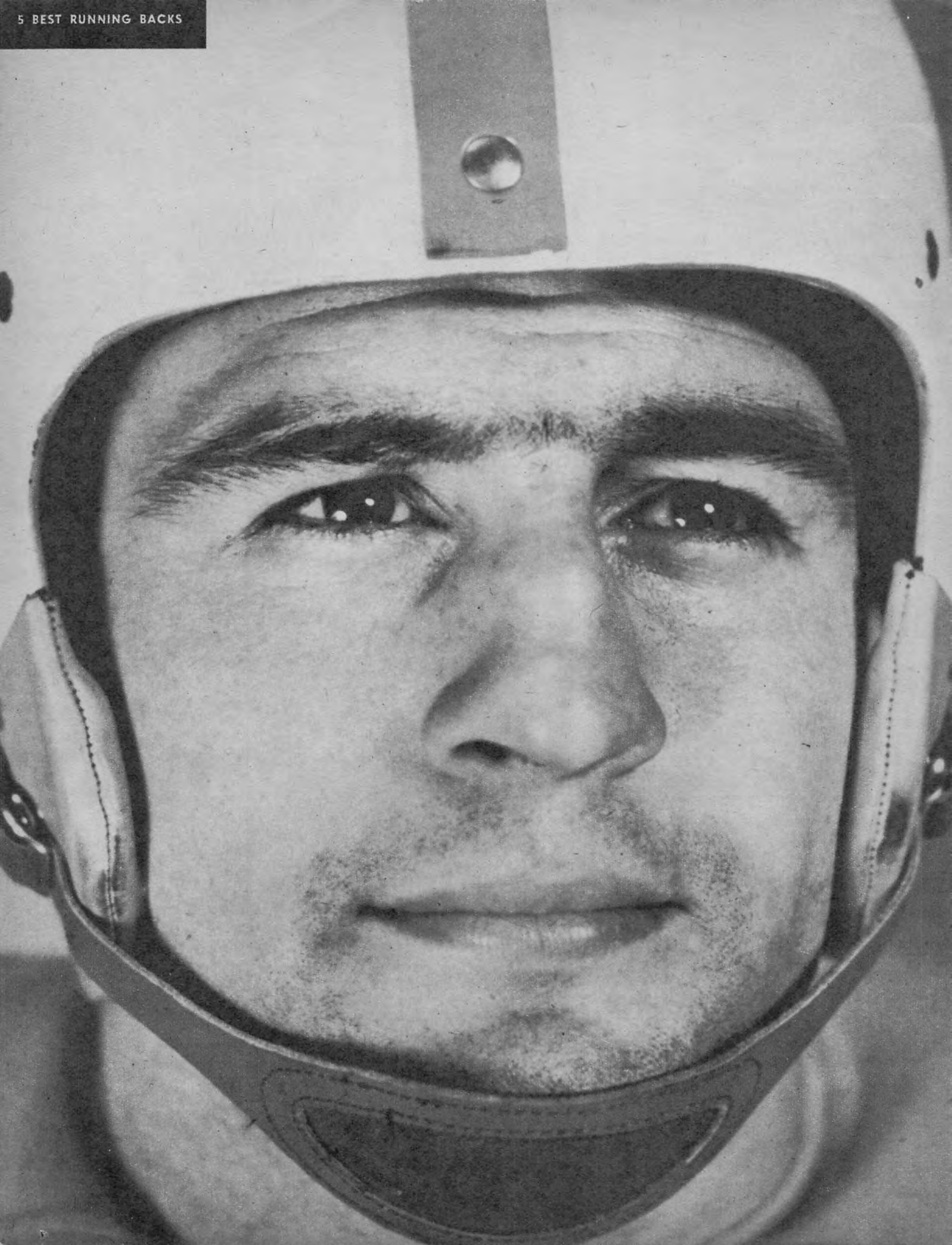
bobby reynolds: how they stopped "mr. quicksilver"

■ The Nebraska fans sat in the big Minnesota bowl that October day last fall with anticipation adding its flavor to the occasion.

They were ready to cheer themselves hoarse, clap their hands, and wave banners high as their Cornhusker football team came back from a disastrous early season series of setbacks, hoping to hand the Gophers a resounding defeat.

The fans expected victory because Mr. Touchdown, U.S.A., was back. Mr. Touchdown, who had run the Big Seven Conference and non-conference foes (including this Minnesota outfit) crazy just a year before with his brilliant running, passing, and punting.

Mr. Touchdown, the fabulous Bobby Reynolds, had set up a new standard for sophomores the previous year. The fleet master of the stop-and-go technique had (*Continued on page 87*)



andy kozar: **why does everyone else get the headlines?**

■ The headlines splashed heavily across the page: "Lauricella Directs Triumph"; another put it: "Vol Racers Outrun Big 'Cats," and there were others, most crackling with praise for All-America Hank Lauricella and his reliefer, Hal Payne. What praise the tailbacks didn't draw for Tennessee's smashing, 28-0, victory over Kentucky last fall, went to Pug Pearman and Ted Daffer in the line. . . .

There was a perfectly constructed fullback out there too, on that afternoon of astonishing events in Lexington. He was a lazy goldbricking sort named Andy Kozar, who appeared half asleep to that part of the population able to hornswoggle tickets for the traditional fight in McLean Stadium.

That is, he appeared so between Tennessee offensive formations; not when he accepted the ball and headed into Blue country. Then this Kozar was a wild horse, a rammer and a dodger who still causes mild sweats for Bear Bryant, the lank Kentucky coach with the dismal prospect of witnessing more demonstrations of Kozar's wrecking runs during the upcoming autumn.

Bryant and others in his trade hesitate to buck the tide of acclamation that comes to the Lauricellas and the Paynes, halfbacks with multiple opportunities for full public attention. . . . Watch the practice sessions before one of these violent, traditional battles, however, and you'll discover the Bryants are pounding home warnings about the powers of Kozar. Headlines alert all hands that a Lauricella is dangerous and he is hawked by every player in the defense—then Andy Kozar, a jolting driver, makes his own indelible impression on the befogged defenders.

"Kozar does one thing—he beats folks," grumps Bryant. ". . . they tell me he's better sometimes than others; I'll take a dozen like him on his worst days. . . ."

Bear senses the fire that sometimes strikes Kozar as it did when Tennessee laid open a hard-hitting Ole Miss team last fall, 46-21. During the course of that offensive binge, the six-foot, 200-pound native of St. Michael's, Pa., was asked by a teammate why he didn't hit the hole in the Rebel line which should have appeared on one of the Vol plays. Snapped the junior art student: "There wasn't any hole—but don't worry, boy, I'll make 'em myself. . . ."

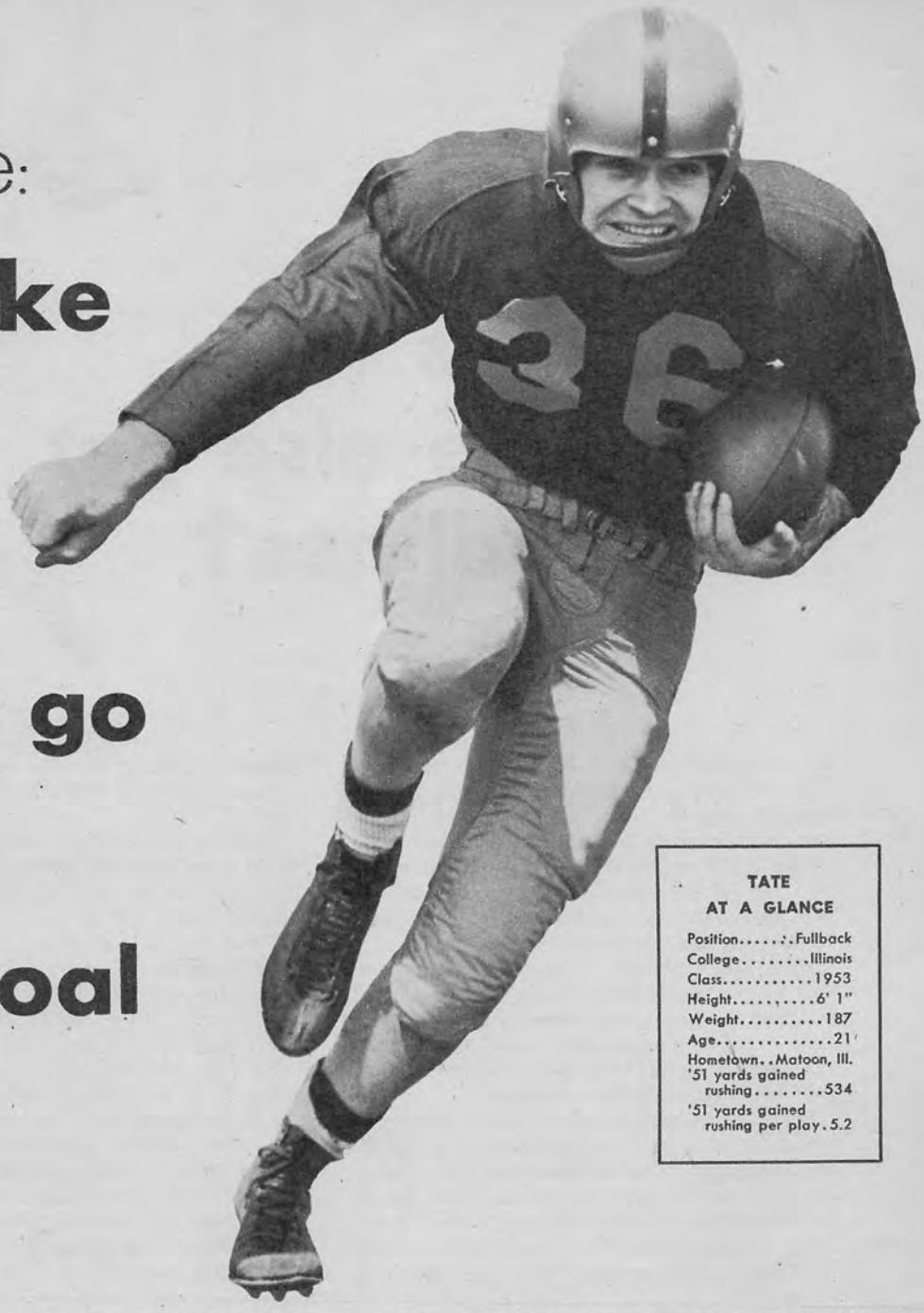
His mates are still hooting about that on the hill at Knoxville. It was a reply completely out of character for the personable fellow who will come back to the campus as the only offensive regular returning to General Bob Neyland's backfield forces in '52.

And it's very probable that one of his new running companions will take the headlines again this fall, some halfback with winged feet and a throwing arm who strikes the fancy of (*Continued on page 88*)

KOZAR AT A GLANCE

Position	Fullback
College	Tennessee
Class	1953
Height	6'
Weight	200
Age	22
Hometown	St. Michael's, Pa.
'51 yards gained rushing	634
'51 yards gained rushing per carry	5.2

bill tate:
run like hell– but don't go near the goal line!



TATE AT A GLANCE

Position	Fullback
College	Illinois
Class	1953
Height	6' 1"
Weight	187
Age	21
Hometown	Matoon, Ill.
'51 yards gained rushing	534
'51 yards gained rushing per play	5.2

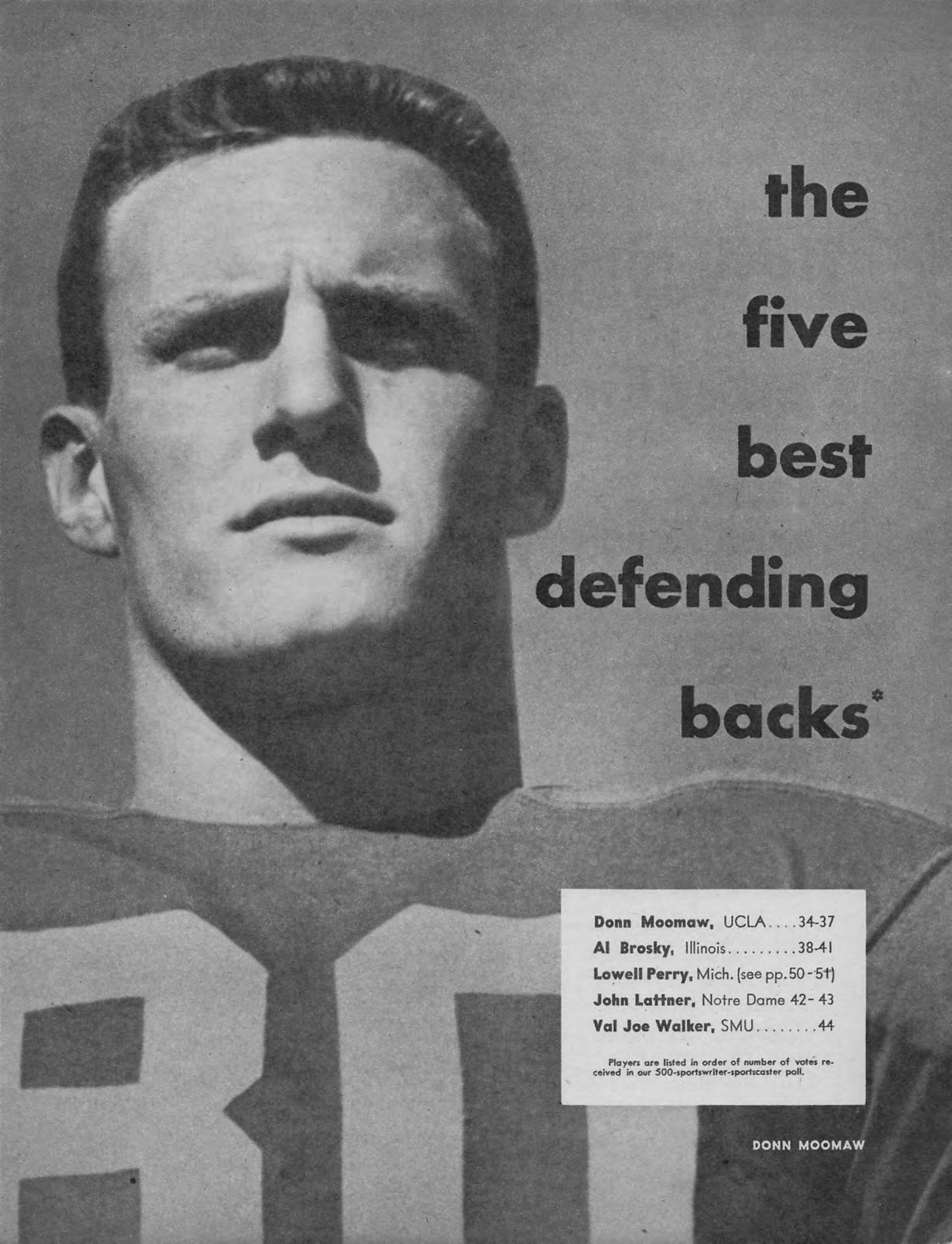
■ Glory days are coming for Bill Tate, the Illinois fullback, if you consider that honors on the gridiron accrue mostly to the ball carriers who score the touchdowns. Before he rammed over the Stanford goal line twice in the Rose Bowl last New Year's Day, the 6-1, 188-pound Tate was the thundering line smasher who chewed up most of the yardage until the end zone was in sight, then stepped aside while someone else, usually Johnny Karras, picked up the desired six points.

Those two Rose Bowl tallies proved Tate can go all the way, and he probably will get the opportunity this year, but prior to the Pasadena scuffle, according to the records, Bill had scored only twice in nine games, while Karras had rolled over the last white line on an even dozen occasions.

Yardage statistics for the season tell an entirely different story. Including the 150 yards he gained against Stanford in 20 tries, only one yard short of the Rose Bowl record, Tate hacked away at the opposition for 684 yards in 123 attempts, an average of 5.6 yards per carry. That gave him more than a 5-4 ratio over the All-American, Karras, who was credited with 658 yards in 159 tries, a 4.1 average.

Except for the 27-20 triumph over Washington, in which he tallied his only two touchdowns of the regular season, one the winning marker on a pass, Tate did no scoring at all. But the points for which the fullback was indirectly responsible, contributed heavily to the all-winning record of Ray Eliot's eleven.

In the Indiana game, Karras (*Continued on page 89*)



the five best defending backs*

Donn Moomaw, UCLA....34-37
Al Brosky, Illinois.....38-41
Lowell Perry, Mich. (see pp. 50-51)
John Lattner, Notre Dame 42-43
Val Joe Walker, SMU.....44

Players are listed in order of number of votes received in our 500-sportswriter-sportscaster poll.

DONN MOOMAW

donn moomaw: "lock him in a cage— and let him out on saturdays!"

■ He was supposed to be a girl, to begin with. He came to UCLA to major in music. Now he tours Southern California speaking to groups of youngsters about the power of prayer.

With no other clues to his identity, you might have trouble recognizing Donn Moomaw, the most ferocious line-backer ever to wear the Blue and Gold of Westwood.

The sight of this high-spirited giant, 220 pounds on a 6-4 frame, poised for destruction behind the Bruins' left defensive front line, has brought a reflective look to the face of many an opposing ball-carrier. Agile as a cat, Moomaw is most discouraging when he is shooting the gap to crucify a runner before the play is fairly under way. But he is just as likely to come crashing in at an angle on a play going to the other side, or to bob up in front of an enemy receiver to grab a pass.

When he hits, the shock waves sometimes roll up to the press box. An end on the Bruin frosh, Moomaw made his debut as a linebacker in UCLA's first game of the 1950 season, against Oregon. The Webfoots had not been warned about this huge sophomore, nor had the sports writers. Donn's jarring tackles had a visible impact, and one scribe with a low shuddering point was moved to exclaim: "That guy should be kept locked in a cage and let out only on Saturdays to tear up the opposition."

Later in the season, after UCLA had crushed their crosstown rivals, Southern California, 39-0, a Los Angeles writer observed: "What Moomaw did to Trojan ball-carriers and potential pass-catchers was awful; it hurt simply sitting in the stands watching bodies crash to the turf."

Obviously, the crashed bodies had similar reactions to a much more marked degree. Stanford's All-American end, Bill McColl, stands 6-4 himself and weighs 225. Moomaw, assigned to take care of McColl, jammed him so hard and so often at the line of scrimmage that Bill, always the favorite target of the Indian passers, didn't catch one until the fourth period, by which time the Bruins had victory nailed down.

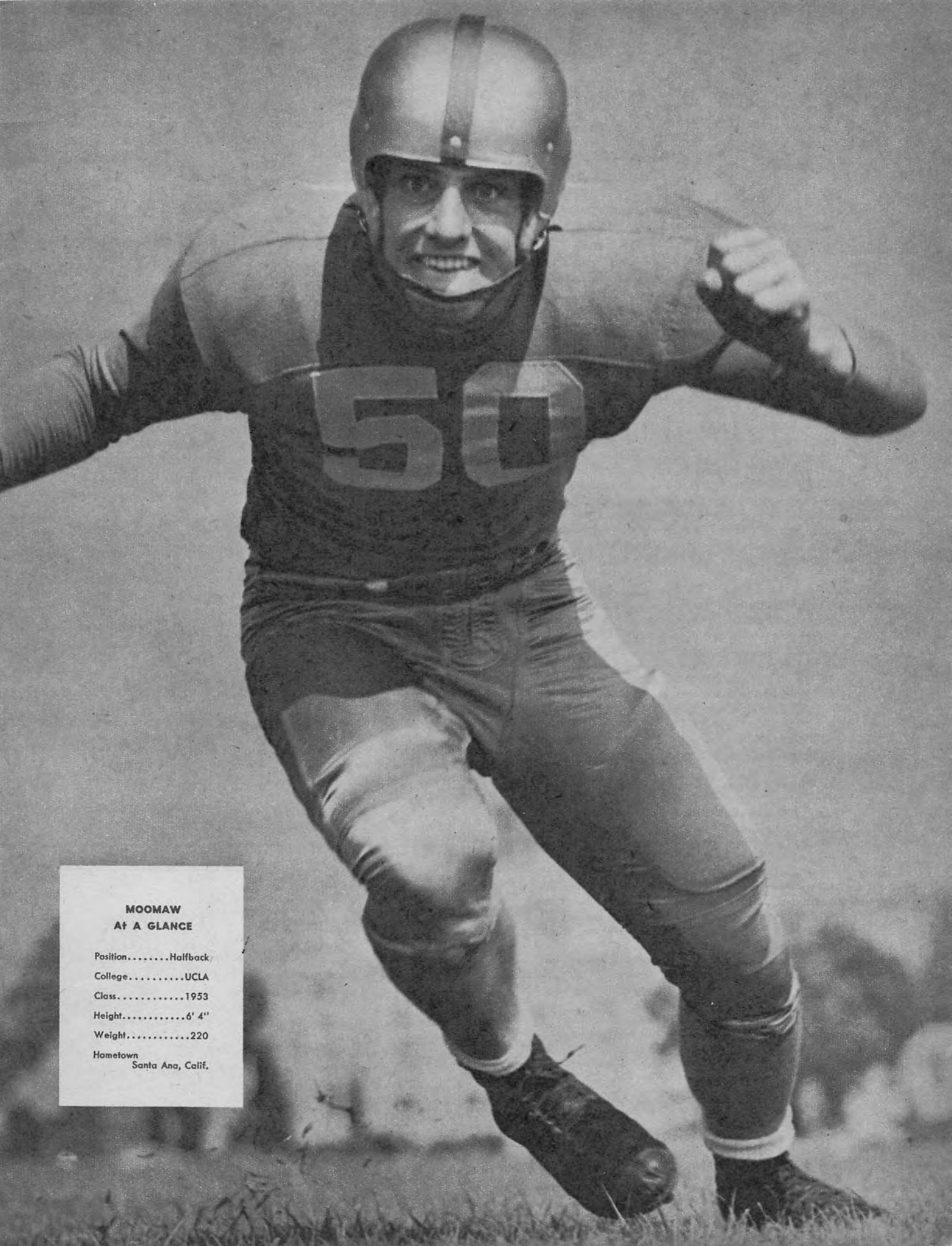
"Tell Moomaw he's the best linebacker I've ever played against," the weary McColl said in the dressing room.

During that sophomore campaign, in which he played 226 minutes in nine games, Moomaw caused seven fumbles with his jarring tackles, intercepted three passes and blocked two punts. He gave his most spectacular performances in the contests with Illinois, Stanford and Purdue, and although the Bruins lost to the Illini, it was a narrow 14-6 squeak for the Western Conference powerhouse.

Moomaw blocked one of Don Laz's punts, intercepted one of Fred Major's passes and otherwise was the bulwark in a defense which not only failed to yield a first down during the second half, but forced Laz to kick from behind his own goal line five times.

Even that performance was overshadowed by Donn's efforts as the Uclans whipped Stanford, 21-7. McColl's aforementioned tribute to the Bruin linebacker was echoed by Coach Marchie Schwartz, who pointed out that Moomaw was the first man to

MORE ➤



MOOMAW
At A GLANCE

Position.....Halfback
College.....UCLA
Class.....1953
Height.....6' 4"
Weight.....220
Hometown
Santa Ana, Calif.

how big can they get?

■ Size can be the factor in the ability of any football player, provided he has the other attributes. Donn Moomaw, great Bruin linebacker, makes an imposing looking figure at 6-4 and 220, but his bulk wouldn't have been enough to frighten the opposition. He must have the ferocity, the speed and the gridiron savvy to go with his height and weight.

It has been the same with every other oversized football behemoth. They're physical freaks to begin with, for whereas the sedentary citizen who scales 250 or more finds himself puffing on stairs, a king-sized football player can go through 60 minutes of line battering and step out on a dance floor in the evening.

There are no size limitations if the speed and the endurance are there, as is evidenced by huge All-Americans of the past like Herman Hickman, Cal Hubbard and Fats Henry, or such current pro stars as Joe Coomer, Chicago Cardinals' tackle from Austin College, 6-6, 283; or Forrest Grigg Cleveland lineman from Tulsa, 6-2, 280.

herman hickman (5' 9"—280 lbs.)

Yale's current head coach has ballooned to well over 300 pounds, but when he was an All-American guard at the University of Tennessee in 1931, they called him the fastest and strongest fat man in the world. A story is told about one of his early games with the Volunteers, when the opposing center and guard glanced at each other and chuckled, "We've got the fat boy, wotta break!" On the first play, Herman picked up one or the other, heaved him at the blocker and ball carrier eight feet away, and knocked all three of them down.

cal hubbard (6' 3"—255 lbs.)

Hubbard is now well known as an American League umpire but the first time he was seen in the East, he was a tackle with the Centenary College team in the early 1920s. Centenary came up from Louisiana to play Boston College, and Hubbard startled spectators and foes alike by single-handedly bowling over one entire side of the Boston line. Bo McMillin was Hubbard's coach and when Bo transferred to Geneva College at Beaver Falls, Pa., the following year, he took Cal along. Geneva was on the Harvard schedule that season, and to the astonishment of Boston football fans, the same Mr. Hubbard appeared on the scene and did unto the Harvard line what he had done to BC the previous lear.

leon hart (6' 5"—265 lbs.)

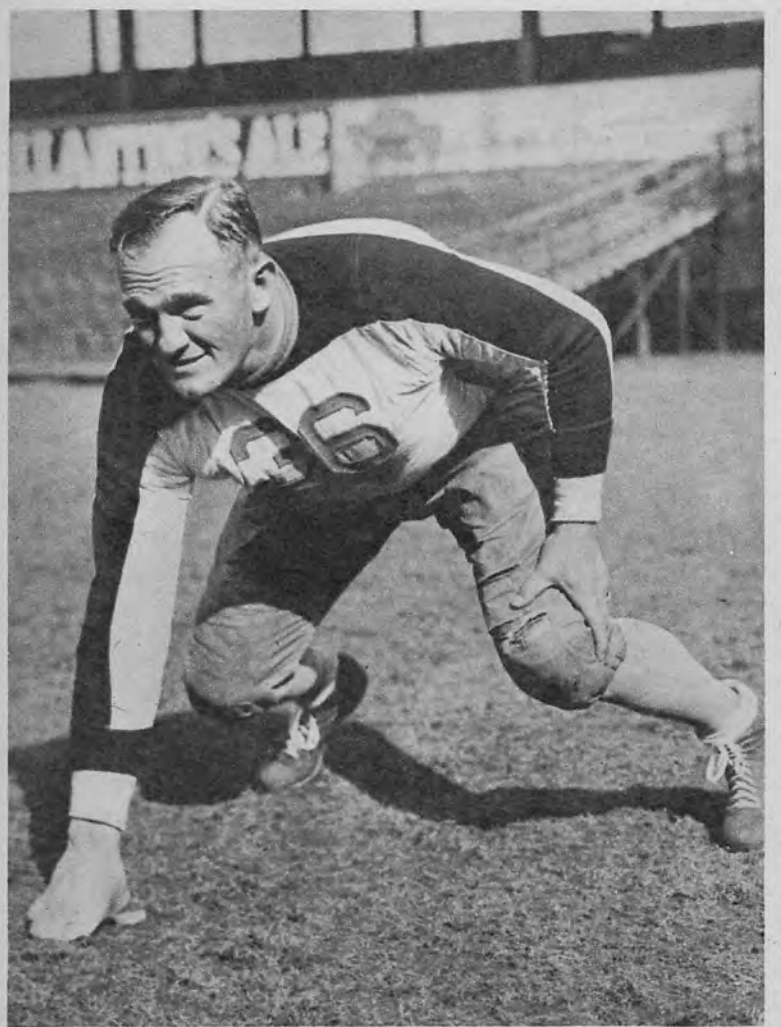
For a big man Hart ranks with the best. An All-American end at Notre Dame, he occasionally is used as a crashing fullback by the Detroit Lions in the pro league. Notre Dame men like to recall the North Carolina game in New York in 1949, when Hart, after taking a pass, moved down the field for a total gain of 34 yards with three men on his back and while they slowed him down, they couldn't prevent him from lateraling to Billy Barrett, who added 23 yards.

Tennessee's Herman Hickman ('31) was called "strongest fat man in the world," could toss a fair-sized player as easily as the ball.

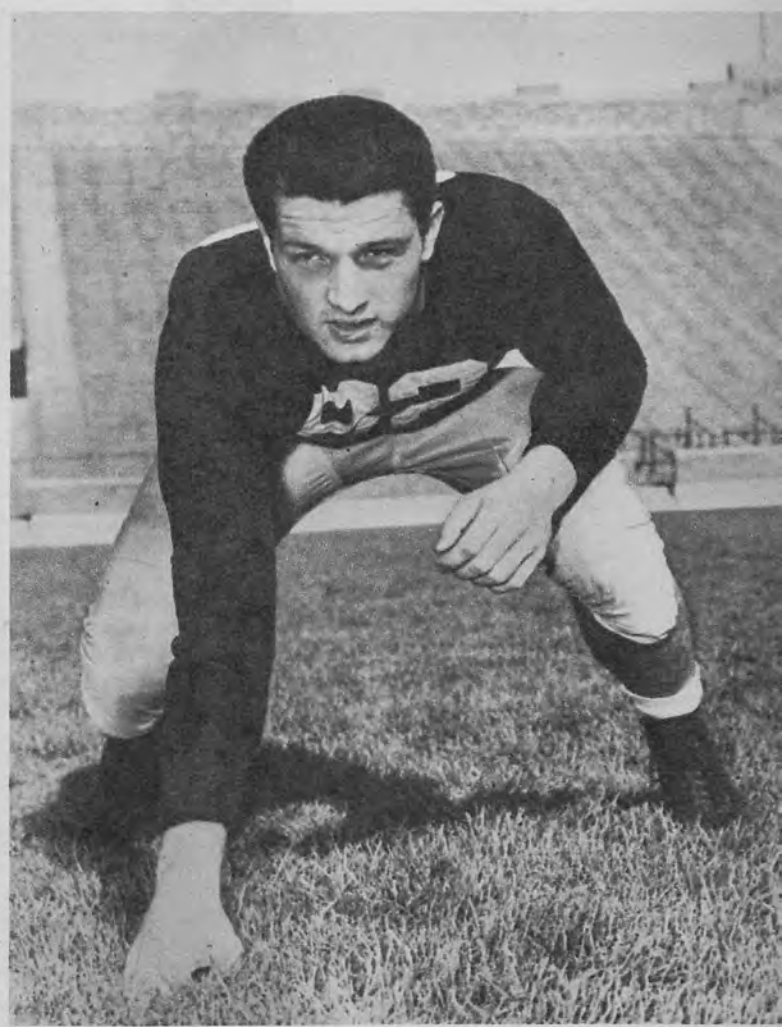
"lock him in a cage . . ." continued

prevent McColl from getting out of the line and into position to catch passes. Aside from harrying Stanford's All-American end all afternoon, Moomaw intercepted one of Gary Kerkorian's passes and started the Uclans on their first touchdown drive by forcing the Indians' fullback, Bob Meyers, to fumble on his own 24-yard line.

It was "homecoming week" at Purdue; noisy alumni and undergraduates kept Moomaw awake until 4 A.M. the night before the game. He gained his vengeance in the afternoon by causing one fumble, intercepting one pass, and throwing Purdue backs for losses no less than five times. The Purdue coach, Stu Holcomb, termed the game the second best of the season by his team, but the Boilermakers also were second best to Moomaw as they crashed



Cal Hubbard, a Centenary College great in the 20's, had a habit of mowing down an entire side of an opposing line single-handed.



Notre Dame's mammoth Leon Hart, now with the Detroit Lions, let tacklers come along for the ride as he bulled his way downfield.

to a 20-6 defeat. On the basis of that contest, Donn was named Southern California's "athlete of the month" by the Helms Foundation, and, at the end of the season, he had accumulated an assortment of similar honors, including first defensive team center on the International News Service All-America team; second defensive team, Associated Press All-America; UCLA's most valuable player; and first team center on virtually every All-Pacific Coast team.

If Donn had not emerged as UCLA's greatest linebacker, assuredly he would have been tabbed as one of their finest ends, or tackles, or even fullbacks, for he has great speed and stamina as well as agility. As a freshman end, he wrecked almost single-handedly the strong-side attack of the California frosh, led by Johnny Olszewski, and the Bruins won by four touchdowns, a game they weren't supposed to win at all

But Red Sanders, the UCLA coach, took a good look at Donn the following spring and decided that these multiple talents could best be employed as a backer-upper. Had Moomaw not been hobbled by injuries all through 1951, his junior year, he would have been a 60-minute man. Sanders had him readied for a job at offensive right tackle, where his tremendous forward charge could have been fully exploited.

Although his natural aptitude for football would make him outstanding at any position, Moomaw often has commented, "I think center and linebacking positions are the best on the field. They allow you to get (*Continued on page 89*)

al brosky:

they shall not pass!

Brosky's brilliant pass-defending pins the highest flying offense down to earth. Since he started "spoiling" back in '50, only one TD pass has gone by him!

BROSKY AT A GLANCE

Position	Safety
College	Illinois
Class	1953
Height	5' 11"
Weight	172
Age	23
Hometown	Chicago, Ill.

■ Attack by air is the most effective weapon in modern football, or it was until Al Brosky appeared in the defensive platoon for Illinois two years ago. As safety man, Brosky is everything the word implies, a fine diagnostician of plays, a deadly tackler, sure-handed in catching punts, but above all, phenomenal as a spoiler of enemy passes.

An outstanding ball carrier in high school and in an Army football league, Brosky's described like this by Coach Ray Eliot: "He's too valuable to 'waste' on offense." The record of the glue-fingered captain-elect of the Illini proves the coach's point. He has bobbled only one punt in two years, which is quite a trick considering the kicking is done from a spread formation, which gives ample opportunity to the downfield operatives to surround the receiver.

In 19 games over the same period, Brosky has stolen 22 opposition passes, he has intercepted at least one in every contest, he has batted down a great many more, and since his opening contest as a sophomore, when Iowa State threw a touchdown pass over his head, no one has succeeded in flinging a scoring aerial beyond him.

That débacle went something like this . . .

"I can get behind that shrimp safetyman," an Iowa State end boasted to his quarterback in the Illinois game in 1950. "He's rushing up to us too fast. Give me Rainbow No. 4 and we can score."

one helluva debut . . .

Seconds later, Iowa State led, 20-14 and a dazed sophomore, a year out of Army service, sat on the Illionis bench, far removed from Coach Eliot, who, like most any other coach in football, believes the unpardonable sin is to let a pass receiver get behind you. Thus, Brosky, five feet, 11 inches and 172 pounds, made his debut in college football.

Almost two years later, Illinois was fighting for her first Big Ten championship in five years and another chance at the Rose Bowl. It was November, 1951, and Northwestern, for the second year in a row, was cocky and confident that its Wildcats could bump the hated downstate rivals out of the league championship.

Quarterback Bob Burson of the 'Cats, razor sharp on his passes, had been careful to throw only short passes against the Illini, but in desperation, with Illinois leading, he had to try a long one late in the game. His angled toss spiralled gracefully into the corner, but out of nowhere (it seemed) came the Illinois safety man to pluck off the pigskin and ramble the ball back 18 yards into Wildcat Territory. The game ended, 3-0, and Illinois went on to beat Stanford in the Rose Bowl. One of the heroes was a 23-year-old son of Czechoslovakian immigrants, the nation's top pass defender, "shrimp" Brosky.

Over the long stretch between the Iowa State fiasco and the sniff

MORE ➤

Here's the Brosky interception technique: he flies up over UCLA receiver Stalwick in a game Illinois won 27 to 13 last September.

they shall not pass! continued

of fresh attar of roses, at Pasadena, Brosky had developed an instinct for following the ball unmatched in collegiate circles.

Just another football player when the 1950 season began, the sophomore Brosky made it clear that the Illinois pass defense, advertised as a weak point, was in excellent hands. He intercepted three against Ohio State, once returning the ball 23 yards.

Indiana's ace passer, Lou D'Achille, tried a 27-yard toss to one of the Hoosier halfbacks. Brosky snared the ball, flipped over the intended receiver and started an Illinois touchdown drive. His own lone scoring effort of the season was a 61-yard runback of an intercepted pass against Iowa; and an even more important interception came in the closing minutes of the UCLA contest, when he grabbed a Bruin aerial on his own five-yard line to end a scoring threat.

At the end of the season, he had been credited with 11 interceptions, to rank second nationally, but as final, conclusive evidence of his all-around defensive talents, he made the tackle that saved a 7-0 victory for Illinois in the Michigan game. Brosky repeatedly came up from his deep position to make tackles during the season, but he saved his best play for the battle with the Wolverines on a snow-capped field. Wes Bradford made 16 yards on a reverse and had a clear shot at the end zone when Brosky brought him down with a crash that uprooted a chunk of turf and snow.

By the time the 1951 campaign rolled under way, Brosky was the most feared defensive operative in the Midwest. The aim of every opposition passer was to keep his throws away from Brosky's territory, but the Illini safety man's private preserve was the entire broad expanse of the gridiron, and he went right to work, intercepting one pass while the Uclans were beaten in the opener, 27-13.

then he shifted into high . . .

He stepped up the pace in the 14-10 skirmish with Wisconsin, returning one interception for 32 yards and batting down a pair of potential touchdown tosses inside the five-yard mark. His 20-yard runback with an intercepted fling set up a score as Syracuse was routed, 41-20; and he grabbed one of Washington's key aerials as the Illini squeaked past the Huskies, 27-20.

Twice, in the 21-0 victory over Indiana, he hauled down Hoosier throws that were headed for the end zone, and his second interception launched an Illinois touchdown drive. Against Michigan, the Illini again slipped through by the margin of a long tally and Brosky protected it, breaking up a Wolverine march by leaping for the ball on his own 17-yard line. He ran one back for 37 yards against Iowa, but his peak return for the season covered 44 yards and provided his team with its only scoring threat in a contest which ended in a scoreless deadlock.

All of which simply set the stage for the Rose Bowl and Illinois' easy 40-7 conquest of Stanford. The score was one-sided, and Brosky intercepted only one pass, his eleventh of the season, but his presence was enough to bottle up the Indians' overhead attack.

What happened to make the Brosky of 1952 so much better than the Brosky of 1950? Coaching? Experience? Development? Yes, it may have been all of these things, but most of all a fiery determination never to let another passer complete one for a touchdown.

Eliot, who will be the first to tell you that the Illini couldn't have won 16 of 19 games in 1950-51 without him, thanks his lucky stars he forgave (*Continued on page* 90)

DOC BLANCHARD was adept at catching Army passes or intercepting enemy ones.

pass at your own risk!

GLENN DAVIS, the other member of Army's invincible duo, magnificently intercepted opposition passes, using some of the skill he developed as a baseball outfielder.

JACK ELDER, Notre Dame back, is remembered for a grab in front of his own goal which he ran 97 yards for a TD.

■ With the football sailing through the air sometimes more often than it is carried along the ground in the modern style of play, an adroit pass snatcher like Al Brosky gets ample opportunity to exercise his specialty. The number of interceptions has grown steadily in direct proportion to the trend toward aerial pyrotechnics. That's particularly true in the Southwest, where the pass long has been the prime weapon. As far back as 1938, Elmer Tarbox, a defensive operative for Texas Tech, set a standard for interceptions by snagging 11 enemy passes in one season. That mark remained in the book until 1950, when Harry Rich, from another small outfit, Arizona State at Tempe, plucked an even dozen out of the air after the oppositon had cut them loose.

The advent of the two-platoon system has cut down considerably the effectiveness of the pass, since the defensive platoon is drilled constantly in methods for thwarting an aerial barrage. Team statistics prove that. Red Blaik at Army is one of the staunch, two-platoon coaches, and in 1950, only one touchdown pass was completed against his team, a modern record for defensive efficiency. Similarly, the Cadet eleven of 1944 shares with the 1942 Stanford team the record for yielding only 36 completed passes during an entire season.

Army's 1944 team wasn't entirely a two-platoon outfit, for Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard started their three-year tour of the college gridirons and they were equally adept in catching their own or opposition passes.

Their 1946 encounter with Notre Dame was a 0-0 battle of futility involving unbeaten powerhouses. Such was the brilliance of the defenses that despite the presence of skilled flingers like Arnold Tucker and Johnny Lujack, only five out of 33 passes were completed beyond the line of scrimmage on both sides.

While obscure defensive men often rack up the imposing totals in interceptions, those that are best remembered are the key plays in major conflicts. Blaik's experience in 1951, when he rebuilt his team after the West Point cribbing scandal, was somewhat different than it was five years earlier. He sat on the bench in Philadelphia last December 1st and saw a 19-year-old Navy plebe, Johnny Raster, leap into the air in his own end zone, snatch one of Freddie Meyer's passes, and race 101 yards.

That probably brought a sharp recollection to Blaik of another occasion, back in 1929, when he was an assistant coach at Army. The Cadets played Notre Dame on a bitterly cold afternoon and as the Army moved deep into Irish territory, Red Cagle turned loose a pass off to his left. Jack Elder, a Notre Dame back who was one of the nation's best sprinters, made a quick grab in front of his goal line and fled over the frozen turf, 97 yards for the touchdown that won the game 7-0.

john lattner: leahy's blueprint for a star

■ When Notre Dame tumbled from its lofty football perch in 1950 with a mediocre four-won, four-lost, one tied season, no one was more conscious of Irish shortcomings than Frank Leahy, the gridiron's most winning football coach.

The end had come, Frank reasoned, because no longer was there a Lujack, Connor, Hart, Martin or Sitko et al. to carry the brunt of the Irish attack. With Leahy it was almost strictly a problem of manpower and lots of it.

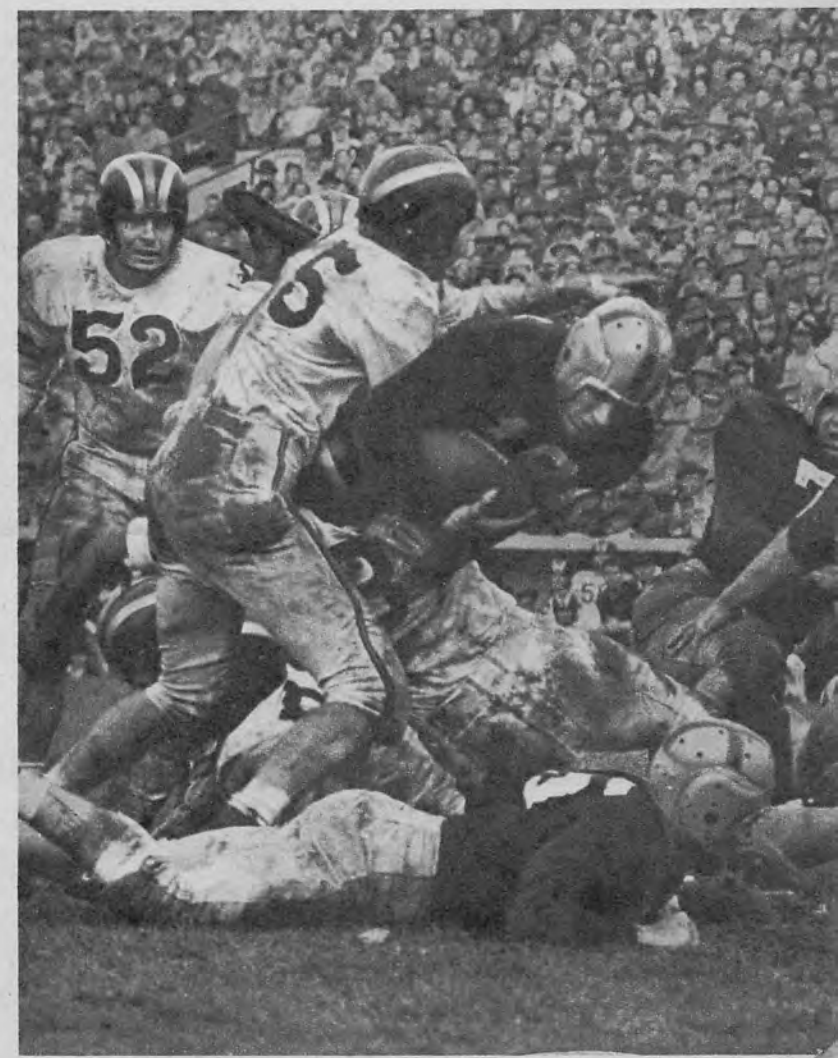
But Leahy's Irish are coming back. A 7-2-1 season in 1951 affirmed the presence of some good football players.

One of last year's bright prospects whom Leahy has hitched to his victory star in 1952 is John J. Lattner, a junior halfback, who has been tabbed "the greatest all-around Irish player since Lujack," and who led his team in almost everything as a sophomore in 1951.

All this ability came in one wanted but not recruited package from Fenwick (Chicago) High in 1950. Lattner, prize package in Chicago football in the 1949 season, showed up on campus one day telling the coaching staff that he wanted to go to Notre Dame. Leahy and his staff stumbled over themselves getting him to the registrar's office.

Scouts write these notes in their books when sizing up Lattner: Rugged, can go 60. Quick starter. Watch on traps; carries knees high. Will throw. Good clutch punter, though first boot is usually wobbly. Sure tackler.

Irish coaches believe Lattner is an all-around if not a "natural athlete," though basketball coach, Johnny Jordan is even willing to concede he's a natural athlete too! "When we were hit with midseason ineligibilities last year, I asked Lattner to (*Continued on page 90*)



Lattner plunges for a 5-yard gain against Purdue in '51. ND won 30-9.

LATTNER AT A GLANCE

Position	Halfback
College	Notre Dame
Class	1954
Height	6' 1"
Weight	188
Age	19
Hometown	Oak Park, Ill.

val joe walker: **he's got eyes in the back of his head!**

■ Val Joe Walker, SMU's top intelligence agent, is a young man with eyes in the back of his head. That's what makes him one of college football's greatest defensive halfbacks.

When Walker (no relation to Doak) gets on a football field, his peripheral vision, his sharp timing, his unerring instinct and his blazing speed make him an almost impenetrable obstacle.

When Walker's in the game, the opposition is extremely cautious about sending pass patterns or running plays in his direction.

A player like that is called, by the coaches of football's major leagues—the pros—"a guy with eyes in the back of his head."

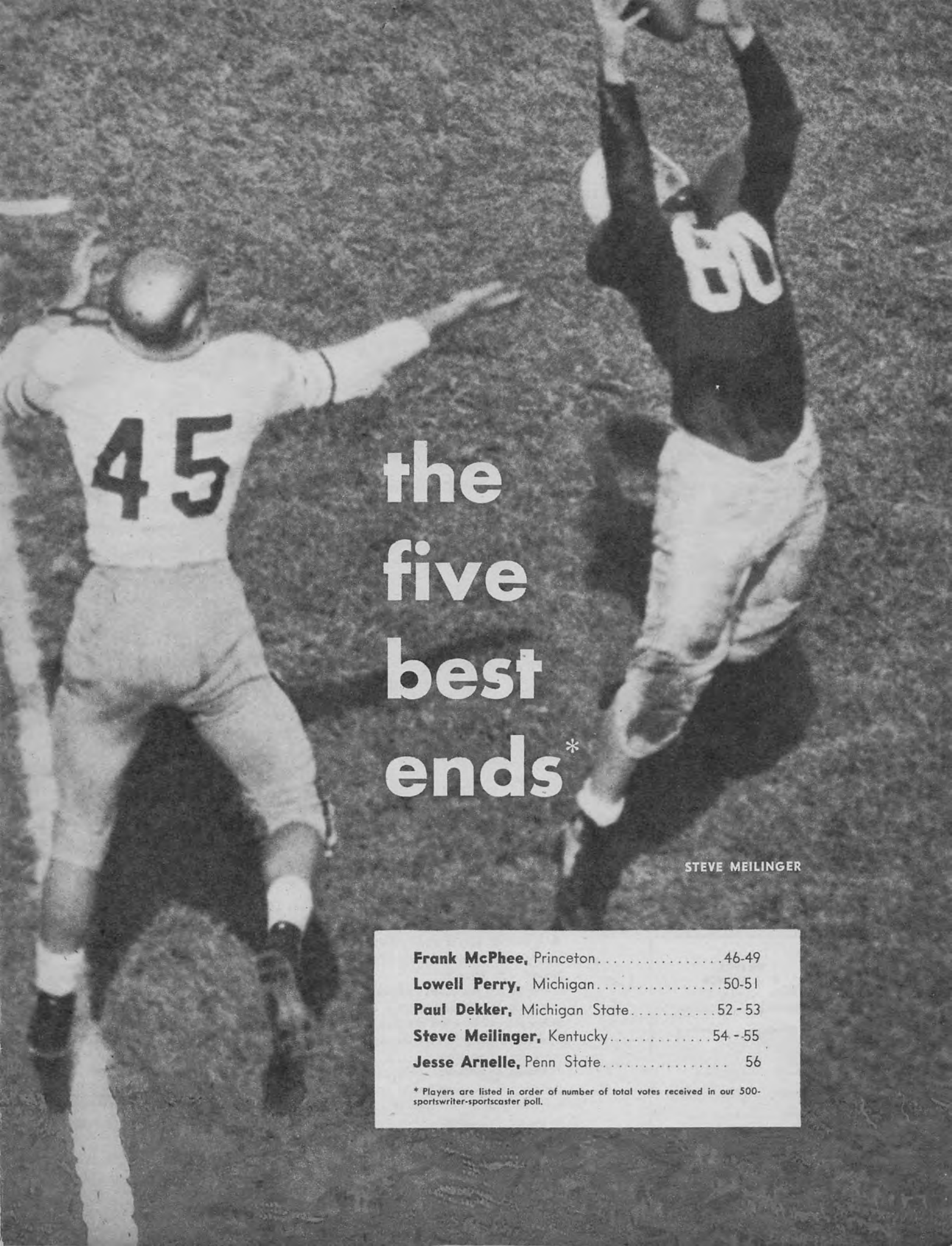
Although Walker still has a season of college ball left, he already has been drafted by the New York Giants, which indicates the high regard in which he is held in professional ranks. After all, defensive halfbacks (and polished quarterbacks) are premium properties on professional teams.

Val Joe, who comes from the plains country of Seminole, in West Texas, is an excellent student and a born leader, in addition to his natural athletic ability.

His acute, almost instantaneous reactions to enemy plays and his rocket-like speed make it difficult for an opponent to get past him. Walker has propelled his 6-foot-1-inch frame over 100 yards in 9.7 seconds, although he is not a dash man on the Mustang (*Continued on page 91*)

WALKER AT A GLANCE

Position	Halfback
College	SMU
Class	1953
Height	6' 1"
Weight	175
Age	21
Hometown	Seminole, Texas



the five best ends*

STEVE MEILINGER

Frank McPhee, Princeton 46-49
Lowell Perry, Michigan 50-51
Paul Dekker, Michigan State 52-53
Steve Meilinger, Kentucky 54-55
Jesse Arnelle, Penn State 56

* Players are listed in order of number of total votes received in our 500-sportswriter-sportscaster poll.

frank mcphee: **if he can see**

MC PHEE AT A GLANCE

Position	End
College	Princeton
Class	1953
Height	6' 3"
Weight	198
Age	21
Hometown	Youngstown, O.

■ A football player who turned in the performance that Frank McPhee did against Navy in the blazing Annapolis heat of last Oct. 6th had every right to feel highly pleased with himself.

Princeton's rawboned end from Youngstown, Ohio, blasted through the Middies' line early in the first quarter to smother an attempted punt by Bobby Zastrow before the ball ever left the Navy quarterback's toe. Brad Glass recovered on Navy's 15 and one quick pass by the great Dick Kazmaier to Dick Pivirotto gave the Tigers the game's first score.

Almost immediately, they tallied again on another Kazmaier pass, to George Stevens, added three points on a field goal by Jake Newell and left the field at halftime with a 17-0 lead. A big reason for the Navy goose-egg was that midway in the second quarter, when the Middies were making their first real bid, the fleet-footed McPhee chased Mike Sorrentino to midfield from Princeton's 37-yard line and, with one devastating swoop, spilled him on his nose and grabbed the ball.

it — he can catch it!

McPhee could see this Kazmaier pass in the Princeton-Penn game last year, but none of the 55,000 spectators believed he had a prayer. He leaped and snared the ball, while Tiger and Penn rooters alike cheered the Catch of the Year.

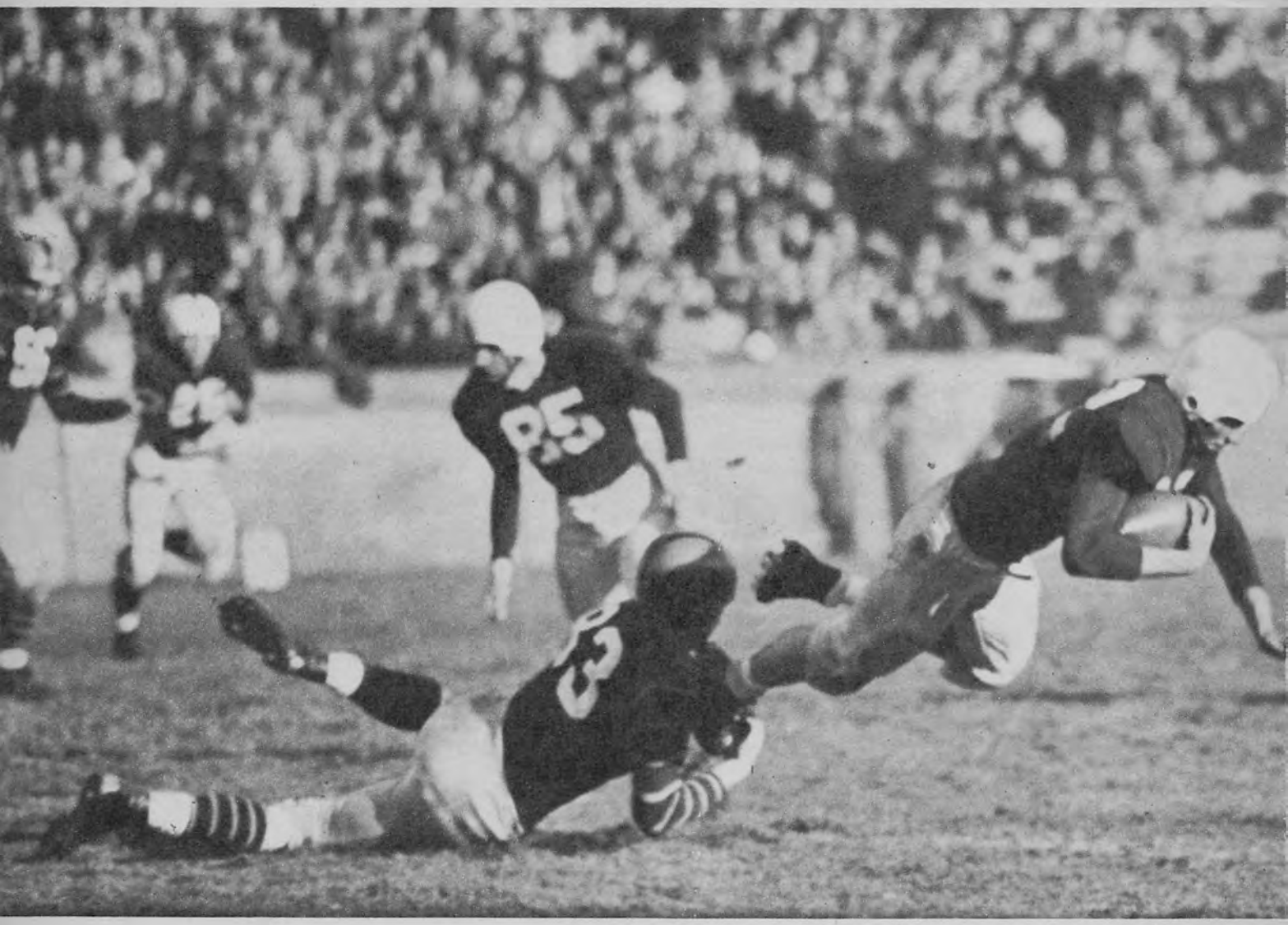
Navy came roaring back after the intermission, scored on its first offensive sequence, just missed another touchdown and had the Tigers very much at sea. But just before the end of the third period, McPhee, drifting out into the right flat on a defensive switch instead of crashing as usual, snatched a pass by Zastrow out of the receiver's hand and raced to Navy's 19 on the interception.

A few plays later, the sharpshooting Kaz clicked again with Stevens in the end zone. Navy, standing up better in the enervating heat with its superior manpower, steamed at flank speed the rest of the way, but this touchdown proved the clincher of a 24-20 thriller.

Coach Charley Caldwell and his Tigers were elated. Correctly, they had sized up this early test with Navy's powerhouse as the key obstacle on the course to a second straight Eastern championship.

Paeans of praise for his opportunistic feats still were ringing through the halls of Old Nassau, but McPhee was a dejected figure when the Princeton squad

MORE >



if he can see it, he can catch it! continued

assembled the following Monday to start work for Pennsylvania.

"What's the matter, Frank? You don't look very happy," asked Dr. Harry R. McPhee, Princeton team physician and the big end's cousin.

"Gosh, 'Uncle' Harry, I'm not happy at all," moaned McPhee. "I just heard from home and Mom and Dad are coming to the Penn game. Isn't that the lousiest luck? I'll never have another day in my life like I had against Navy. They were supposed to be there but they couldn't make it."

"Don't let it worry you, boy. Just go out and do it again," urged the doctor.

Typically, Frank McPhee, with his mother, father and his "wonderful" sister, Virginia, in the stands "went out and did it again"—somewhat differently but even better—in the big game with Penn. After all, a fellow can't let his own family down.

Playing his usual stalwart defensive game on the right flank, McPhee throttled Penn's dangerous outside attack so effectively that Princeton's beleaguered guards and tackles, relieved of other worries, were able to hold firm against the bulldozing thrusts of the Red and Blue's powerful Joe Varaitis.

And, at a critical point, when the Penn steam-roller was beginning at last to gather momentum, McPhee threw a monkey-wrench into the works by spilling Jerry Cornog for a ten-yard loss on a sweep.

However, McPhee's defensive heroics were just a drop in the bucket compared to the offensive wonders he wrought in this 13-7 Tiger triumph.

Realizing that Princeton would have rough going against Penn's rugged line, the astute Caldwell turned his crack end loose on attack for the first time that season. The results surprised

When he's not snaring passes, McPhee's a defensive powerhouse. Here he nails Yale's Woodsum in the '52 Tiger-Eli classic.

and gave great pleasure to even Frank's most ardent admirers.

Early in the second period, McPhee neatly snagged a Kazmaier pass for a vital gain on Princeton's march to its first touchdown. That was a brilliant play but just a small sample of the supreme thrill Frank was to provide for a Franklin Field throng of 55,000 a few minutes later.

With the Tigers prowling along the touchdown trail again, on Penn's 31, Kaz let fly in McPhee's direction once more. Out of respect to Frank's speed, Kaz put a little extra on the ball. Much too much extra, it appeared from the stands. No one gave McPhee the ghost of a chance to catch that grossly overthrown pass. That is, no one but McPhee, who doesn't discourage easily.

Turning on a sudden burst of speed that carried him clear of two defenders, Frank leaped high and (*Continued on page 92*)

how one ivy-leaguer feels about spring practice

■ A warm spring sun caressed Princeton's elm-shaded campus. The lush green turf of the shrub-bordered quadrangles was spotted with sprawling undergraduates. It was the perfect day for building the foundation of a summer sun-tan. At the same time, open textbooks on the lawn indicated apprehensive awareness that finals were in the offing.

Too fair-skinned to risk a whole afternoon of exposure to the sun, Frank McPhee, captain-elect of the Tiger football squad, was buckling down indoors to his end-of-term review. He found it hard to concentrate, though. Every few minutes he left his desk and nervously paced the floor of the three-student suite he occupies in Little Hall, one of Princeton's ivy-clad gothic dormitories.

"Why don't you make a pass at my girl, so I can flatten you?" he suddenly asked Clyde Popowich, the Youngstown, Ohio, neighbor who is one of his two roommates.

"That's funny, at that," he mused aloud. "I haven't had a fight in about ten years and then only because my brother Chet shamed me into defending myself when some bigger kids started to pick on me.

"But I'd almost like to get into a fight now to release some of this pent-up energy. I've been as edgy as the devil all spring, with no spring practice. I can understand why there've been those bra and panty raids.

"We miss spring practice here at Princeton. I certainly do. And I think most of the fellows feel the same way. The jayvees really were burned up when they heard there wouldn't be any this year. That's where they get a chance to catch the coach's eye and make a spot on the team. It's a shame!"

"I can see how you could be against it at some other schools, but the way Charlie Caldwell ran it here spring practice always was a lot of fun. You got in a lot of work and you did a lot of hitting, but everyone was relaxed and there never was any pressure. It really was great.

"The Ivy League sure dropped the ball on that one," he concluded.

Lowell Perry runs back a

lowell perry: **michigan's "fifth back"**

Minnesota punt for a TD in last year's overwhelming victory for Michigan 54-27.

■ Michigan has every right to expect magnificent play from its ends. The head coach, Bennie Oosterbaan, and his end coach, Bill Orwig, both were All-American ends and if they can't develop spectacular wing men, no one can.

But Lowell Perry is above and beyond the result of expert tutoring. From the beginning, he had the sort of inherent talent that can be exploited by good coaching and the Wolverines in general, and Perry in particular, have made the most of it. To the Wolverines, his presence on the field has meant an extra ball carrier to go with the four men who start their maneuvers from behind the line of scrimmage.

One of the great end-around men of recent years, Perry repeatedly has ripped off long gains on the play which calls for speed, split-second timing and the elusiveness that is the requisite of all good ball carriers. On offense or defense, in the return of punts or on the receiving end of passes, the lithe, sure-fingered end from Ypsilanti has been a brilliant performer for two years, and Michiganders anticipate that his peak season, 1952, is still ahead of him.

It has been routine for the defense to detail two men to cover Perry, a compliment previously reserved for great ends like Don Hutson. Despite the effort to hobble him by defensive numbers, descriptions of Perry's play were well sprinkled with superlatives. He made great catches, he snatched the ball out of the air with two defenders hanging on him, he made impossible, one-handed grabs and he invariably outdistanced his pursuers.

When injuries kept him out of the Cornell game, the defense was able to scatter and cover all of Michigan's receivers. As a runner, he has been even more superb, a terror on the end-around play, which produced a touchdown against Stanford last season, impressive yardage over a two-year period and caused general confusion among opposition and spectators alike.

There was the 1951 Michigan-Indiana game, a 33-14 triumph for the Wolverines. The teams were scoreless early in the battle, Michigan was driving for a tally, and had reached the 14-yard line. Quarterback Bill Putich took the ball from center, apparently (*Continued on page 92*)

PERRY AT A GLANCE

Position	End
College	Michigan
Class	1953
Height	6'
Weight	175
Age	20
Hometown	Ypsilanti, Mich.
'51 passes caught	16
'51 Yds. gained	395
'51 Yds. gained per carry	24.7

paul dekker: this year "shorty's" on

The big giant

(Carey-6'5") is gone. Can the little giant

(Dekker-6'4½") carry on?

DEKKER AT A GLANCE

Position	End
College	Michigan State
Class	1953
Height	6' 4½"
Weight	210
Age	21
Hometown	Muskegon, Mich.
'51 passes caught	17
'51 yds. gained	226
'51 aver. per carry	13.3

■ Will Michigan State miss Bob Carey? Who wouldn't miss a towering 6-5 end, a pass-catching demon and almost everybody's All-American? But Biggie Munn, preparing the Spartans for another rugged campaign, can sit back smugly and supply the answer to anyone who asks the question, for he has Paul Dekker, less than an inch shorter than Carey, and not exactly short on talent.

It's simply a case of one giant wingman sprouting on the Michigan State line where two formerly grew. For the opposition, it could mean that they'll have only half the battle this year. Where, in 1951 they had to cover two amazing ends, only one will harry them in 1952, but that one, Dekker, could be enough to provide lots of trouble.

While he and Carey formed a terrific team of ends, Dekker got there strictly on his own by battering his way past the other Michigan State candidates, including Bill Carey, Bob's twin brother. Dekker was "nowhere" when the season opened. By the time the Spartans played their bitter state rivals, Michigan's Wolverines, Paul had worked his way up to a spot directly behind the right end, Bill Carey.

By the third game of the season against Ohio State, Dekker had entrenched himself in the first string job on the wing opposite Bob Carey. All Paul did in that bruising battle, eventually won by the Spartans, 24-20, was catch four passes for 40 yards and one touchdown. His touchdown was State's second of the game, the one which put the Spartans back in the contest at 20-17 with five minutes to go. Throughout the game Dekker's blocking was superb, and shortly before the finish, Tom Yewcic uncorked the "transcontinental" pitch to Dorow for the winning TD.

Now they were calling him the "Little Giant" to distinguish him from the "Big Giant," Bob Carey, and between them they helped carry the Spartans to their perfect season. Dekker didn't score against Marquette but he was a vital factor in the offense, snatching three passes for a net gain of 80 yards.

Against Pitt, Dekker caught four for 52 yards and a touchdown. The scoring play covered only seven yards, but the catch was a sensational, leaping one-hand grab by Dekker, a perfect example of why his teammates call him "The Hand." His enormous paw, when fully spread, measures more than a foot from tip of thumb to little finger, and in pre-practice horseplay, he catches the ball one handed and pegs it right back.

By the time Notre Dame rolled into East Lansing for the Midwest's major gridiron attraction of the year, the Irish defenders were screaming, "Get Dekker! Get Dekker!"

The cry was heard as Michigan State's quarterback got set to throw a TD pass from the nine-yard line in the 35-0 rout of Frank Leahy's forces. Someone did rush up to cover Dekker, all right, but quarterback Dorow faked the pass, then pitched a deeper one to Bob Carey, who had "hidden" behind "Shorty" and sneaked past the Irish defense for the touchdown.

Assistant Notre Dame coach Bill Earley, who had to figure out a way to keep Dorow from throwing to both men, had his hands full. "We knew what Carey could do," said Earley, "but when Biggie came up with Dekker, it made the deal 35 points rougher."

The Irish didn't accuse Dekker of 35 points, but having him around made it the longest afternoon in N.D. history, unless you want to count 59-0 and 48-0 beatings by Army in 1944 and 1945.

his own

him to three catches and 28 yards, but his faking and blocking led to two for Carey. A week later, when the going got rough against Indiana, he turned in a great key block to spring Billy Wells loose for 83 yards and the leading touchdown in a 30-26 squeak.

Shorty's total tally for the year showed 17 passes caught, 226 yards and three touchdowns—not a bad show for an end playing only six games with a star like "Big Giant" around.

In his hometown, Muskegon, Paul is known as "Steamboat," a name he acquired from his high school mates because of his awkward style of running. But like Leon Hart, Notre Dame's giant All-American end, one of Dekker's greatest assets is his deceptive speed. His end coach, Earle Edwards, claims, "His awkwardness makes him look like a weak sister, but he has a knack of getting loose at the right time."

"And he gets in the clear when we need him," chimes in Munn, whose teams have lost only one game in two seasons.

As a youngster, Dekker picked up his sure-handedness by playing baseball among his father's cabbage patches around the Muskegon sand country. An uncle of Paul's, Jim Dekker, played in the line for Michigan State in the early 1930's, shortly after Paul, the middle child of five, was born to the Evert Dekkers on Feb. 24, 1931.

The end who learned how to run with his short, choppy stride after coming to Michigan State, intends to go back to the cabbages after his playing career. He's studying agriculture with a mind set on being a commercial nurseryman after a hitch in the Army.

But first Shorty intends to grow up to overflow Big Giant Bob Carey's shoes in the fall, when Munn has a few more games lined up for his little giant.

steve meilinger: "he'd still be leanin'

■ Any prosperity that strikes the University of Kentucky without Babe Parilli this fall probably will be considered accidental by a large slice of Dixie's football society—but there's an "accidental" gent at Lexington who could pull off a few dozen miracles and recapture the shine the Wildcats had for the three years of Parilli's stewardship!

If Steve Meilinger fulfills the promise without Parilli that he indicated with him, Kentucky will be a most ornery outfit to happen against in 1952! This six-foot, two-inch, 215-pound junior end has everything it takes to score points from his position and he likes the idea, at least in the cool of autumn. The colder the weather, the hotter Meilinger—and Coach Bear Bryant would be willing to spray ice cubes at Steve in September if the big fellow shows he's ready to roll.

When you look at Meilinger, you'd figure a hunk of man like him was probably born with a gold football in his mouth. Actually the fact that he plays the game at all is purely accidental!

The now famous accident took place near Bethlehem, Pa., when Steve, youngest of four sisters and two brothers, was putting in a heavy stint behind a plow hauled by a mangy old jackass.

In one of those chance meetings that sometimes shape a guy's destiny, John Butler, coach of the Bethlehem High football team, happened by, caught a glimpse of Steve, his steaming muscles and his placid jackass.

no time fer sick foolishness . . .

Butler slowed his car to get a closer look at the mighty man, leaned out the window and yelled:

"Where do *you* go to school, son?"

"Bethlehem High," said Steve with his eyes on the furrow.

"Bethlehem High——and you don't play *football?*"

"No time for games, Mister," said Steve, beginning a new row.

That fall, perhaps with some collusion on the part of Coach Jones, the guys started calling Steve "gutless Meilinger" at school. And before long they'd razzed him into accepting a post at tackle.

Nowadays, when Steve and Butler get together, the older man brings the conversation back to the day of the plow. "Well Steve," he says, reaching up to put his arm around the big fellow's shoulder, "I guess you'd still be leanin' against that old jackass if it weren't for me!"

In his junior year at high school, Steve, already six feet tall and 180 pounds heavy, became an end and racked up everything in sight, including selection on the All-Pennsylvania high school honor team and a chance to attend Forks Union (Virginia) Military Academy. There, he became one of the very few players to make all-state teams in different states in consecutive years. Steve went that one better when he was named the most valuable prepster in Virginia and was assaulted by beef hunters from 32 colleges. He chose Kentucky because ". . . I stood a good chance to play regularly and develop gradually."

The former supposition came to pass; the latter did not. Meilinger started his first game as a sophomore last fall and was geared into the 'Cat offense from the outset; he led his own team in pass yardage gained and was third in the Southeastern Conference, with 515 yards on 38 catches. It is well to remember (*Continued on page* 93)

up against that old jackass..."

Steve Meilinger successfully grabs a short aerial in the Wildcats' Cotton Bowl battle with Texas Christian last year.

MEILINGER AT A GLANCE

Position	End
College	Kentucky
Class	1954
Height	6' 2"
Weight	215
Age	20
Hometown	Bethlehem, Pa.
'51 passes caught	38
'51 yds. gained	515
'51 aver. per carry	13.6

jesse arnelle: **the care and feeding of a baby giant**

■ He's 6 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 220 pounds and is still growing. He has tremendous hands, lightning reflexes and is nimble enough to have run 100 yards in close to ten seconds. He's conscientious, hard-working and has an intense desire to succeed. He was one of the nation's best basketball players last winter.

No wonder the experts sizing up the football picture tabbed this 1951 extra as a glowing star-to-be of 1952! Penn State's Jesse Arnelle is just too good a long shot to pass up.

While he secretly confirms the sideline estimates, Coach Rip Engle of the Nittany Lions is not going to rush his prize prospect. The Engle master-plan for the care and feeding of his baby giant, subject to change, calls for bringing Arnelle along slowly.

"Remember, Jesse is only 18 years old and he needs a lot of seasoning," cautions Rip. "With his fine natural qualifications, I see no reason why he won't eventually be a good football player. But it will take time. We're not looking for him to work wonders overnight."

So, unless circumstances alter the time table, Arnelle may not even be a regular starter for Penn State this season. He'll play, but only in spots, working hard between times to groom himself for his indicated future rendezvous with greatness. (*Continued on page 94*)

ARNELLE AT A GLANCE

Position	End
College	Penn State
Class	1955
Height	6' 5"
Weight	220
Age	18
Hometown	New Rochelle, N. Y.

DICK MODZELEWSKI

the five best linemen*

Dick Modzelewski,
Maryland 58-61

Tom Catlin,
Oklahoma 62-63

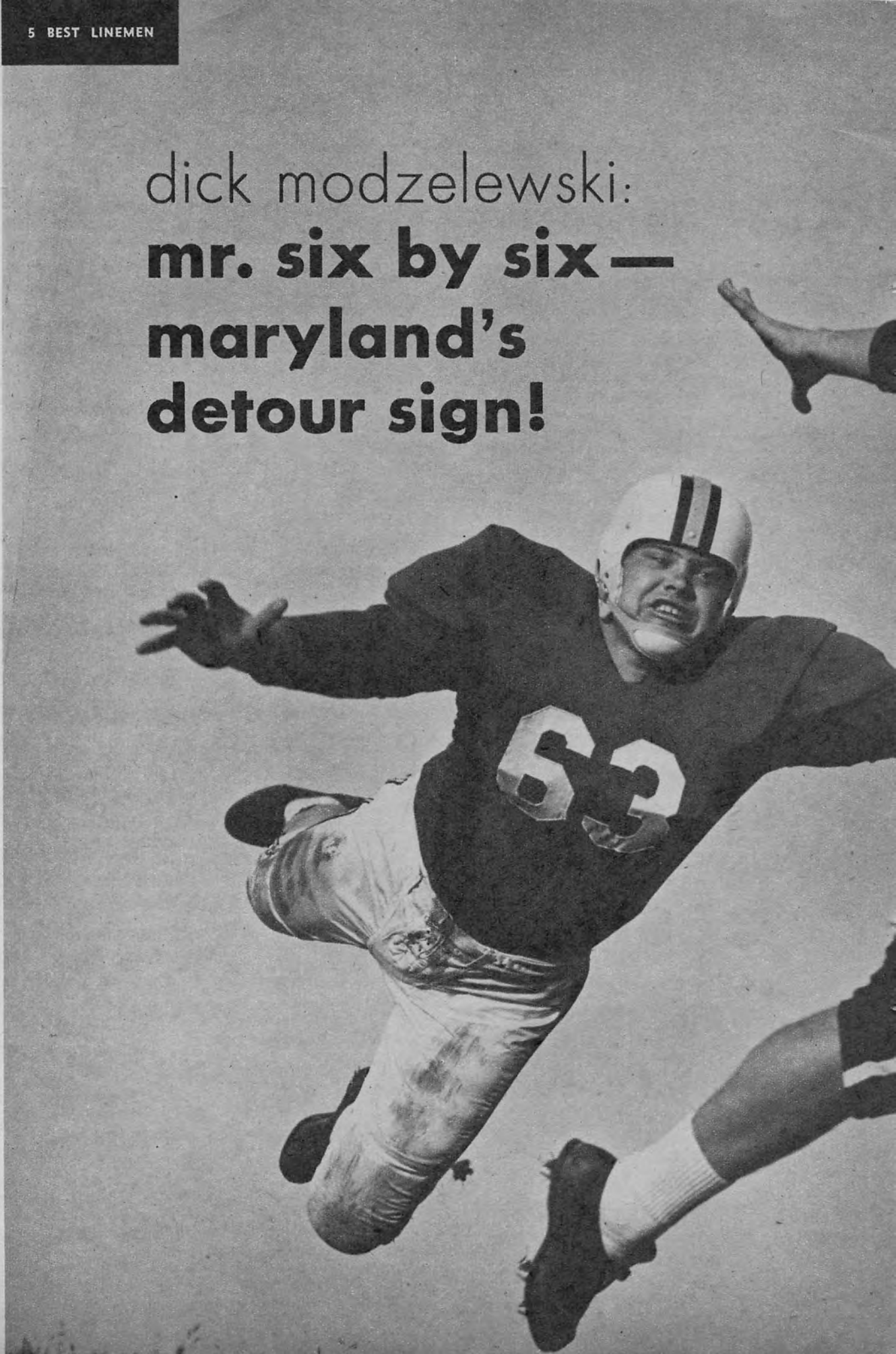
Bill Forester,
Southern Methodist . 64-65

Norm Manoogian,
Stanford 66-67

Dick Tamburo,
Michigan State 68

* Players are listed in order of number of votes received in our 500-sports-writer-sportscaster poll.

dick modzelewski:
mr. six by six—maryland's detour sign!



■ Long before the kickoff, the lumpy, powerful members of both undefeated, untied juggernauts palpitated like lizards on a rail fence. Outside the tremendous steel web that is New Orleans' Sugar Bowl, even the magnolias drooped in the scalding, searing heat of 82 degrees, a record high for New Year's Day there and an added burden for the combatants, Maryland's Terps and Tennessee's Vols.

The nervous stamping of 160,000 feet increased just before the kickoff. At the lineup, it was Maryland—ranked third in the nation at season's end—booting to Tennessee, generally tapped the best in college football. The Vols, by virtue of that rating rather than any stickout superiority over the Terps, were a seven-point favorite when they accepted the long kick and brought it out to the Tennessee 28, where a posse of Maryland's finest crunched the carrier.

Thus far there was no hint of what was to come. Tennessee went into its familiar single-wing, All-America Hank Lauricella at the tailback. Hank faked as the play began, for the ball was flipped back to Fullback Dick Ernsberger, one of the prime movers in what was considered the greatest offensive unit ever to wear the Orange.

Swiftly and exactly according to the precision routine he had been taught, Ernsberger spun and bulled toward his own right tackle.

But he bulled only a trifle. As if sprung from a starting gate, a giant leaped through the Tennessee forwards and slammed into Ernsberger with crushing force; the big fullback tried to keep his legs under him but they were snatched away, three yards from the line of scrimmage, and Vol partisans among the 80,000 customers gasped. More important, the Vols themselves snapped to attention. They

MORE ➤

MODZELEWSKI AT A GLANCE

Position	Tackle
College	Maryland
Class	1953
Height	6' 1"
Weight	240
Age	21
Hometown	W. Natrona, Pa.

mr. six by six—maryland's detour sign! continued

hadn't met anything like this before in 20 victories. . . . Thus Dick Modzelewski introduced himself to the Sugar Bowl and to Tennessee.

Neither will forget him.

The six-foot, one-inch, 240-pounder laid into every Vol who came his way that afternoon. Anything that moved towards the left side of the Maryland defensive line felt the hammers in his hands. It took only moments for the Vols to see the Detour Sign. Dick personally winkled out that initial Vol ground series, covering a spread of territory that would frustrate two ordinary linemen and later, after careful study of the movies, the Tennessee staff admitted that only once was Dick Modzelewski butted out of position during the whole of the furious fight that found Maryland an upset but solid winner, 28-13.

It was an outstanding victory over a tenacious enemy. And Maryland supporters in the stands will tell you Tennessee wasn't itself after "Big Mo" and "Little Mo" handed them the strongest one-two punch a brother combination can deliver on a football field.

These brothers tangled up the enemy even in news accounts. For Dick, much the larger, was called "Little Mo" and Ed, the elder, was called "Big Mo." Thus Maryland kept the reputation it started in '51, when it first started playing both sides against the middle. In any event, "Mo" was a sensible contraction of the typographical jawbreaker the boys fell heir to.

When Dick Modzelewski wasn't pushing the heads of Vols into the grass, his older but smaller brother—Ed only weighed 215—was splintering the Tennessee line for 153 personal yards from his fullback position on Maryland's Split-T formation. The famed Vol offensive fizzed to a modest 81 yards.

and dyna-mo's a-comin'!

From the standpoint of national attention last season, "Little Mo" perhaps operated in the shadow of fullback Ed. But not to their mutual victims. The laughing giant at tackle made every all-opponents' team and was among those present on the All-Players' All-America, in a countrywide poll. This season, with Ed graduated to the Pittsburgh Steelers, "Little Mo" will carry on in Maryland's good cause while Coach Jim Tatum impatiently awaits the arrival of yet a third Modzelewski, Genie, a 10-year-old cut from Dick's pattern; he weighs 115 pounds already and happily carries the tag of "DynaMo."

The coming autumn will be the first time in their lives that Ed and Dick have been separated. They and young "DynaMo" are three of the four sons in the family and they have two sisters, one of whom, Betty, weighed in shortly after birth at 16½ pounds and gave the family its first record in the Pittsburgh area. The eldest of the four brothers once fought as Joe Modzele in the middleweight division and might have done well, had he not met a heavyweight named Bob Baker, who pushed in parts of Joe's face.

The family is a close-knit group, interested in each other. The father has worked in the coal mines of western Pennsylvania for 35 years, and Ed and Dick did so during summer vacations from Maryland. Their mother is a large lady with vast talents in the kitchen, and the meals she sets before her men folks stick to their ribs and stack muscle all over them.

Dick weighed 13 pounds his first time on the scales and, from the outset, was made for the tackle position he always has played in competition. His coach at Har-Brack High, Neil Brown, saw in young Dick the ideal lineman, strong, fast, durable but—in his second game as a sophomore—Dick caused a few doubts.

you can't hit what you can't see . . .

He raced downfield toward the receiver of a kickoff and headed straight for him. The receiver, of a discreet nature, took evasive action and Little Mo didn't even slow down. He ran right by the ball carrier and never made a move toward him. This caused considerable agitation among Har-Brack followers and they howled mournfully. Dick knew something was wrong but didn't know the answer; he walked over to Coach Brown and told him he couldn't see. It took that moment of utter embarrassment for Dick to admit he was near blind on the field and thus he came to wear contact lenses for the first time. At first, they irritated him. Today, however, he's glad of them.

"Besides, they make the ball carrier twice as big—so how can I miss him?" he laughs.

The No. 1 lineman in the Southern Conference misses precious few.

Certainly he didn't miss the notice of General Bob Neyland. The Tennessee master was as surprised as anyone when "Little Mo" stopped his Vols.

After the game, Neyland laconically stated: "We were soundly beaten by a superior team."

After several months of contemplation, the general added: "Against us, that younger Modzelewski was great . . ."

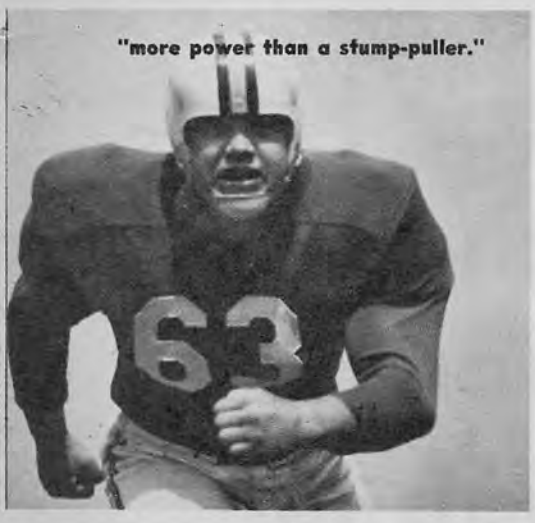
Jim Tatum goes along with that.

And believing so, he has loaded down the amiable Little Mo with multiple responsibilities; indeed, he expects Dick to double up as an offensive star during the coming fall. This means he'll be calling the turn on Maryland's offensive line pattern, calling the blocking assignments to his fellows in brief signals given after quarterback Jack Scarbath goes under the center and all hands have gone into their stances.

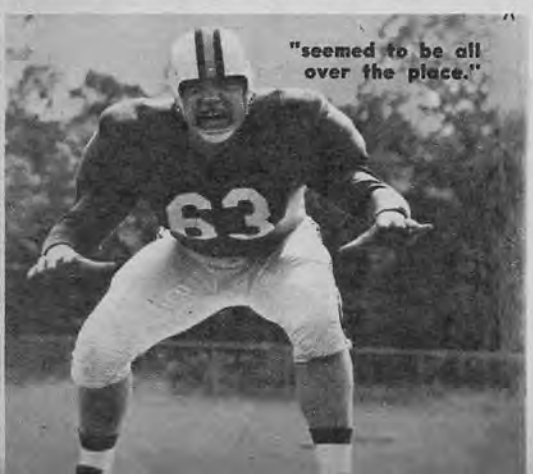
Varying his instructions according to the defensive arrangement of the opposition, Dick will determine the amount of split to be taken by his side of the Maryland offensive line. On defense, he is given the assignment to cover what Tatum calls "a great deal more real estate than the ordinary tackle."

The ball-toting unfortunates who must cast themselves at Maryland this fall are well advised to beware. The Detour Sign can be found on their right.

"his initial charge is terrific!"


"more power than a stump-puller."

"like butting heads with a hereford bull."


"seemed to be all over the place."

an opponent's-eye view of "little mo"

■ Jim Haslam is a ropy beanpole with more elbows and knees than most people. He's six-feet, three-inches of Tennessee offensive right tackle and the long, 205-pounder will captain the Volunteers during the coming season. Jim has been around in football; like other Tennessee tackles, he always plays the knocking game. Those who don't play the knock, just don't play for Tennessee.

With this in mind, let's ask Jim what he thinks of Dick Modzelewski, Maryland's gargantuan defensive left tackle.

"Dick Modzelewski?—there's a brute!" Haslam replies. "He's the best we've seen. He's tough and intelligent and he's got more power than a stump-puller. . . . Trying to block him is like butting heads with a Hereford bull. Go at him and he'll out-wrestle or out-slide you, whichever he figures will work best. He moves fast and he moves decisively. His initial charge is terrific—but he's a clean player.

"never blasted him outta there . . ."

"Matter of fact, he seems to me to be a real, nice guy. I talked to him some after the Sugar Bowl game last winter. . . . Nope, we didn't chat much during that thing. There was a lot of racket all the time and all of us were out there for a purpose; besides, I was too busy trying to figure some way to blast him outta there. . . . Never did. . . ."

The responsibility for Modzelewski fell to Haslam when Maryland went into its special defenses against the Vols; for Tennessee, as far as the tackle position was concerned, this meant blocking against an enemy five-man line.

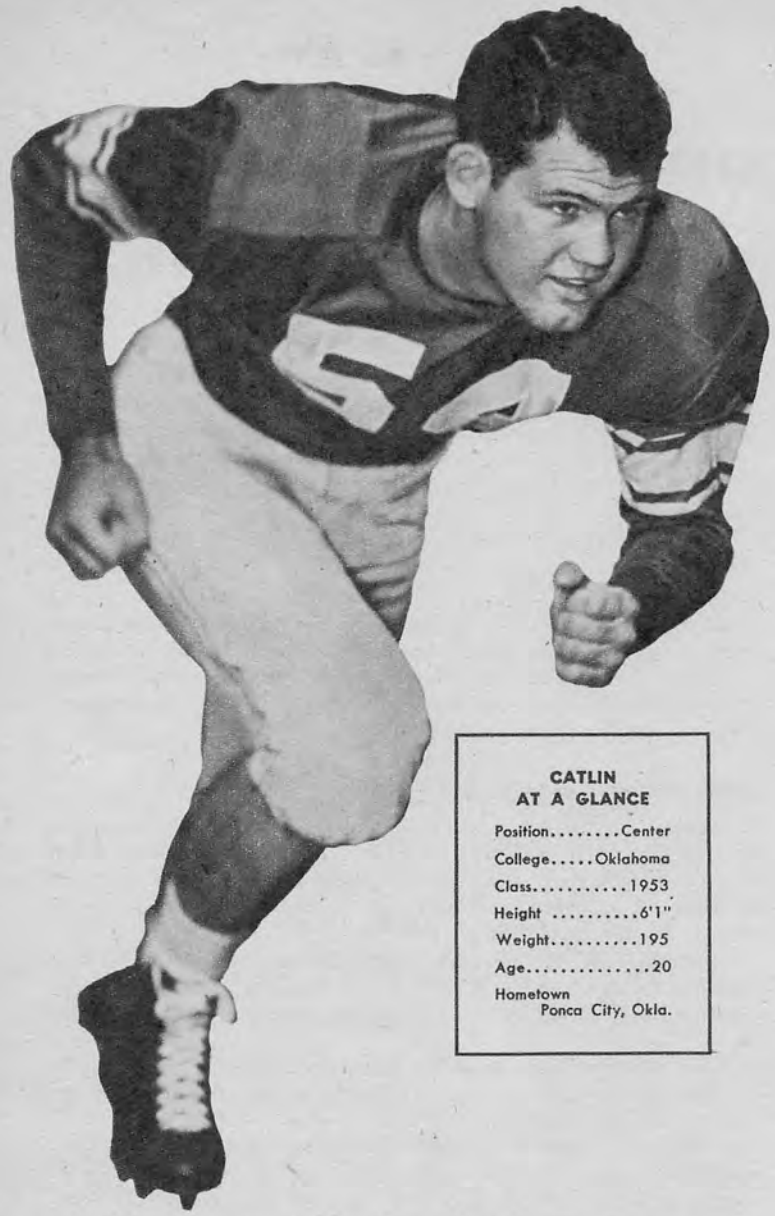
"When Maryland went into that five," recalls Haslam, "it meant the blocking was one-on-one, me against Modzelewski. He weighed somewhere close to 250 and seemed to be all over the place. He is so strong that I don't think any one man can power him out of a play. . . . I just plain couldn't block him when it was one-on-one. . . ."

Haslam's opinion of Modzelewski is especially valuable, for the ex-St. Petersburg star is a tackle of considerable reputation in his own right and was a key blaster in the swift, hard-striking Volunteer forewall that usually opened the gate for Hank Lauricella, Hal Payne, Andy Kozar and the other Orange backs. Something of a student of the game, Haslam is quick to reply about the specific talents of the huge Maryland crusher:

"hard to fool him on a trap play"

"He is especially good against running plays; his initial reaction against us was to charge wide open at the snap of the ball, belt the man trying to block him (he belted good!) and then move toward the ball carrier. . . . He would appear confused only against our buck-laterals and these confused him only sometimes. If he has a weakness, it might be that he doesn't rush is on the passer. However, his ability to diagnose plays is really remarkable and it's very difficult to fool Modzelewski on a trap play, no matter which back is running with the ball or what the pattern of deception is in the offensive team's backfield. . . . Believe me, he's a very capable fellow. . . ."

Haslam's remarks are fully believable—especially when you see the movies of that meeting, during which Little Mo twice racked up Tennessee toters on the first two plays of a series and forced punts. The score certainly tells a story of Mighty Mo's brother: Maryland 28, Tennessee 13.



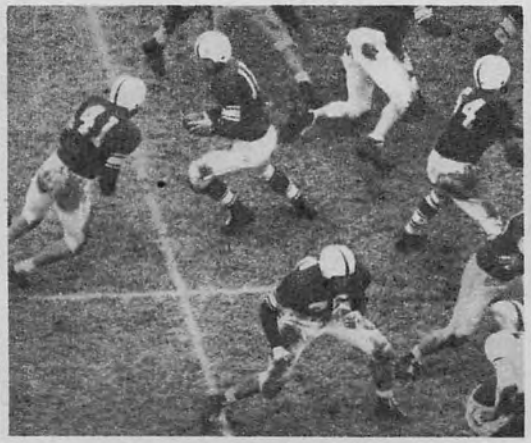
tom catlin: for him– the toughest job in football!

CATLIN AT A GLANCE

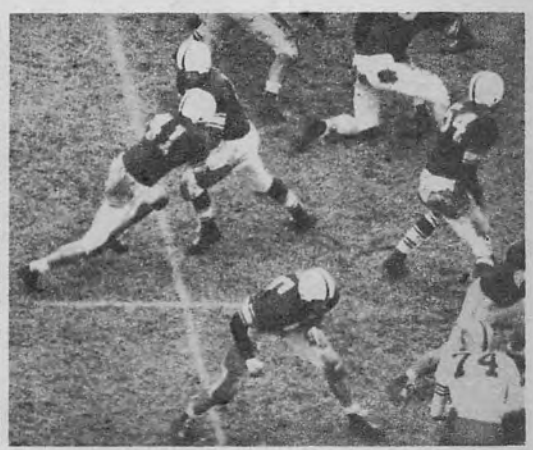
Position.....Center
College.....Oklahoma
Class.....1953
Height .....6'1"
Weight.....195
Age.....20
Hometown
Ponca City, Okla.

HOW CATLIN'S BLOCK SETS UP A SCORING PASS

1. In the Okla.-Colorado game of '51, Catlin (54) blocks middle after snapping ball.



2. His protective block enables McPhail (41) to hit over guard and center on his fullback counter play.



3. Okla's Crowder (16) pretends handoff to McPhail, conceals ball in hand close to body.

■ Behind the Oklahoma Sooners lay 94 yards of bitterly contested Texas territory. The Sooners were trailing, 9-0, in that game at Dallas last year and were in danger of having their phenomenal record of having scored in all their football games since 1945 shattered by the charged up Longhorns.

Texas had a grudge motive, too. The year before the Sooners had fought back to win a 14-13 battle over the favored Texans and go on to the national football championship. The Longhorns wanted to get even for that one.

Tom Catlin, the Oklahoma center, plodded back to the huddle on weary legs. He had been a key figure in that gruelling march, and the yardage had cost him and his ten mates lots of energy.

But the big test was now to come. It was the toughest situation in football. The Sooners had dented to the Texas 2-yard line, but it was fourth down and goal to go. The mighty Texans, stern in their defense, had beefed it up by pulling in the secondary. They were stacking an 8-man line against that Oklahoma charge and the line backers were so close they virtually were playing in the line themselves.

Quarterback Eddie Crowder had to pull one out of the hat. Something to dent that ferocious line, which boasted some of the best guards and line backers in college football in 1951.

So Crowder glanced around that ring of tense faces and his eyes came to rest on Tom Catlin. The same Catlin who was moved to the offensive platoon for 1951 after an outstanding year as linebacker the season before. The Tom Catlin who had given Texas's great Byron Townsend some hard rattles in 1950 when the Longhorn fullback tried the Catlin courage and found that it was not wanting.

Quickly Crowder made up his mind, mouthed a few cryptic words, and the Sooners filed into battle positions.

Catlin looked across the yard of no-man's land and saw the tight, tense, determined Longhorn crew. He knew this was a job for a man, not a boy.

The signals began rolling off Crowder's lips. Catlin listened, then in one motion he lifted the ball to Crowder and lunged into that wall of Texas muscle.

In the backfield, Crowder hesitated briefly, faked a lateral to the driving halfback who headed into the tackle slot, then wheeled around and plunged into the spot where Catlin had been.

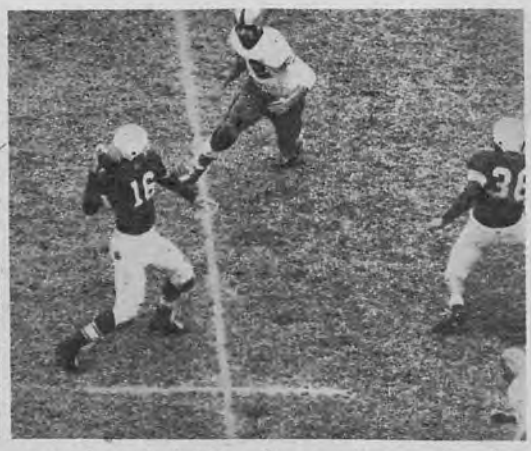
Instead of Catlin, he found a gaping hole. Head down he lunged through and across into pay dirt. And from the ground he looked back on a begrimed but triumphant Catlin, lying heavily on the Texas guard, and he smiled a smile of appreciation for this tremendous teammate of his.

Texas won the ball game, 9-7, but the Longhorns knew they had played a ball team. And the Longhorns knew that Tom Catlin, almost single-handedly, had brought the Sooners to touchdown territory with that tremendous lunging block which opened the hole for Crowder.

That, friends, is a fair if dramatic sample of what a split-T center does. You might think it a rough chore. You're right, and here's why.

In most football formations, including the single wing which Catlin was taught as a high schooler at Ponca City, Okla., the center pretty much concentrates on getting the pass into the hands of the proper back with speed and accuracy. When it comes to blocking, the center seldom takes on a chore without the help of a teammate. It's known as double-teaming on (*Continued on page 94*)

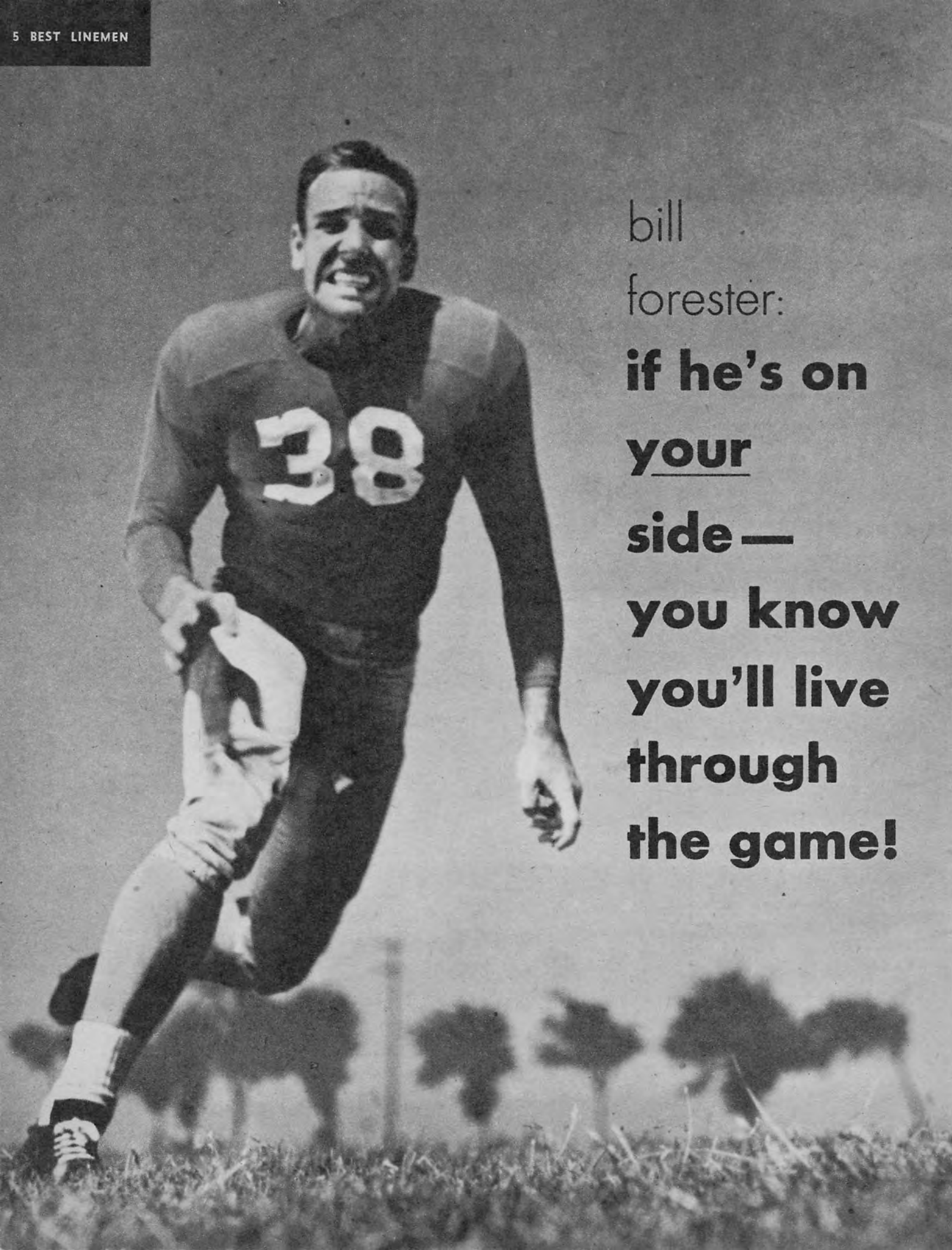
4. Catlin holds blocking position as McPhail does some faking, runs as though with ball.



5. With Catlin holding off enemy linemen, Crowder falls back with plenty of time to heave long pass.

6. Left half Leake (22) got by secondary to net TD pass. Oklahoma won 55-14.

Photos by Al McLaughlin, Daily Oklahoman


bill
forester:
if he's on
your
side—
you know
you'll live
through
the game!

■ Football enemies of SMU are jarred so often and so crushingly by Big Bill Forester that they often refer to the giant tackle as "that red devil Mustang."

Forester is the keystone of SMU's defense, a department in which he demonstrates the ferocity of a fork-tailed demon.

Even his own teammates are scared of Forester's strength and forward power. Last spring, when Coach Rusty Russell was separating his squad for a practice game, he assigned Forester to the A team. Loud cheers came from the other members of the A team.

A newspaperman, standing nearby, remarked to one of the A-team players:

"You fellows must be real fond of Forester."

"It isn't that," the player grinned. "We like him all right but when he's playing on our side, we know we've got a chance to live through this game!"

But when he pulls off his red shirt after a game, he becomes the quietest, nicest, friendliest fellow imaginable. And the next morning, if the game has been played in the Cotton Bowl at Dallas, Forester goes to the First Baptist Church to conduct a Sunday School class.

The 220-pound captain of the Mustangs is a saint off the field and a raging devil on it—at least, that's what his opponents believe.

If there's any truth to the old saw that a good defense is the best offense, then Bill Forester is going to energize tremendously the Mustangs' yardage-gaining ability.

As a matter of fact, he'll do it anyway, because he's a strong and durable double-duty performer. He will be one of the top All-America candidates this fall because of his defensive ability at tackle and linebacker, but he also can be a devastating line-smasher from a fullback position.

If Forester makes the All-America on his defensive work, it will be because a curious circumstance gave him the opportunity.

Last season—Bill's junior year—Coach Russell was faced with a total absence of experienced tackles. He was forced to convert several ends and centers into tackles and, in pre-season workouts, he wasn't pleased with the results.

Then, just before the opening game with Georgia Tech, calamity struck. The regular left tackle was injured, and Russell felt he had no adequate replacement. So he asked Forester, who was slated only for offensive duty at fullback, if he'd be willing to help out on defense.

Forester agreed and played a fine game, although the position was strange to him.

As the season progressed, Forester's work improved rapidly, and at the end of the campaign and, in spite of SMU's poor showing, he had won an All-Southwest Conference berth and had zoomed to the front of 1952 All-America possibilities. In addition, his mates overwhelmingly elected him captain of this year's team.

Forester hit his peak in the Notre Dame and Arkansas games.

Against the Irish, he was an outstanding performer in SMU's upset, 27-20 victory. Time after time, he broke up running plays before they could generate any steam and he rushed the Irish passers so furiously they had difficulty getting the ball away or throwing it accurately. In the closing minutes of play, he broke through to throw Johnny Mazur, Notre Dame quarterback, for a long loss which ruined the last chance of the Irish to tie the score.

In the Arkansas game, his big red shirt was so prominent in the Razorbacks' backfield that he was selected by the Associated Press as national lineman of the week. He made nine unassisted tackles and had a little help on seven others. He took a pass for one touchdown, barged through the line for another and slammed Arkansas quarterbacks for long losses at critical points on three occasions.

Forester's great play had (*Continued on page 95*)

FORESTER AT A GLANCE

Position	Tackle
College	SMU
Class	1953
Height	6' 3"
Weight	220
Age	19
Hometown	Dallas, Tex.

SMU's Forester is set to tackle an Arkansas ball-carrier in '51 game. Bill made 2 TDs in this one.

norm manoogian: stanford's one-man

■ Barring the scouts, no one in the stands pays much attention to what the guards are doing. But most games are won or lost up front where the middle linemen slog away, and Stanford's Coach Chuck Taylor says Manoogian is the best offensive college guard he's ever seen.

That's a flat, unqualified appraisal. But what makes this quiet, dark-haired, 5'10", 200-pound Armenian a guard of All-American caliber?

"I'll tell you one reason," his teammate Kerkorian told us. "He works twice as hard as anyone else, all the time. No matter what Norm does, he puts 110 percent into it and stays with it like a bulldog.

"The days Chuck picked him to lead the squad in calisthenics at practice, Manoogian would run us through those exercises at a fearful clip, as though they were the most important thing he'd ever done. When he was finished, the rest of us would flop around trying to catch our breath, but Norm would go over in a corner and do 100 pushups."

Did any of the players resent being driven like that?

"No, sir!" Kerkorian sounded emphatic. "We all respected him. He was pretty much of a leader on the team, even though he never said anything."

(Note: Last year's Stanford eleven was one of the quietest groups in history. There wasn't a clown or a holler guy in the bunch, but sports writers agreed that even in this quiet crowd, Manoogian was outstanding.)

"We depended on Norm in the tough spots," Kerkorian went on. "We had a lot of fourth down and two situations, and I usually went for those two yards over Manoogian. I knew Norm would get those shoulders into the man opposite him and bury him.

"We scored only one touchdown against Illinois." Gary smiled wryly at the reference to that 40-7 licking in the Rose Bowl. "But they told us it was the only touchdown scored on the ground all last season against Illinois' first defensive unit. Hugasian went over right behind Manoogian, nine-man line and all."

Actually, Manoogian's blocking form is not perfect. He sometimes hits a defender higher than the book says he should, but because of his tremendous strength, he can still knock his man out of the play.

"Strong?" Kerkorian grinned. "Norm's a waiter at our training table. Any time you want to find him, you just look for the man with the biggest pile of empty trays. He can lift four times as many as anyone else."

Do all those muscles slow him up?

"Not any," Kerkorian said. "I don't know where he comes from on some of our plays. In the UCLA game, he dropped back to block for me on a rollout pass. It was completed to Southwood, our right half, and he lateralled to Storum, our left end, for 55 yards gained. It wasn't until we saw the game movies afterwards that we realized Manoogian had been knocked flat trying to protect me, but still had been downfield to put on the key block that sprang Storum loose after the lateral."

It was Manoogian who caught the fleet Stan Wallace of Illinois from behind after Wallace had raced back 54 yards with an intercepted pass. It was Manoogian who pulled out in front of fullback Bob Mathias in the Santa Clara game to clear the decathlon champion's path for an 18-yard touchdown run that gave the Indians a 21-14 victory in the last two minutes.

"I darned near didn't make it," Mathias said. "I saw Norm hit that Santa Clara end and almost stopped running. I wanted to see if the end was ever coming down."

Manoogian will have a chance to display his strength this fall, for Stanford lost all its experienced middle guards and Norm is slated for defense too.

Incidentally, Manoogian, who was a star at Los Angeles' Manual Arts High, is one of five athletes of Armenian descent whose steps were directed toward Stanford by Sam Salisian, a Los Angeles business man and an enthusiastic Redshirt rooter. The others on the squad last year were Kerkorian, Hugasian, Essegian and Kaprielian, causing one wag to observe that only Cohesion was missing.

With Manoogian around, who needs him?

MANOOGIAN AT A GLANCE

Position	Guard
College	Stanford
Class	1953
Height	5' 10"
Weight	200
Age	21
Hometown	Los Angeles, Calif.

burial detail!

dick tamburo: **if they get tough— he gets tougher!**

■ An amazed infirmary doctor at Michigan State college gasped as he looked at X-ray pictures of a football player's ankle just after the season ended in 1950, "My God, man, you haven't been playing on that, have you?"

"Pretty bad, huh Doc?" was sophomore linebacker Dick Tamburo's reply. Dick was a little skeptical of doctors ever since one tried to put him in a cast after the Maryland game two months earlier when he first injured the ankle.

What Dick thought was a sprain turned out to be an ankle separation, which almost ended his gridiron career for the Spartans. One doctor told him to quit for the season, but a day later, Dick was out, hobbling around on the practice field.

He did miss two games, but only because the Spartans didn't need him. Came the Notre Dame game three weeks after his injury, and Tamburo was back, playing his slashing roughhouse game, backing up the line in a hard-fought 36-33 win. Three games later, Tamburo went to the hospital for his cast, but wearing his brand new M.S.C. monogram.

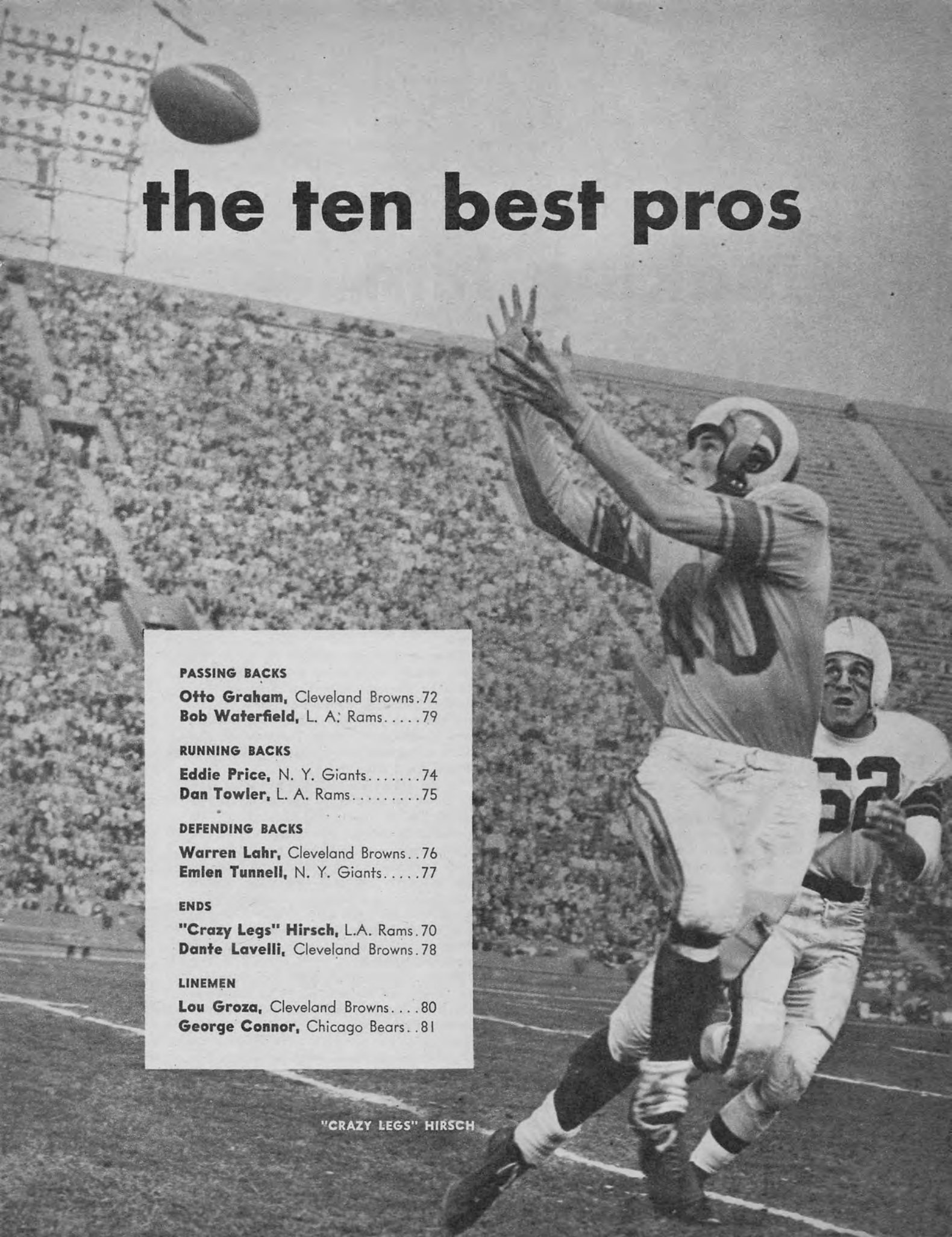
This sort of toughness was an old story for Tamburo, whose Sicilian-born father, Sam, stamps out box-car sheeting in a New Kensington, Pa., steel mill. Football was an old story for the latter, too.

Dad Tamburo played in a rough-tough Sunday semipro town team league as a youth. And Sam, Jr., was an All-American end at Penn State. Brother Harry, at M.S.C. with Dick, became such a (*Continued on page 96*)

TAMBURO AT A GLANCE

Position	Center
College	Michigan State
Class	1953
Height	6' 1"
Weight	210
Age	21
Hometown	N. Kensington, Pa.

the ten best pros



PASSING BACKS

Otto Graham, Cleveland Browns . 72
Bob Waterfield, L. A. Rams 79

RUNNING BACKS

Eddie Price, N. Y. Giants 74
Dan Towler, L. A. Rams 75

DEFENDING BACKS

Warren Lahr, Cleveland Browns . . 76
Emlen Tunnell, N. Y. Giants 77

ENDS

"Crazy Legs" Hirsch, L.A. Rams . 70
Dante Lavelli, Cleveland Browns . 78

LINEMEN

Lou Groza, Cleveland Browns 80
George Connor, Chicago Bears . . 81

"CRAZY LEGS" HIRSCH

"crazy legs" hirsch: making him an end was only the beginning!

■ Bob Waterfield, the veteran Los Angeles Rams' quarterback says it was only by accident that his teammate, Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch became the finest pass receiving end now operating in pro football.

"Elroy was getting too old to be a halfback," quipped Bob, "so they retired him to end."

It was a fortunate accident—or experiment—for Hirsch, now a creaking old fellow of 28. Through a simple change of positions, the Los Angeles coach, Joe Stydahar, transformed Hirsch from a run-of-the-mill ball carrier into an end who is mentioned in the same breath with Don Hutson, the most legendary figure of all pass catching ends.

Here was a halfback, doomed to mediocrity, likely to be forgotten the moment he quit, and that day seemed not far distant. Hirsch always had speed and good deception in an open field, but he had trouble getting started on his runs from scrimmage, and according to the script, the halfback usually gets the ball in the backfield, not some yards beyond the line of scrimmage. Perhaps in sheer desperation, Stydahar stationed Crazy Legs at end, and call it accident or genius, his problem was solved.

The transformation was gradual rather than sudden. In 1949, Hirsch carried the ball 68 times for only 287 yards but he caught 22 passes for 326 yards. In 1950, he rushed only twice for 19 yards but he snared 42 passes for 687 yards operating from the backfield. And in 1951, the backfield was behind him and he was running out into the open from the more convenient end slot.

"Before Elroy cut loose last season," said one veteran National League coach, "I would have thought it heresy to compare any pass receiver with Don Hutson. But Hirsch, wow! I wouldn't believe he had done the things I saw him do until I reassured myself with a peek at the record books."

Those record books convince the unbelievers. Elroy last season rolled up 1,495 yards for the Rams on 66 completions. That surpassed Hutson's mark of 1,211. Elroy's windmilling legs carried him to 17 touchdowns after snaring passes from Waterfield and Norm Van Brocklin. This didn't shatter the record held by Green Bay's Hutson, but it was a tie!

No one will argue that Hirsch will knock Hutson out of his niche in the play-for-pay Hall of Fame. Time is against fleet-footed Elroy. He started as an end too late. Hutson was an All-American wing man at Alabama before becoming Green Bay's idol. Hirsch, a natural half back, lost time in service and spent three dismal seasons with the Chicago All-America Conference teams before heading for the Rams and the chance to capitalize on abilities that made him a scoring terror for college football powerhouses at Wisconsin and Michigan.

But toss this puzzler at the pro football owners, the passers, and the coaches: "Who would you take if you had your choice of Hirsch or Hutson during either's greatest season? No sentiment, now."

You'd have the fellows mumbling to themselves trying to figure out their answer. The uncertainty would be evidence enough that Hirsch ranks with Hutson.

Move over in that Hall of Fame, Don!

Elroy is a good man (*Continued on page 96*)

HIRSCH AT A GLANCE

Position	End
Team	Los Angeles Rams
Height	6' 2"
Weight	190
Age	28
Hometown	Milwaukee, Wisc.
'51 passes caught	66
'51 yards gained	1495
'51 yds. gained per carry	22.6

Crazy Legs Hirsch snares a pass from Waterfield good for 73 yds. and a TD in '51 game with Green Bay which Rams won 42-14.

otto graham:
baugh lujack, waterfield— who compares

It takes two Cardinal tacklers to bring down Cleveland's fabulous Otto Graham after a 7-yard gain in contest won by Cleveland, 34-24.

with "otts?"

■ Soft-spoken Frank Leahy, the football boss at Notre Dame, and Lynn (Pappy) Waldorf, then the chuckling coach at Northwestern, were comparing notes and cutting up touches shortly after the 1943 season. Both were getting in kind words for some of the boys they had coached.

"I'm lucky to have Johnny Lujack," said Leahy. "He's a whiz at all sports. In football he can do almost everything except lead the band during the half time intermission."

Pappy Waldorf's quick eyes sparkled. "My boy Otto Graham could do even that! He plays the cornet, piano, violin, and French horn—all very well—and he's even better at football."

Pappy thought silently as he remembered Otto had completed his eligibility. "You'll hear about an all-time great," Pappy finally ventured, "if Otto gets a chance to play behind one of those tough professional lines."

This prediction started to come true when Otto passed and prodded the Cleveland Browns to the All-America Conference championship in 1946. It was borne out in subsequent seasons as the Browns, with Otto as the touchdown engineer, rolled to three more All-America titles—four in succession!

No other professional eleven ever had accomplished a similar feat. Of course, no other professional eleven ever had Otto Graham, either. It is unlikely that even the Cleveland club, for all the new football magic tossed into professional competition by wizard Paul Brown, would have amassed this streak had it not been for the athletic superman from Waukegan, Illinois.

Even after the Browns had nailed down those four titles—with Otto driving the nails—there wasn't agreement on Graham's greatness. Skeptics pointed out that the Browns and Graham performed in the All-America Conference, a major pro league that started operation only after the end of World War II. These skeptics hinted the Browns (*Continued on page 97*)

GRAHAM AT A GLANCE

Position	Quarterback
Team	Cleveland Browns
Height	6' 1"
Weight	195
Age	32
Hometown	Waukegan, Ill.
'51 yards gained passing	2205
% completed passes in '51	55.5

eddie price: **in the mighty image of steve van buren!**

■ When Eddie Price, hard-charging New York Giants' fullback, finished the 1951 season with 271 carries, more times than any back had ever lugged the leather before in a pro season, it came as no surprise to Stout Steve Owen, the Polo Grounders' pilot. He would have been surprised if Price hadn't. So would Price. But what bothers Eddie is that his record-breaking performance only produced 971 yards.

In 1950 when the former Tulane great reported to backfield coach Al Sherman, who had played at Philadelphia, the mentor set out to mould Eddie in the image of Steve Van Buren, his old teammate in Philadelphia. Van Buren had owned the record for carrying, 263 times. There are many who say th Van Buren was the best back the pros ever had for durability.

Sherman thought so and he said to Price, "Van Buren always ran 50 yards at full speed with every carry during signal practice."

Sherman couldn't have selected a greater stimulant for his rookie. Like Van Buren, Price is a New Orleans boy and he came out of Tulane known as a record-conscious runner. The words that Sherman (*Continued on page 98*)

Price goes thru for TD against Yanks.

PRICE AT A GLANCE

Position	Fullback
Team	N. Y. Giants
Height	5' 11"
Weight	190
Age	27
Hometown	New Orleans, La.
'51 yards gained rushing	971
'51 yards gained rushing per carry	3.6

dan towler:
deacon dan, the praying battering ram

■ Before the Los Angeles Rams-Chicago Bears playoff for the National Conference title in 1950, Dan Towler asked Coach Joe Stydahar for permission to lead the squad in prayer. The calloused confines of a professional football team's locker room would hardly be the place you'd expect such devotions practiced, but thereafter from that point the sight and sound of a halfback in full gridiron dress leading his teammates in prayer became a regular locker room ritual.

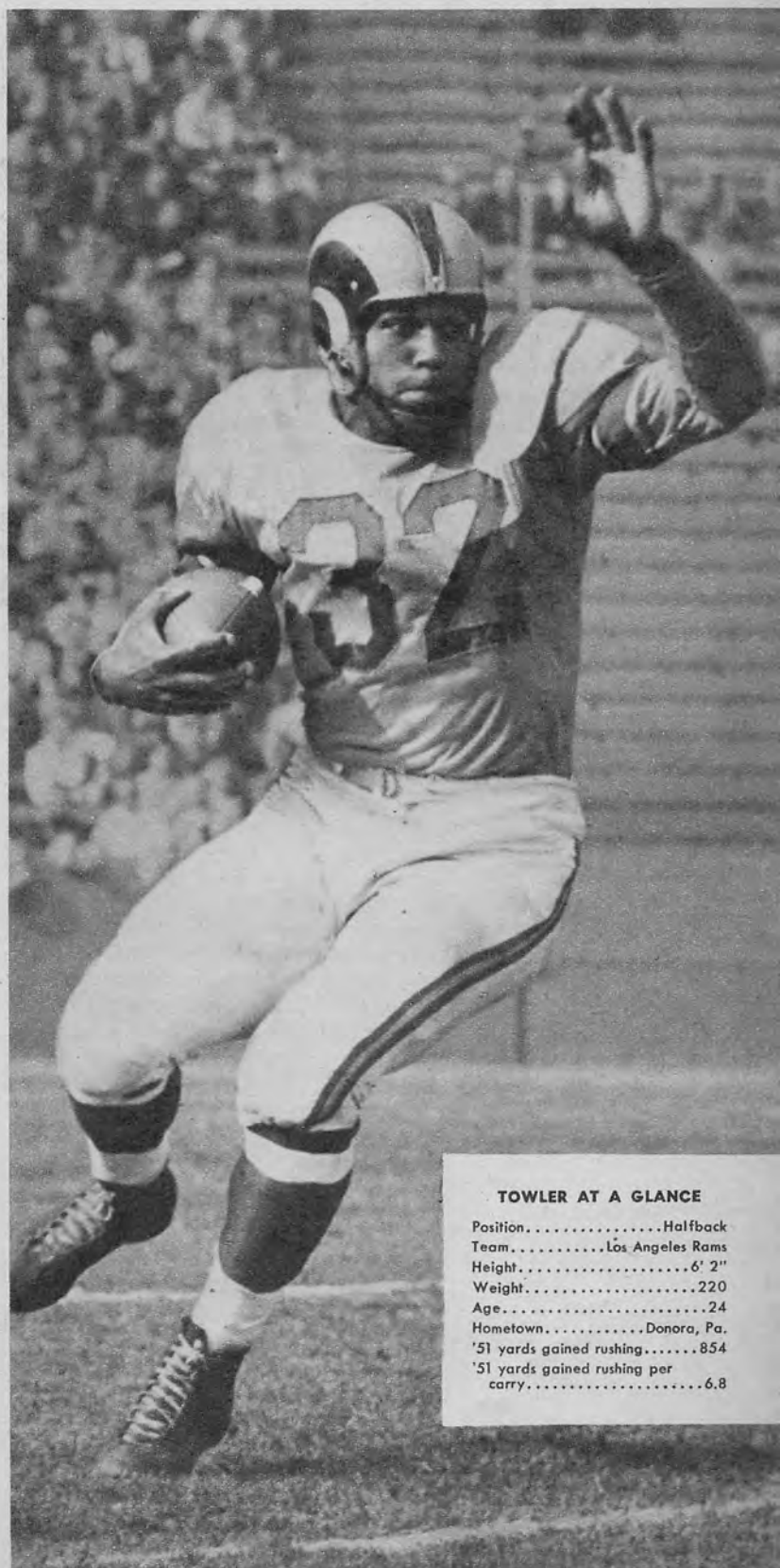
"It's an inspirational prayer for remembrance," says Towler, "that before we go on the field we ask the presence of God and thank Him for the opportunity of being able to play. It's a prayer for courage, for strength and guidance."

There's little doubt that Towler, a six-feet, two-inch 220-pounder out of Washington and Jefferson, has all of these attributes. For one thing he was the league's third leading ball carrier in net yards gained last year, with 854 yards. For another, he is one of the greatest all-around athletes in the game today, and a divinity student at U.S.C. He hopes some day to become an assistant in a church and work with young people, while pursuing further studies toward a Ph.D. Eventually, he hopes to become a pastor in his own church. When the Rams are in the East, during the season, Towler flies to Los Angeles for classes and then back again for the weekend game.

Only a man with infinite patience and ambition could apply himself so assiduously to such diverse pursuits. But Towler, who became the Rams' outstanding back in 1951 and was the most valuable player in the last All-Pro Bowl game, is such a man.

The only serious injury of Towler's gridiron career happened in 1949 at W. and J. when a bad knee kept him out for the season. An operation seemingly healed the injury but in 1950, Deacon Dan's first season with the Rams, he wore a brace and could not operate at maximum efficiency. Last season he refused to be hindered. At the risk of further and more serious injury he discarded the knee brace. He never played better in his life.

Typical of his performance was the thrilling meeting with the Green Bay Packers on Oct. 21st. The Rams and Packers were deadlocked at 0-0 with one minute to go in the third quarter. LA was in trouble just after turning back a Green Bay scoring thrust. With the ball on his own (*Continued on page 98*)



TOWLER AT A GLANCE

Position	Halfback
Team	Los Angeles Rams
Height	6' 2"
Weight	220
Age	24
Hometown	Donora, Pa.
'51 yards gained rushing	854
'51 yards gained rushing per carry	6.8

warren lahr: **the little man who's always there**

■ "He's not very big—5-11 and 185, about—and he has only average speed. He doesn't catch your eye too much during a game. But when it's over and you start checking back through your notes, number 80 keeps popping up all the time."

That was Jack Lavelle, the celebrated super-scout of the New York Giants. He was referring to Warren Lahr, defensive left halfback of the Cleveland Browns, a 28-year-old Cleveland hometown product who achieved modest varsity fame at Western Reserve.

Otto Graham, Marion Motley, Lou Groza, Dub Jones, Mac Speedie and Dante Lavelli are the names that ring the bell the loudest when you think of the Browns.

These men are the key cogs in the smooth offensive machine that bowled over all opposition in the All-America Conference for four straight years and has been doing pretty nearly as well for the last two seasons in the tougher National League.

But the Browns did not become the post-war monarchs of the pro gridiron on offense alone. The astute Paul Brown also built a mighty defensive unit for the House of McBride.

On the word of Lavelle, who knows the Browns practically as well as Brown himself and is in a position to talk more freely about them, Lahr is the kingpin of Cleveland's solid defensive structure.

"They key their whole defense to him," Jack points out.

Cleveland's basic defensive strategy, the gridiron's No. 1 sleuth explained, calls for harassment of the offensive left end by the right-side linebacker. The offensive right end, however, is permitted to run free, so the close-up defenders on that "strong side" can concentrate on stopping running plays.

In a game where passing figures so importantly, allowing a prime receiver like the right end to break out into the clear uncontested is a dangerous affair.

That is, unless you have a defensive left halfback like Lahr to pick him up and shadow him.

"There are a lot of clever ends in this league who can tie a halfback into knots with their feints and fakes and then breeze away to make the catch. They can't get away with that stuff on Lahr. He reacts too fast.

"It gets pretty discouraging to the ends. They come dashing down, all full of hope and fire, and give him that never-miss full treatment.

"But when they're all through with their routine, that pesky little man still is there.

"It's positively uncanny the way Lahr always manages to be in the right place at the right time. You can't go deep on him and if you buttonhook back or cut to either side, he'll stay right with you too.

"Anytime a passer slips up, he'll go and grab that ball for the Browns and if you do manage to catch a pass on him, which doesn't happen often, he'll nail you in your tracks."

LAHR AT A GLANCE

Position	Halfback
Team	Cleveland Browns
Height	5' 11"
Weight	185
Age	28
Hometown	Cleveland, O.

emlen tunnell:
"football isn't football till you hear the leather pop!"

■ The New York Giants have their own special twist to that old football and military saw which holds "The best defense is a strong offense."

Just so long as he has the Arnie Weinmeister Wrecking Co. up front and some one like Emlen Tunnell in his secondary, Steve Owen would as soon let the other side attack.

Stout Steve knows darn well, and the rest of the National League confirms it with regret, that the Giants are in scoring position for sixty minutes of every game. Maybe even, they are set up best of all when the enemy is trying to advance or get rid of the ball.

Take the amazing case of Tunnell. Em didn't play a single minute on attack for the Giants in 1951. But he gained 724 yards—a total exceeded only by all-league fullback Eddie Price—and scored four touchdowns for the Polo Grounders just the same.

How much more offensive can a defensive halfback be?

Stiffest spoke in the celebrated "umbrella four" that shields the danger zone behind the Giant scrimmage line, Tunnell is listed in the defensive line-up at left half. To put it more aptly, you'll find him on the ball wherever it is. His perceptions and reactions are positively uncanny and his instinct for combat flames like a blowtorch.

Football has known few more alert and aggressive ball-hawks than this erstwhile Iowa Hawkeye from Garrett Hill, Pa. Not counting scores of rib-cracking tackles that don't show in the statistics, here are some of the major wonders that Tunnell worked for the Giants last season:

1. Returned 34 punts (a National League record) 489 yards (high for the circuit in 1951) and three touchdowns.

2. Ran back six kickoffs 127 yards (including a record touchdown gallop of 100 yards against the Yanks).

3. Intercepted nine passes for a total gain of 74 yards.

"I've never seen anyone who could catch a flying football as well as *Em*," (*Continued on page 98*)

TUNNELL AT A GLANCE

Position	Halfback
Team	N. Y. Giants
Height	6' 1"
Weight	190
Age	27
Hometown	Garrett Hill, Pa.

dante lavelli: **paul brown saw what no one else could see...**

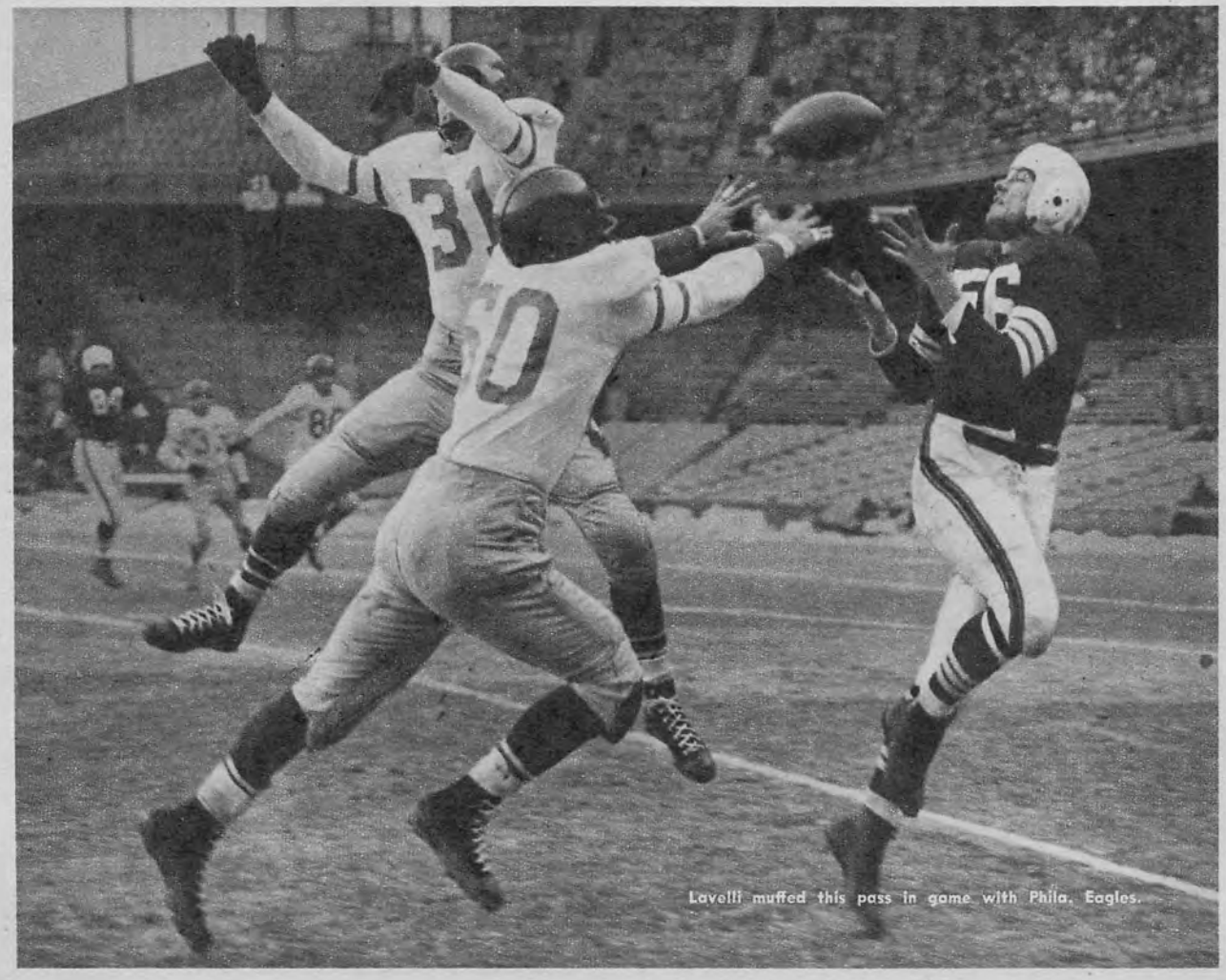
■ Sports writers are addicted to trick phrasing to describe great athletes. There is one that reads: "To the manor born." It has been used for any number of stars who perform their specialty as though born to it.

Many's the time it has been written that Dante Lavelli, the Cleveland Browns' sure-fingered, jet-powered end, catches passes in that wise. At the risk of spoiling a legend in the making, it must be stated that Lavelli is a *made* end.

Lavelli, who has caught 40 touchdown passes in six seasons, as many as nine in one season and as many as four in one game, was not an end at what must be regarded as the start of his football career. He became one! (*Continued on page 99*)

LAVELLI AT A GLANCE

Position.....End
Team
Cleveland Browns
Height.....6'
Weight.....195
Age.....29
Hometown
Lakewood, O.
'51 passes caught 43
'51 yards gained 586
Aver. gain per carry in '51...13.6



Lavelli muffed this pass in game with Phila. Eagles.

bob waterfield: **just like his wife—always out in front!**

■ If all the yardage Bob Waterfield has gained passing a football to his professional teammates were laid end to end, it would stretch more than 638 miles. As a football flies, that's a long way, and it took seven full seasons to achieve it. But picture picturesque Waterfield for a moment.

This was in 1945, Bob's first season with the Rams, then playing out of Cleveland. In the Rams' second game they met one of the biggest obstacles on the path to the world championship They were going against the Chicago Bears, George Halas' monsters of the midway.

Although new in the league, Waterfield's naked reverse play had become well publicized and scouted. All week Halas drilled his men against it. The Bear coach went so far as to set up an automatic fine for the Chicago end who might let Bob sneak around him on a hidden ball trick.

Despite all the pre-game precaution, Waterfield completed a naked reverse for an eight-yard TD jaunt. He led the Rams to a 17-0 victory.

Again in 1945, when the Rams went against Detroit with the chance to clinch their divisional title, the spotlight was on Waterfield. He was nursing badly bruised ribs. He requested the trainer to shoot novocaine into his injured region and tape him tightly. Then he went out on the field and completed 12 out of 21 passes, 10 of them to end Jim Benton, who thereby set a new NL record of 303 yards gained by pass receiving in one game

Waterfield, apparently still not content, also scored a TD himself on a naked reverse as the Rams won 27-21.

That was seven seasons ago, but Waterfield, like old man river, still rolls on. Last season as the Rams clinched the Western Division title in the final league game (*Continued on page 99*)

WATERFIELD AT A GLANCE

Position	Quarterback
Team	Los Angeles Rams
Height	6' 1"
Weight	200
Age	32
Hometown	Van Nuys, Calif.
'51 yards gained passing	1566
% completed passes in '51	50.0

GROZA AT A GLANCE

Position..... Tackle
Team.... Cleveland Browns
Height..... 6' 3"
Weight..... 235
Age..... 28
Hometown..... Berea, O.

lou groza: how "the toe" found his body

■ For four years with the Cleveland Browns, Lou Groza was nothing more than a guy who came off the bench and demonstrated that the foot still had a part in football.

A man who had never performed for a college varsity, Groza scored 84 points in his first season with the Browns. He was methodically successful displaying the same monotonous fluidity as he kicked thirteen field goals and forty five extra points. He was much like a golfer as he swung his unerring toe into the ball.

He measured off his distances carefully, using a tape. He intoned over and over to himself, "Head down. Keep it down. Follow through. Smooth, smooth. Don't press."

It was a ritual that enabled him to finish each year among the leading professional scorers and establish record after record. For instance:

Most field goals: 53 in 6 seasons.

Most field goals, one season: 13 (1946 and 1950).

Most field goals, one game: 3 vs. Miami, Sept. 6, 1946.

Most points: 406, 6 seasons.

Most points, one season: 84 in 1946.

Most pts. after TD: 241, six seasons.

Most pts. after TD, one season: 51 in 1948.

Most pts. after TD, one game: 7 (twice) 1947 and 1949.

Most consecutive pts. after TD: 84 (12 in 1949, 29 in 1950, 43 in 1951).

The latter string still is alive as this season starts, but there's a great change in Groza. Lou has proved the toe. Now he's proving himself.

The specialist in kicking now is considered by Paul Brown, Cleveland coach, to be one of the leading tackles in football.

Dissatisfied with being a kicker only, Groza set about learning all he could about line play. They doubted he could do it, but last season The Toe was considered the Browns' best offensive left (*Continued on page 99*)

george connor: **gentle as a lamb— out of uniform**

■ It was in 1942 when Boston College had what many experts considered one of the finest college football teams ever assembled. Undefeated through the year, the Eagles came up to its traditional game against Holy Cross with Coach Denny Meyer declaring his team could whip any professional team.

That December afternoon the Holy Cross line ruined great BC and left the Eagles completely plucked. A kid named George Connor wrecked play after play, and when the game was over, Meyer wondered aloud whether the young tackle wasn't, in fact, of professional calibre.

Connor was only 16 then, a pro in the making and today at 26, George Halas, the veteran coach and owner of the Chicago Bears, says, "George personifies the typical Bear player. We rate him with our all-time aces—Nagurski, Hewitt, Grange, Luckman, Healey, Fortmann, Link Lyman (*Continued on page 99*)

CONNOR AT A GLANCE

Position	Tackle
Team	Chicago Bears
Height	6' 3"
Weight	240
Age	26
Hometown	Chicago, Ill.

Harry Agganis, Boston University quarterback

why they all pick agganis

continued from page 6

out of bounds inside the 10-yard line.

Sometimes I think Harry doesn't pass enough, but if I chide him, he says:

"Coach, I pass when I think a pass is the right play. Otherwise I don't."

If he threw the ball as much as other T quarterbacks, his record would be unbelievable. As it is, he completed 104 of 185 throws in 1951 for 2,002 yards.

Up to this fall, Agganis had played two full seasons for Boston University. He was called up by the Marine Corps following his sophomore campaign, and was in service during the 1950 season.

The Marines discharged him four days before our opening game with William and Mary at Williamsburg, Va., last fall. He practiced only one day with the team and played almost the whole game.

In order to make sure that he had at least a vague knowledge of the offense, I sent him to Williamsburg on a separate plane with John Toner, our backfield coach. Flying down, Harry memorized the plays.

It was a losing venture for us. William and Mary beat us, 34 to 25. But Agganis passed for two touchdowns, scored another himself and played flawlessly.

And now you'd probably like to have a little biographical information about our quarterback. He is of Greek descent, youngest of seven children. He can't practice with us more than 45 minutes a day because he has a job working for John Pappas in a foodstore chain. He is a major in public relations and has a full-time job waiting when he's through with football.

That may not be soon, though I cannot speak for Harry. Paul Brown of the Cleveland professional club is determined to get him—and Paul is persuasive.

Only thing that might keep him out of pro football is his ability as a baseball first baseman. The major baseball leaguers have already indicated a decided interest in him.

don heinrich: the bremerton bazooka

continued from page 10

a minimum of one-hundred and fifty throws.

In the Pacific Coast Conference, he knocked down standards by the handful with 221 attempts, 14 touchdown passes (broken in '51 by WSC's Bob Burkhart) 1846 passing yardage, 1807 total offense, rushing and passing, 70 passes in succession without an interception (broken in '51 by his replacement, Sam Mitchell), most pass completions in a single game, 19 (also broken in 1951).

A comparison of his 1950 passing record with that of Kentucky's Vito Parilli and Notre Dame's Bob Williams, both All-Americans, shows he made 200 more yards passing than Parilli and 800 more than Williams. He had the edge on both in all vital statistics, except on touchdown throws, where Parilli had more.

As a sophomore, he made 119 passing attempts, 64 completions, 53.8 percentage, 899 yards passing and six touchdown passes.

His statistics for the two full seasons: 340 attempts, 198 completions, 2745 yards, 20 TD throws and a percentage of .582.

In 1950 in the opening game with Kansas State, Heinrich led the Huskies to a 33-7 win. He passed to four touchdowns in little more than half the game.

At the beginning of the 1950 season he threw 70 passes in succession without an interception. This record was interrupted in the fourth game of the season against Oregon State at Portland. Late in the third quarter, Heinrich looped a long pass downfield intended for end Joe Cloidt. John Thomas, Oregon State's towering defensive halfback, came out of nowhere to make an interception. He leaped and caught it one-handed. For a moment, nobody knew whether Cloidt or Thomas had the ball. Emmett Watson, of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer,* said Thomas "came out of a low-hanging cloud" to make the interception.

His busiest afternoon was against WSC when he threw 28 times. Late in the third quarter, it was announced over the PA system that he had broken the national passing record for completions in a single season. He didn't throw again until the final minute of the fourth quarter. Then the statisticians discovered an error in their figures. Coach Howie Odell sent word for Heinrich to shoot another for completion. Heinrich threw two touchdown passes that afternoon and set up several others in a 52-21 rout of the Cougars.

The only game that year in which Heinrich failed to throw 100 yards or more was against Minnesota—the team against which he was figured to run wild. The Gophers were set up for his passes and Heinrich fooled them. Time after time he sent his running backs through the heavy Gopher line on quick openers. The strategy paid with a 28-13 win, the first win for Washington in eight tries against Minnesota.

He completed 11 out of 19 passes, including two touchdowns, against an Illinois team in 1950 which had permitted only 11 completed passes, all told, by three previous foes. Washington lost that one, 13-20.

"I saw it but I don't believe it"

Against Stanford in 1950, he made good on 19 out of 24 attempts, among them one thrown underhand while his upper arms were pinned to his side by a Redshirt tackling him high from the rear.

Marchie Schwartz, then the Stanford coach, said "I saw it, but I don't believe it." His passes gained 243 yards and two touchdowns that day.

It was a nip and tuck battle. Both teams were driving for the Rose Bowl. Both squads left the field at halftime in a scoreless deadlock. Then Heinrich began to watch Stanford's All-American Bill McColl, who was tiring from the killing pace of playing both offensive end and defensive safety. Heinrich sent Kirkby downfield right at McColl. Just as he reached him, Kirkby cut diagonally into the end zone and plucked off Heinrich's touchdown pass as easily as picking berries off a bush. The fatigued McColl trailed by yards. Washington won at Palo Alto, 21-7.

Since his high school days in Bremerton, where he blossomed early as the greatest prep passer ever to grace the state of Washington, Don had been singled out for the "A" treatment by the opponents. At Bremerton High, he was also a first-class shortstop and a basketball player of all-state caliber.

An all-round athlete and clutch competitor, he's also an all-round quarterback. Don's record-shattering passing is not his most valuable asset to his coach, Odell.

"He's not just a strong-armed thrower," Howie observes. "As a field general and a ball-handler, he's the best I've ever seen. No one calls plays from the bench when Don is out there, for he's usually one step ahead of all the sideline brains. And he can get more out of his teammates than any quarterback I've coached."

Nothing delights Heinrich more than outsnookering a defense set to stop his passes by breaking open the running game. But he didn't set records without working at it, and he's always working.

Midway in the 1949 season, the Husky line couldn't provide him protection necessary for great passing proficiency. So Heinrich began copying the "bootleg" style of California's Bob Celeri. A week after playing against Celeri, he bootlegged the ball for two long touchdown passes against Southern California—two passes within 49 seconds of each other. Hiding the ball off his hip, the subsequent fake hand-off or pitchout gave him time to make up for lack of protection. His team scored 17 touchdowns in the last four games that year.

Don was born September 19, 1930, in Chicago. His father is German, his mother Swedish. As a high school freshman, he wasn't going out for football, but two of his friends, Jim Wiley and Bud Olsen, later teammates with him at Washington, talked him into it. He won three letters in high school football and matched them with basketball and baseball awards.

Heinrich is inclined to talk down his passing: "The easiest thing about a forward pass is throwing it. The really hard job is to catch it," he says. "I'd rather gain three yards running than pass for 90. I wish I could run like Hugh McElhenny (his All-

America teammate), bust off tackle and go for a touchdown. The only TD's I score are on quarterback sneaks."

"heinrich might do anything"

Don O'Leary, Heinrich's teammate and chief competitor as Washington's No. 1 quarterback for two years, says, "Heinrich upsets them because they never know what's he's going to call. We don't even know on the bench. Sometimes Odell doesn't even know. Heinrich might do anything."

Which brings us back to our original question: Can the Bremerton Bazooka smash his own national records? And the answer is that a lot of people think he can.

Washington, which has suffered heavy losses in player personnel, may not have as strong a squad as in 1950, but the poised and self-assured Heinrich, for one, will be bitterly disappointed if: 1) he does not match or improve on his record-passing feats; 2) he is not a more valuable asset to the Huskies.

While nursing his shoulder injury last fall, Don, a perfectionist with an intense desire to succeed, did not sulk on the sidelines. He did what he could to polish his all-around technique and absorbed a lot of extra football lore as a deeply interested non-combatant observer.

Having proved himself sound of arm again in spring practice, he will, of course be a marked man this season. But he returns to the fray with sharper weapons and a better idea of how to use them.

A shrewd guess is that he may pass less frequently but more effectively than ever. Passers may be ranked on their number of completions but completion-average still is the more significant figure.

The opposition will be looking for Heinrich to throw the ball, quite naturally. This will strengthen his chances of exercising his other improved talents as a T-quarterback. Conversely, by making the defense respect his hand-offs and pitch-outs, his prospects of hitting his passing targets are brighter.

If it all works out according to script, the Bremerton Bazooka once more should blast his way to glory.

jack scarbath: he put the split in the 'T'

continued from page 15

a gaping hole put there by the split.

The quarterback started running when he got the ball, either handing it off or faking a handoff to the plunging halfback.

The fake to the halfback preceded the other two original basics. The quarterback would keep the ball and run at the defensive end. The fullback and halfback would swing wide around the flank.

This put the end in the middle. If he advanced to tackle the quarterback, the latter would lateral to the half who would follow the fullback around end. If the quarterback found the end was trying to cover the halfback, he would fake the lateral and cut sharply over tackle, leaving the end unblocked but quite ineffective.

Due to the fact that the plunging halfback's fake generally decoyed the tackle and backer-up to the inside, the quarterback frequently went for long gains on this seemingly unsound play. Scarbath himself has tramped for touchdowns on it during his two brilliant years as Maryland's quarterback.

The split-T is by no means as simple nowadays as the foundation I have described. Spectators probably would have trouble recognizing any of the three basic plays. Since Faurot invented it, he and other resourceful coaches, such as Tatum and Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson, have added every known football maneuver to the repertory.

The 1951 Maryland team was perhaps the most finished representative the system ever had and some say it had the largest repertory of plays. Scarbath was master of them all, and by the middle of last season he had developed into a great "series" quarterback. He could figure out what effect a certain play would have on the defense and how it would set up a play or set of plays.

Scarbath made himself a good football player during his freshman year at Maryland and became the regular quarterback as a sophomore despite a good deal of bad luck with injuries. He played his first three games —against Georgia, Navy and Michigan State —with a broken finger on his right hand. He was out of the Georgetown and North Carolina games with a separated shoulder.

He played an important part in the 1950 conquest of Michigan State, only loss for the Spartans in the past two years, but really came into his own against Georgia last fall.

Maryland played preliminaries with Washington & Lee and George Washington. Scarbath was conservative, stayed mostly on the ground though he did throw a touchdown pass in each game.

The Georgia-Maryland game was regarded as an even thing until Scarbath began to play the Cracker defense like an accordion. He fired short passes, sent Mighty Mo Modzelewski, the fullback, through the middle and scooted his fast halfbacks around the ends. He sewed up the game with a magnificent fake to Mo. This caused the whole Georgia team to gang the big boy while Chet Hanulak, a fast halfback, fled around end for the touchdown that gave the Terrapins a 17 to 7 lead.

Scarbath showed his mettle in the North Carolina game which the Terps barely squeezed out, 14 to 7, on a wet field. He did enough passing to get the points he needed, then stayed on the ground, finally kicking on the third down to make sure that the Tarheels wouldn't get the ball outside their own territory. Though turning to defense frequently is the logical thing to do, it is pretty hard to find a quarterback who can be trusted to stand a siege.

he broke the game up himself

Louisiana State was regarded by the Maryland players as the toughest defensive team they met. Scarbath had to break this game open himself and it took him until the middle of the second period to do it. The vehicle was one of the split-T quarterback sneaks. He got away on another quarter-run for 56 yards and a second touchdown.

Missouri, the following week's opponent was easy, but in the succeeding Navy game Scarbath had to pull his team up from behind for the first time. Navy led, 7 to 0, in the early going. The Sailors' defense tied up the Terp running game, so Jack went into the air, completed 14 of 23 passes for 243 yards and two touchdowns. This scrambled the Navy defense and Maryland went on to win, 40 to 21.

It proved that Scarbath has no superior as a passer when he decides that passing is what the situation requires.

He wasn't out to make records, however, and in the last two games of Maryland's defeatless season, against North Carolina State and West Virginia, he threw only four passes. Three went for TDs, however.

Scarbath did not take naturally to passing from the T. As a freshman he had trouble spotting his receivers when he ran back after getting the ball from center. He overcame this weakness during the summer vacation by practice in the family back-yard at Baltimore. He hung up an old tire, ran away with his back to it, turned and tried to throw the ball through the hole.

By the end of the summer he never missed, and it was obvious that the old weakness had been erased when he turned out for the team as a sophomore.

Jack has done everything the hard way. The enthusiasm of his parents for sports gave him his first impetus. His mother was a graduate of the Sargent School of Physical Education in Cambridge, Mass. And, his father, a bakery employee, was a tireless fan.

When Jack was seven his dad took him to see Sammy Baugh play for the Washington Redskins. On the way home Senior urged Junior to learn to pass like Sammy.

The following Sunday, walking home from church, Jack spotted a gang of boys in an open lot playing football. Seems that a neighbor of the Scarbaths had started and sponsored teams in a "little football league." Jack, too young for these 10 to 15-year olds, could only watch longingly.

The day came, of course, when he was old enough for "league" play, and he stayed with the team right through Junior High. He had a devotion to football that only a teenager can muster; he played center and would go home and cry, because the coach wouldn't let him play the backfield or even throw the ball. It wasn't until one day, as a sophomore in high school, that he suddenly became a quarterback. He and some buddies were fooling around on the field; Jack was tossing the ball. The coach strolled by just as a Scarbath heave went by.

The coach stopped in his tracks. "Who threw that?" he demanded. Jack owned up—and from then on he was second string signal-caller for Poly, graduating to the top spot in his senior year, where he played well, if not brilliantly.

Currently Scarbath is probably the most popular boy on the Maryland campus. He is class delegate to student government and everybody's friend.

However, he might not be quite as well-known if he hadn't worked as hard at putting the split in the T as others have worked at putting the split in the atom.

ray mckown: what a difference a day makes

continued from page 16

McKown from other eligibles and had carefully groomed him for emergency duty..

And Danny Ray himself was alert enough to capitalize on his big chance, which is vital to success in any field.

It's not new for a football player to sprout new wings when circumstances have pushed him into the spotlight in a strange role, but it still always makes an interesting story.

Ken Strong, who became one of the game's greatest runners, spent his sophomore season at N.Y.U. as a blocking back, clearing the path for the touchdown makers.

The following year Coach Chick Meehan, who had spotted his great potential, switched Ken to tailback. What happened then is history.

Behind all such success stories, there stands a coach with the enterprise and imagination to take a chance and an eager athlete who wants nothing more than just that opportunity to grab the brass ring.

Coach Meyer and Ray McKown were certainly two such. And to prove it wasn't a rare, one-day fluke, Ray went riding right on to glory.

He hit a peak against Texas A&M. He was the only tailback fit for duty and the strong Aggies took a 14-0 lead going into the fourth quarter.

Then McKown led the way to three touchdowns in nine minutes. First he broke off the Aggie tackle and ran like a scared jackrabbit 51 yards to score. At least three Aggies had clear shots at him and missed. Next, he pulled an on-side kick which TCU recovered on the Aggie 30. McKown passed and ran the ball to the 8 and Harville scored on the "flicker play."

The Frogs, trailing 13-14, kicked off but Tidwell fumbled on the first run play on the Aggie 22. Two McKown runs made 15 yards, and finally from the one-yard line McKown bulled over for the winning score.

Southern California was next. Bartosh and Fowler were recovering, but Ray was No. 1 tailback by now. Southern Cal was rated three touchdowns better than the Frogs. But McKown grimly went to work before 50,000 fans, the biggest crowd he'd ever seen.

He astounded the throng and shocked the Trojans by completing 17 of 25 passes for 270 yards. He added 70 yards running for a total of 340. After playing the entire game on offense and taking a terrific beating, he refused to quit in the fourth quarter until his leg was bruised so badly he had to drag it behind to the bench.

He continued the same type of play in the Conference campaign. Behind McKown, the TCU team lost only one game, to Texas, in one of the toughest leagues in the nation.

McKown led TCU to a 20-6 victory over Baylor in the payoff game for the Southwestern title. The TCU defense stopped Baylor's Larry Isbell. McKown scored the first touchdown on a 15-yard dash through tackle and completed 10 of 17 passes for 144 yards and carried for 57 yards.

Against Texas, which TCU lost 21-32, McKown completed 10 of 18 passes for 127 yards and ran 30 more. Against Rice, he played one of his best games. He completed 6 of 18 passes for 124 yards on a wet field and ran for 36 more yards. TCU won 22-6. One pass to Bob Blair carried 43 yards for the first score. McKown made the second on a 15-yard run off tackle and helped set up the third.

Ray was good and bad against SMU. He ran 77 yards and completed 5 of 15 passes for 54 yards. He also gave SMU its safety. Punting from the end zone, he stood on the end line as he caught the ball. That made the score 6-2 and Ray was a most unhappy kid. But the Mustangs lost a touchdown on a penalty and Ray led TCU to the clinching touchdown in the fourth quarter. TCU won the game 13-2, and won the Conference title.

He had his worst afternoon in the Cotton Bowl. He completed only one of eight passes and ran only 42 yards. The coaches thought he was trying too hard before the big crowd.

Paramount News picked him on its No. 1 All-America, and the Houston YMCA voted him top Southwestern Conference back.

But the 20-year-old, 185-pound, six-foot-one-inch surprise package remained extremely modest throughout his sensational rise.

His mates get all the credit from McKown for his success. "They really worked. They helped me call plays in the huddle and when I fouled up a play, they'd pat me on the back instead of criticizing me."

On the field, Ray appears unpolished and slow. But he's powerful and shifty and has determination to burn. Tall and strong, he could play halfback, fullback or safety.

Danny Ray McKown was born in Dumas, Texas, March 6, 1932. In Dumas they called him Danny, but at TCU they changed it to Ray so he wouldn't be confused with teammates Danny Hallmark and Danny Powell.

In high school at Dumas he won three letters in football and basketball and two letters in track. In 1949 he was all-district and all-regional high school quarterback.

he didn't impress conference scouts

But he failed to impress Southwest Conference scouts. No large schools had offered him a scholarship, and McKown, the son of a janitor, despaired of going to college.

His high school coach put in a good word for him and he was invited to visit the campus of TCU. The Frog coaches told him frankly they'd never heard of him, but they would check around with high school coaches.

But TCU decided to take a chance on the unheralded back—

"He'd played hard and honestly in high school," the coaches said. "But we weren't too sure of his ability. We just took a chance on a big, strong boy with guts."

McKown had one of the greatest sophomore seasons of any player since the days of SMU's Doak Walker. He gained 1,248 yards running and passing, gaining more than 5 yards each time he handled the ball.

If Texas Tech had not produced that stunning upset against TCU, McKown might still be playing on defense only.

But that one afternoon, against Texas Tech, made a whale of a difference in McKown's and TCU's football careers.

Dale Samuels, Purdue Quarterback

dale samuels: send up another six

continued from page 18

of the Irish, his pass mark of 155 completions in 331 attempts for 2,023 yards rates him with the best in the Big Ten for all time. Better still, no current quarterback can match his mark of one touchdown for each nine passes he completes.

"In fact," Holcomb will tell you, "we base our offense sometimes on the basketball principle of 'get enough shots and you'll get enough baskets.' With Samuels throwing, we know it will average out."

What Holcomb likes and opponents are wary of is that one-shot performance, the "home run" of football, that beats you. In his sophomore year, he whipped through seven games before Northwestern stopped his touchdown pass string. And as a junior, he got even with the Wildcats by completing a pair of touchdown strikes of 32 and 24 yards in a 35-14 drubbing.

Opposing halfbacks are wary of him because he can also run. "We didn't know," said Notre Dame's John Petitbon, "whether it was going to be a running pass or a passing run." And Samuels ripped off 146 yards rushing last year to prove it.

Add that 146 yards rushing to his 2,023 yards passing, and you get a total of 2,169 or almost 22 times the length of a football field. The 2,169 yards added up exactly to 154 points or 7.1 Boilermaker points for each 100 yards gained. In other words, everytime Samuels works the ball for 100 net yards, Purdue has a touchdown, plus the extra point.

The extra point, too, is a Samuels specialty. As a soph, he hit 17 of 23 and followed up with 17 of 21 last year. He scored 52 points, 18 on touchdowns in his two seasons.

Samuels bests include 31 attempts against U.C.L.A. and 15 completions the same day. Seven of 11 against Northwestern in 1951 was his best average, and Iowa felt the sting most with three TD passes in 1950, two more in 1951 and 345 yards gained. Notre Dame contributed three TD passes,

and 310 yards to the Samuels record book.

Last year, Purdue (4-1) almost claimed the Big Ten title and Rose Bowl bid on the clutch tossing of the player other Conference mentors said was too small. With Purdue material on the upgrade, the little Chicagoan may set an all-time mark, 3000 miles, by passing his team West in 1952.

Championship or not, Samuels figures to keep scoreboard operators chalking up sixes, then sevens, as he keeps hitting those football "home runs" for the Boilermakers.

billy vessels: the perfect halfback

continued from page 22

equalled that of Bobby Reynolds, Nebraska's All-American sophomore, that day.

Vessels' sophomore year showed him to be a top runner. He gained 870 yards in 135 trips with the ball, an average of 6.44 yards every time out. He was going great in 1951 until the injury sidelined him. Against Texas, for instance, he covered 107 yards before being hurt. He set in 1950 an Oklahoma record for total offense in one game, 232 yards. He gained 208 on the ground and threw 24 against Nebraska.

The perfect halfback is an effective passer, both to gain ground and to keep the defense spread.

Although not called upon to throw much, Vessels' pitching record is far above average. When the competition was toughest, Vessels was at his best, as against Kentucky in the 1951 Sugar Bowl game.

Kentucky came into the game generally recognized as one of the top defensive teams in the nation. The Wildcats knew what to do with hot-shot passers, too.

But Vessels again came through, scoring Oklahoma's only touchdown in the game. The tally came under impossible conditions.

Having stopped Oklahoma groundwise, Kentucky knew the pass setup was ripe. When Vessels took the hand-off and moved to his right, the defense was set. Adding to the difficulties, Merrill Green, the Oklahoma receiver on the play, was wobbling on a sprained ankle and couldn't cut.

Yet through the heart of that great defense, Vessels pin-pointed his target in the end zone, and threaded the ball to him in the midst of a swarm of Kentuckians.

Vessels threw passes for touchdowns three times in 1950, scoring against Colorado and Nebraska with aerials. His pitching record was five hits in 13 throws for 78 yards.

The perfect halfback is an effective and dangerous pass receiver.

Cold figures tell the story here. He holds the all-time Oklahoma record for average gain per pass reception over a season, 20.8 yards a catch. In the 1950 season he caught eleven passes for 229 yards of gain.

Billy's peak performance on the catching end came against Kansas in 1950. He palmed three flips and gained 90 yards, an average of 30 yards a catch. It was his brilliant reception in the fourth quarter which opened the dam for a 33-13 Oklahoma victory after the teams had battled more than three-fourths of the game to a 13-all deadlock.

Against the Texas Aggies in 1950 Vessels' pass receptions made the big difference. The Sooners were behind twice, and both times Vessels brought the Oklahomans back. Once he raced 32 yards to score with an Arnold pass and then he went 30 yards in the fading minutes to set up the winning touchdown.

The perfect halfback is a competent blocker, a real threat with or without the ball.

Vessels is the most devastating blocker in the Big Seven, particularly downfield where it helps most.

Oklahoma was playing its first game of the 1951 season against William and Mary college, admittedly outclassed by the Sooners.

Frank Silva of the Sooners had broken away for a 45 yard run. Only the William and Mary safety man stood between Silva and pay dirt. As Silva pondered a stratagem to get by the safety, something streaked by and laid that worthy low.

It was Vessels, who had sized up the situation, put on a burst of speed to overtake the play, and put down the safety with a driving block. However, the block was a little too devastating. The safety had lowered his head as Vessels sailed in, and the Sooner's forearm had caught the William and Mary player's nose, breaking it.

The perfect halfback is a valuable defensive player.

Vessels could get a dozen testimonials as to his effectiveness here.

Charlie Hoag of Kansas, another outstanding halfback who was the choice of *Collier's* magazine for Sophomore of 1950, took a lot of punishment from Vessels in their meeting in 1950.

In that game Vessels threw the Kansas flash for one 6-yard loss and another time rushed Hoag so fast on a Kansas pass play that Hoag was injured.

Vessels is effective too as a pass defender. His speed helps tremendously here. He turned back a Colorado threat in 1950 when he snared a Buffalo aerial and returned it 29 yards. The fact that he is such an effective defender makes him one of the few players the Sooners use both ways. Oklahoma has had a manpower edge in the Big Seven for years, so the Sooners don't have to use players for both platoons. Vessels earned his spots on both sides.

The perfect halfback is able to analyze situations quickly and act effectively.

Vessels proved this talent against Nebraska in 1950.

The rugged Huskers had been given the best chance to unseat the Sooners from the top position in the Big Seven, a position they have dominated for several years. The game was a tough, bruising display of offensive football which the Sooners won 49 to 35.

The Huskers were putting up a great defense against Oklahoma. The defense didn't quit when Vessels took the ball either. Still, Vessels turned in one of the most electrifying plays of the day.

Oklahoma was on its own 31. Vessels took a hand-off and swung wide to the right. But Nebraska's end had him pinned to the sideline and almost had him tackled.

Billy, seeing he couldn't get by that end, put on the brakes, turned and swiftly raced across the field toward the other sideline. The move caught the Huskers badly overshifted, and Oklahoma blockers cleaned up what remained of the Nebraska defense on that side of the field. Vessels sped to the sideline and cut downfield, picking up two beautiful blocks by Jack Lockett and Leon Heath in the final 20 yards to score.

The perfect halfback is fiercely competitive, loving the game and its contact.

It is here that Vessels is outstanding.

The separately stated opinions of three top Big Seven football officials rate Vessels' competitive spirit his most outstanding asset. They say it is in large measure responsible for his success. That winning touchdown against Texas in 1950 illustrates his great competitive spirit. The play was a naked reverse against one of the toughest defensive teams of the nation. Billy had no blockers to clear the way. Yet with nothing but his skill and power to rely on, he eluded the end, knocked the linebacker flat because there wasn't room to dodge him, then used the full circle twist to clear the halfback and score on the eleven yard jaunt.

Again against Texas, the following year, the Vessels drive saved Oklahoma on at least one occasion.

Pinned back on its own 1-yard line by the bruising Texas defense, Oklahoma was in a desperate position. Eddie Crowder called for a pass behind the line to Vessels. The Texas line broke through and nearly trapped Vessels in the end zone, but his magnificent fight enabled him to bull through to the 1-yard line again before he was hit from the side by Harley Sewell, Texas guard (it was a clean, hard tackle).

Vessels was carried from the field on a stretcher. The crowd was amazed five minutes later to see Bill running up and down the sideline, trying to get the knee warmed up so he could play again. But the knee wouldn't support him and the next day

Billy Vessels of Oklahoma hurt his knee early in 1951, but is in fine shape now.

it was put into a cast, there to stay almost the entire season.

The perfect halfback is a team man, putting personal glory behind for the good of the team.

Vessels had an early test in this respect and came through nobly.

All the Oklahoma publicity in 1950 was aimed at getting All-American votes for their great fullback, Leon Heath. A senior, Heath had been a standout in the league all his three seasons. However, Vessels was the one who proved to be the key figure in pulling Oklahoma through the tight ones.

Despite this performance, Vessels was forced to take second spot on his own team where the publicity was concerned. In fact, he was not even selected on some of the all-conference teams, despite outshining both Bobby Reynolds of Nebraska and Charlie Hoag of Kansas.

The fact that Vessels took this position gracefully and went on to do a bang-up job for the Sooners, never complaining and never boasting, endeared him to his teammates.

john olszewski: he just don't give a damn

continued from page 27

then asked to go back in the fourth quarter. He intercepted a pass and ran 30 yards for a touchdown, threw a 20-yard pass for another touchdown and ran over the extra point. Mt. Carmel won, 14 to 13.

In college he broke his nose again, lost three teeth and stretched the muscle in his right knee. The knee was injured the first time he carried the ball during the 1951 California-USC game. He had to be taken out of action for treatment. The injury was to keep him out of the next two games and permit him to make only token appearances in two others. But later in the USC game he carried the ball seven times for 39 yards, including a fourth quarter run of 26 yards.

Last spring he was back in practice, rough as ever. He purposely put the knee to the severest tests he could, and it didn't bother him. Doctors say he is completely recovered and it looks like the 22-year-old is on his way to All-America in this, his senior year.

Olszewski doesn't always bull his way through. He can pick holes if he wants to. I saw him do it as a sophomore against UCLA, cutting back inside on a play supposed to go outside end, but blocked up. He went 73 for a touchdown. Same year, against Penn, he hit off tackle, head up, saw a big traffic jam and just slid to the outside around it. That went for 43 and the touchdown that beat the Quakers, 14-7.

How does he compare with other backs?

Well, Senator outfielder Jackie Jensen made 1703 yards rushing in 3 seasons. It's the California record. Johnny is just 44 yards shy of that, and he's played only a season and a half.

Herm Meister, California line coach, says, "When I coached at Pittsburgh two years ago and saw Vic Janowicz of Ohio State, I thought I saw the best back I'd ever seen. However, this Janowicz didn't do anything that Olszewski couldn't do. Olszewski is a far better runner and blocker than Janowicz."

He's more than an individual star.

California opponents for the past two years have stacked defenses to stop Johnny O. They have managed to hold down his yardage, but have paved the way for other backs to make touchdowns.

In the first half of the 1951 Santa Clara game, Johnny had carried the ball only three times. Fry approached him at the half. "We haven't forgotten your number, Johnny," he said.

"I don't care who's carrying the ball as long as we're gaining," Johnny said.

Johnny was born in Washington, D. C., on December 21, 1929. His father, Peter, is an electronics technician.

He comes by his athletic ability naturally. His mother Mary competed in running events as a young girl. His father played guard for the Great Lakes football team right after World War I.

Johnny, always bigger and faster than his classmates, was successful in all sports.

All through high school he was first-string fullback. He started to play football in 1945 as a ninth grader at St. Anthony's in Long Beach, California. He was 15 years old.

At the beginning of his senior year in '48, Jacques Grenier, St. Anthony's coach, called the entire squad together and told them Olszewski would be getting the biggest share of publicity, but that he would deserve it.

That year he scored 27 touchdowns and averaged 11 yards per carry for the season. He led his team to Southern California Catholic Interscholastic Federation championship. It was the first time they'd won the title.

cif's player of the year

He was all-Southern California CIF first string in 1947 and 1948 and Player of the Year for the City of Long Beach in 1947 and 1948. In his senior year he was named player of the year in the CIF.

In the semi-final game for the CIF championship in 1948, St. Anthony's won, 28 to 20. Johnny went 72 yards around end for a touchdown on the first play. The next time St. Anthony's got the ball, he ran 68 yards for a touchdown on the same play. He scored all 28 of St. Anthony's points in that game, having run over all four extra points.

The calcium deposit in his leg kept Johnny out of the CIF championship game against Santa Barbara in 1948. The game ended in a 7-7 tie, but the title was awarded to St. Anthony's on the basis of their running up 16 first downs to Santa Barbara's 12.

He found time in high school to win varsity basketball letters as a soph and junior. He played guard. He lettered in track in his soph and junior years, competing in broad jump and high jump events. His best marks were 21-10 and 5-11 respectively. In his freshman year in high school he played left field and lettered in baseball.

He swims freestyle, breastroke, backstroke and has competed in divng. He won the UC intramural freestyle last spring, with 25.5.

When Olszewski was a freshman, he was working out with the Varsity as they prepared for the Rose Bowl game against Ohio State. Five times Waldorf gave the freshmen the ball on the Varsity five yard line and instructed the Varsity to stop them in four downs. Four times Olszewski bulled through the line for touchdowns.

He starred for the freshman team, and the following season moved right in as starting fullback and gained 1,008 yards for a 6.03 average per carry, the PCC record for a sophomore. At the end of the season he was named on most of the All-Coast teams and was also selected as the Bay Area's "Player of the Year."

He has made a three-year California total offense record. For the seasons of 1950 and 1951, he gained 1,689 yards net, 734 yards away from Bob Celeri's record of 2,423 yards. He made a three-year PCC rushing record. The present record is held by Hugh McElhenny of Washington who made 2,499 yards in 1949, 1950 and 1951. Olszewski's 1,659 yards is 840 yards short of that mark.

he only weighs 187?

In the 1950 Stanford game, he made 18 carries for 118 yards and caught two passes

John Olszewski (36), California fullback, looks for an opening in the 1951 Santa Clara game.

for 22 yards. After the 1950 Oregon game, Quarterback Earl Stelle of Oregon came into the Cal dressing room and asked Johnny how much he weighed. Johnny said "187."

"That's what it says on the program but I don't believe it," Stelle said. He had tried to tackle Olszewski during the game and been knocked cold.

In the 1950 UCLA game he started to run around end. The play called for that. But the alley was blocked so Johnny cut inside and swept 73 yards for a touchdown.

"We had 100 per cent blocking failure on that play," Head Coach Pappy Waldorf said. "There were seven tries at blocks and all missed, and Olszewski still went 73 yards for a touchdown."

Of course, yardage figures can be meaningless, sometimes, depending on the opposition. In one game last year against Washington State, Johny O gained 269 yards rushing in 20 carries. If you saw WSC, you know what Forrest Evashevski had. Seven wins, three losses, none of 'em by more than a touchdown. No sucker outfit and the best balanced running game on the Pacific Coast.

But Johnny is best when the going is toughest. California barely won against WSC, 42 to 35. The game was deadlocked at the half. But in the third quarter Olszewski gained 161 net yards from rushing alone. He carried the ball nine times in that quarter and WSC stopped him short of a first down exactly twice. The Cougars gained 151 yards running in the four quarters.

It was the greatest single day of his career. He shattered two California game marks. He broke the single game rushing record of 192 yards, including two touchdown runs of 80 and 28 yards. The 269 yards set a new California total offense record.

I asked Evashevski afterwards what he'd say about Olszewski.

"What could I say about him?" Evvy asked with a shrug. "He speaks for himself." Then he grinned. "I just wish he'd come with me instead of going to Cal. We Poles ought to stick together."

Coach Fry says Johnny O has an intangible quality called "downfield surge." Other backs want to go down the field, too. But their desire results in only short gains. Johnny gets TDs. He's a terrific defensive back, but the platoon system has taken care of that, and Cal doesn't need him on defense. He could be a fine tackle or guard. But if you've got Caruso, why make him tune pianos?

bobby reynolds: how they stopped mr. quicksilver

continued from page 29

raced to 22 touchdowns, added 25 extra points to rank as the nation's top scorer. He was picked as a member of seven All-American grid teams. He had ranked second among the nation's football players as a ground gainer, and set a Big Seven record in that department.

But fate had dealt a blow to Reynolds and the Husker fans when, in pre-season workouts before 1951 grid warfare got under way, he suffered a shoulder separation and had to warm the bench.

So it was with high hopes the fans sat that day awaiting the wave of the arm, the wail of the whistle, and the shift into action of 22 players. Mr. Touchdown was back to change the picture. And Nebraska fans were ready and waiting for him.

Sixty playing minutes later the fans filed out of the stadium with wonder in their eyes. Reynolds had played. He had moved with his old elusiveness. But Minnesota had stopped Mr. Touchdown. The stands were still. What had happened?

"mr. quicksilver" bottled up again!

A band of the faithful N. U. rooters accompanied the Husker squad to Columbia, Mo., the next week for the game with Don Faurot's Tigers. Again the expectation, the disappointment. Reynolds was bottled up once more. In 13 trips with the ball he gained only 23 yards. And only once did the end zone stripes come under his cleats. Stopped on the offense, Reynolds turned his talents to the defense that day and was effective in that phase of the game.

Kansas' Jayhawkers, who the year before had concentrated on Reynolds and kept the rambling Husker to one touchdown, again put the main defensive effort on him at Lincoln on November 3rd and kept him from scoring at all. The Jayhawk defense was so tight on Reynolds that he fumbled twice. His mates lost possession four other times on bobbles in the cold, strong wind from the North. Reynolds made only 27 yards in 16 carries.

Some few of the puzzled fans went along as the Huskers played the Golden Buffaloes at Boulder, Colo., the next week. And there fate struck again. After showing some signs of coming back to his sophomore form, Reynolds got lime in his eyes after a tackle and had to leave the game. Up to the time of the accident, he had averaged seven yards a trip on 12 carries.

The lime burn kept Reynolds out of the Oklahoma game and his only other appearance of the season was against Miami University (Fla.) in the final game of the year. In that one he appeared to have his injuries completely healed. He went for 151 yards of ground gain, and many observers called his play the finest individual performance they had ever seen in Miami's Orange Bowl.

But the fans were puzzled. True, the injuries had cut Reynolds' effectiveness in the earlier games. But the fabulous Reynolds had played and he had been stopped. What had happened?

Coach Bill Glassford, the Nebraska mentor, had been watching these games from the bench and, unlike the fans, it was clearly evident to him what had happened to stop Bobby Reynolds.

"The teams we played against didn't use any particular defense against Reynolds last year," Glassford says. "They just concentrated on Bobby on every play. The linebackers and ends were alert for his every move. Where the year before we had been able to use Bobby as a decoy and pick up yardage with our other backs, last year we just didn't have the necessary strength to be able to do that."

Bobby Reynolds, Nebraska halfback

The loss of big Nick Adduci, who had run Kansas ragged in 1950 when the Jayhawkers stopped Reynolds, plus the loss of Charley Toogood and Don Strasheim, all-Big 7 guard, from the line, weakened Nebraska more than the average fan knew.

As so often happens with a top notch college player, the opposition got wise to the fact that Reynolds could go the distance if he got to the line of scrimmage or beyond. Few backs are as effective in the open field as Reynolds. Thus a tight defense on Reynolds is sure to cut Nebraska scoring efficiency by 50 per cent or more.

However, the fact that Bobby came back in the final game of the 1951 season, at Miami, to grind out 151 yards augurs well for the 1952 season. Glassford reports that the Reynolds shoulder is okay and that he has full use of his throwing arm. The lime burn apparently left him with no defect in vision and he is ready to prove his worth in the 1952 campaign. If he even comes near his sophomore record he will be assured a place on the team of Nebraska greats of all time.

not big—not fast

To most fans who have seen Reynolds operate, it comes as a surprise that he is not particularly big and not particularly fast. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall and weighs about 170 pounds. In track clothes he ran the 100-yard dash in 10.6 seconds as a sophomore. Just fair for a college player.

But Reynolds has two qualities which more than make up for what he lacks in size and speed: (1) he can change direction without apparent loss of speed, and (2) he is always a thought or two ahead of the defense In other words, he thinks his way through the broken field.

Glassford, when he first saw Reynolds run, was as surprised as anyone. It was in an intrasquad scrimmage when Bobby was a freshman. He had come to Nebraska as a prize basketball and baseball prospect. He

Bobby Reynolds (12), Nebraska halfback, begins to roll for a gain of 81 yards and touchdown.

had played on two top-rated Grand Island, Neb., high school football teams but was third in his team's scoring. Thus his remarkable talents were not known to the Husker football coaching staff.

In the intrasquad game, Bobby twisted through the varsity for three touchdowns. As Glassford said upon watching the exhibition, "He may not be fast, but he runs around corners faster than anybody I ever saw."

That ability earned him the reputation of being the master of the stop-and-go technique. His twisting, churning, change of pace tactics wear out three pairs of football shoes in a season.

By the time he was a sophomore at Nebraska, Reynolds had earned a starting spot. From then on it wasn't a question of starting, but stopping. He ran up a new Big Seven record for yardage gained, 1,342. He was the nation's highest scorer with 157, breaking a 30-year-old record for the National Collegiate Athletic Association. He was player-of-the-year and sophomore-of-the-year in the Big Seven, and added player-of-the-year honors from the Pop Warner Football Foundation and the *Los Angeles Times*. The Associated Press, Grantland Rice, Helms Foundation, International News Service and *Football Digest* all named him to their All-American teams. He was second in the nation in average yardage with 6.95 yards a trip. He added a punting average of 35.1 yards, completed four of ten passes for 75 yards, caught 11 aerials for 173 yards, returned three punts for 28 yards and five kickoffs for 88 yards.

Eighteen of his 22 touchdowns were from 10 yards or more out. He went for 10 and 45 yards against Indiana; 67 and 22 against Minnesota; 80 and 11 (the latter on a pass) against Colorado; 19, 26, and 43 against Penn State; 14, 35 (pass), and 33 against Missouri; 22, 15, and 22 against Kansas State; and 20, 13, and 16 against Oklahoma. That last performance, by the way, was against the Oklahoma team of 1950, rated No. 1 in the nation.

bobby's success—quick thinking

Bobby's remarkable success in the broken field is directly attributable to his quick thinking. Two examples illustrate it. In the Oklahoma game he was back to punt on fourth down. Jim Weatherall, Oklahoma's All-American tackle, was bearing down to block the kick. Reynolds eluded Weatherall and started running to his right. He was soon pocketed at the line of scrimmage. So, he booted the ball while still running full tilt. The ball sailed over the head of the safety man, who was coming in confident that Reynolds couldn't kick, and went for 54 yards.

At Missouri in 1950 Reynolds was back to pass from the Tiger 33-yard line. Finding his receivers covered, Reynolds began to give ground. He eluded three tacklers and cut to his right. Still retreating, he stiff-armed another tackler back on the Nebraska 35-yard line, 32 yards behind the line of scrimmage. Then he set off for the distant goal and phantomed his way through the Missouri team, eluding a total of 17 tackles.

Despite his success on the football field, Reynolds is clear-headed about all the fame he has received. "Give the credit to the blockers," he says. Glassford admits the blockers help, but he says that Reynolds also helps the blockers. "The mark of all great runners is how well they fake," says the Nebraska coach. "Reynolds is so good at it he sets up the tacklers for his blockers. He fakes, the blocker moves the tackler in the line of motion Bobby has forced the tackler into, then Bobby changes direction and is gone."

Bobby has genetically correct background for athletic prowess. His father, Gil Reynolds, is a former football and basketball player, playing the cage sport at Nebraska. Bob's mother, the former Blenda Olson, led the senior girls' basketball team at Nebraska.

As a seventh grader at Barr Junior High School in Grand Island, Bobby was remembered as a coach's dream by Russell Snygg, the coach. "He did everything you asked him to, and did it perfectly," Snygg says, "but he was just a little fellow."

As an eighth grader, Bob had grown enough to be a regular. In his first game his scoring talent was made known when he scored 31 points.

an all-around athlete . . .

Bobby was an all-round athlete in his younger days. At Grand Island he played on two state championship high school basketball teams and was chosen all-state his senior year. He won a city golf championship, some ribbons as a swimmer and diver and was a sprinter and hurdler.

His high school baseball ability almost cost Nebraska an All-American. He was so good major league scouts haunted the Reynolds front porch Bobby's last year in high school. But Bob wanted an education, and since it ran in the family, he went to Nebraska, where five other Reynolds have attended classes.

When Glassford tried to get an interview with Bobby in his senior year at Grand Island High, Bobby insisted he wouldn't talk to the Nebraska coach alone. Either Glassford talked to the whole basketball team or no go. So Glassford had a bull session with the whole team in the Reynolds living room.

Bob may have had a premonition of what was to come after his sensational sophomore year. "If the ball bounces the wrong way a couple of times, I could be the flop of the year," he remarked. The ball didn't bounce wrong, but about everything else did.

Another of the Reynolds quotes shows that he is not only modest but a pretty good hand at analyzing success. "A touchdown is a chain of circumstances involving 22 men," he is quoted as saying. "Sometimes the ball carrier is the least important part of the action."

That may also be the tip-off on how Reynolds will go in 1952. If Nebraska can find the strength to offer more than the Reynolds scoring threat, the opposition won't be able to concentrate on Bobby to the exclusion of all else. And if Bobby gets the ball and a fair chance at that broken field, the records show that Mr. Touchdown is not only hard to stop, he's even hard to slow down.

andy kozar: why does everyone else get the headlines?

continued from page 31

reporters. It's a natural reaction, of course, but Andy is more feared by opposing coaches than the speed boys who lose their feet on contact. . . . Kozar loses nothing but skin.

The doubters who look at him on the field and figure he's about to take a Pullman would do well to remember two outstanding examples of the fire that makes Andy Kozar boil under pressure. One occurred in 1945, the other in 1951.

In the former, Kozar had a perfect excuse to lay off football entirely; in the latter, experts saw in Andy the makings of a great fullback. But let's look at both incidents. . . .

Andy was one of seven children left fatherless when he was 12 years old Two brothers went to work in the coal mines near St. Michael's to enable Andy and two sisters to finish high school. Later, as a freshman at Tennessee, young Kozar seriously considered giving up football entirely; he didn't seem to by making any progress. Then, in 1945, he was stricken with spinal meningitis.

For 31 days, the issue was in doubt. For

this period, Andy was on the verge of death itself as his weight dropped from 195 to 150 pounds. As he improved a bit, the medics told him to forget football and all sports, that he was done as an athlete. As Andy has said since, however, faith in God and faith in one's self is the best cure for any disease and he proved the truth of the words. After four months at home, he recovered from the dread illness and, a year later, was back in action. . . . That's one instance of his will to compete against odds.

Another was his performance in the late stages of Tennessee's scramble with Texas on January 1, 1951. The Cotton Bowl Classic has seen few periods to equal the last quarter of that joust, in which Kozar ruptured the big Longhorn line for touchdowns which pulled the Vols from behind and to victory.

In discussing Andy, General Neyland frankly admits admiration for that brilliant display of heart and ability.

"At Tennessee, the prime requirements for a fullback are straight-ahead power when carrying, good handling of the ball, talent enough to knock off would-be tacklers with blocks on wide sweeps and furnish protection for the passer and—we consider it a sort of bonus—enough speed to go somewhere after breaking through the line," says Neyland. "Andy can do these things—and he's certainly the best-running fullback we've had in 25 years."

Andy Kozar, Tennessee fullback

Statistics back that up. In 1950, Andy averaged 5.1 yards per try in 106 carries and scored 66 points; in 1951, he hurried the ball 122 times for 634 yards and an average of 5.2 yards—and again picked up 66 points.

And what about Kozar in the Sugar Bowl loss to Maryland last winter?

"Well," replies the General, "Kozar played awful but he wasn't the only one. We don't worry about him—we know he's good."

So do Neyland's coaching opponents. They'll do the worrying about Andy this fall —no matter what the headlines say.

bill tate: run like hell . . .

continued from page 32

broke loose for an early touchdown on an 88-yard run. But the margin would have been thin if Tate hadn't gone to work. Starting from their own 20, Tate and Don Stevens battered their way to the Hoosier 21, from where Tommy O'Connell flung a scoring pass to Karras. The next time the Illini started their drive from the Indiana 43. Tate crashed off tackle for 23 yards, added five through center, and after Don Stevens had picked up a couple of yards, Tate rolled again for 10 to the Hoosier three-yard mark, from where Karras scored the third and last touchdown.

Against Michigan, Tate went up the middle for 13 yards to set up the lone score, a six-yard touchdown pass from O'Connell to Rex Smith, and in the Northwestern engagement, Tate covered 167 yards in 31 carries, paving the way to Sam Rebecca's field goal for the 3-0 triumph.

Of course it becomes more difficult for a crashing fullback to advance as he nears the goal line, for the defense closes in to jam up the middle of the line and the quarterback usually calls for a tricky runner or a pass. It was that way with Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis at Army, Blanchard, the fullback, pounding out most of the yardage, while Davis piled up 51 touchdowns as compared with 38 for Doc.

Paying tribute to his fullback, Karras has said, "Tate was the key to our offense. When the opposition was set for both sides on defense to stop me, Don Stevens or Pete Bachouros, Tate kept them honest by going through the middle. He has tremendous leg power, lots of drive and is a players' player. He gives his best at all times."

if it hadn't been for the rose bowl . . .

That sort of effort is appreciated by his teammates and coaches, but the public might never have heard much about Tate last year if it hadn't been for the Rose Bowl, where he proved that if they give him the chance, he can score as well as the next fellow. While Karras was showered with All-American honors, Tate scarcely received honorable mention. He was given the fullback post on the Associated Press' All-Midwest selections.

It was the Stanford coach, Chuck Taylor, who opened the gate for Tate by coming up with a special "Stop Karras" defense. That clicked so well, the Illini had to switch to Tate as their heavy duty ball carrier and when it was all over, the fullback had been voted the Helms Award as most valuable player in the Tournament of Roses battle.

Folks in Mattoon, Ill., had heard plenty about Tate or Tates. Brother Jim plays at Purdue and Brother Reg at Northwestern. Both are tackles, and against Northwestern last year, Bill galloped for long gains against a stout line that featured his older brother.

Bill was everybody's all-everything at Mattoon. His high school team won 20, lost five and tied two while he played and opponents usually figured it was better to stop Tate than to beat his Green Wave teammates. To show his versatility, he won 15 monograms in football, basketball, track, baseball and tennis, three in each sport.

His versatility crept into the Illini lineup last fall. He carried his team's top punting average, 47.0 for four kicks; he caught seven passes, and while the one pass he tried to throw fizzled, his outstanding blocking cleared the way for many of Karras' touchdown slants.

Unlike Karras, who started his headline-grabbing career as a sophomore, Tate suffered a groin injury in 1950, and the six-foot-one 188-pounder sat the season out in the training room. But like his tough construction worker father, Tate hammered his way back into the picture fast as a junior.

His comeback ability is best illustrated by a story told by his high school coach, Roy Colin. "We were playing Quincy, a bitter rival, and Bill was supposed to fake a plunge, then toss a short jump pass. When he jumped to throw, the receiver wasn't there, and the fast converging ends spilled Tate for a loss.

"That didn't bother him. He called the same play, the end still wasn't clear, so he tucked the ball under his arm and ran 35 to score."

Scoring was his strong point in high school where he set a state mark of 129 points in a single season.

His 24 points to Karras' 72 doesn't stamp him as a touchdown leader, but Big Ten linemen are wondering whether they can keep Tate from making his Rose Bowl show the order of the day in the Conference campaign this fall.

donn moomaw: lock him in a cage . . .

continued from page 37

into far more plays than any other spots.

That statement is indicative of his fine attitude, and while it is safe to say he would have been brilliant at any job during the past two years, he would not have been as valuable to the team as he has been at the linebacking post.

The fates tripped him early last year. In scrimmage before the Illinois game, Donn sustained a shoulder injury and a pulled leg muscle. As the season progressed, he was afflicted with pinched nerves in back and shoulder, pulled hamstring muscle in the right leg, sprained ankle and battered knee. He never was completely healthy for any of the nine games. Still he was a major factor every time he went out on the field.

Illinois was the second opponent of the season and Donn could barely take a step without wincing, but on Saturday, he raged and chafed and almost wept on the bench at his enforced inactivity.

Sanders finally sent him in just to keep him quiet, but one play was all he could go before he came hobbling off again. Without Moomaw to bother them, the Illini, held 7-7 at the half, sprang Johnny Karras and Don Stevens loose on long gainers for a 27-13 win.

Hampered as he was, Moomaw succeeded in recovering a fumble on the six-yard line

against the Texas Aggies; he intercepted a pass in the end zone against Santa Clara; and he knocked down a vital fling in the second quarter of the Oregon contest.

It was mid-season before he regained anything approaching his usual efficiency. But against favored California, he contributed two intercepted passes to the Bruins' upset win and two weeks later, in Seattle, he was healthy enough to block Hugh McElhenny's try-for-point and save UCLA a 20-20 tie with Washington.

Then came the season's finale against USC, a game which changed Moomaw's outlook on life. He intercepted a Trojan pass and ran 21 yards to a touchdown—a touchdown for which he had prayed.

A few weeks before, Donn had been persuaded to attend a campus religious meeting.

"If I'd had a good year," he admitted afterwards, "I might never have become interested in religion. But I'd had a bad one. I'd only considered prayer as a way of getting what I wanted; I'd never thought about being in a position to give something, too. I prayed that I might finish the season in glory against USC. My plea for athletic redemption was answered, so I determined to do something in return."

So, since November, Moomaw has devoted four or five nights each week to talking about the Lord to school and church groups. He is trying to give them some understanding of what he feels.

What he has to give to UCLA's gridiron foes this fall is probably something all of them could do without. There is little satisfaction hearing your own ribs rattle as a 220-pound behemoth knocks you sideways. Not even if he's asked the Lord's permission.

This year, Moomaw will go both ways—linebacker and offensive center. The Bruins lost all their experienced pivot men, but Donn has already demonstrated in spring drill that he can spin the ball back to the right man in Sanders' single wing attack, and then clean up the defense in front of him.

Until the vocational risks of the gridiron caught up with him all at once last season, Donn had always been healthy as a gorilla. (The double "N" in his given name is the product of mistaken identity. His parents hoped for a girl, to be named Donna.) He was a big youngster and his father, a teacher at Santa Ana J. C. in the Southern California orange country, started him and Donn's older brother, Dick, on the football path early. He brought home some old football togs discarded by the jayvee, and the Moomaw boys were away. Brother Dick is expected to be a first stringer for Montana University this fall.

Donn Moomaw, UCLA Linebacker

At 14, Donn was 6-2, weighed 185 and played on his junior high school eleven against high school "B" teams throughout the county. He went on to Santa Ana High School where he became the greatest all-around athlete they ever had. In addition to playing end on the football team, he was a hurdler on the track squad, a basketball guard and a star swimmer.

Donn, who is of French-Dutch-Indian ancestry, was one of the most sought after prep school athletes in Southern California and UCLA was the lucky college to get him. When he entered college, he was interested enough in the piano and trombone to register as a major in music. However, he has switched to physical education, hopes to play professional football, and eventually to coach.

al brosky: they shall not pass

continued from page 40

Al his one collegiate football mistake.

The "Shrimp" has left his mark in the record books, too. Included in the Brosky family book of citations are these awards: All-American Safetyman (AP, Football Writers, *Look*); All-American defensive specialist (*Colliers*); All-Midwest (Players-*Chicago Tribune*, AP); All Big Ten (AP); Captain-elect, 1952 Illinois team. Quite an auspicious honor list for a youngster who went out for high school football just "hoping to make a letter."

Brosky, member of a family of 11 children, had to shift for himself at grade school age in order to eat. Not that the family of Michael and Pauline Brosky had to be provided for, but it was just because there were so many mouths to feed that everyone had to pitch in and help.

Al scrapped the idea of high school sports until he was a senior. Then under Bob Daugherty at Chicago's Harrison Tech High, Al tried out for the team. By the second game he was a full-fledged regular halfback and had the urge to go on to college.

A stint of war service, which included "everything from peeling potatoes to digging graves" interrupted his collegiate football ideas, but Brosky picked up valuable experience playing with some ex-collegians and top high school players in occupied Japan.

St. Louis University claimed him for a semester, but Al switched to Illinois a year after getting out of service. In 1949 Eliot thought enough of his ability to give him a chance to play in the Iowa State opener, but in a losing Illini season he got little chance thereafter.

Unlike many of the nation's defensive backs, Brosky has no secret love for offensive duty. It's just that he gets a bang out of smashing into an enemy ball-carrier and knocking him off his feet. All this from only a 170-pounder.

The Broskys moved to Chicago from Cincinnati, Ind., a tiny hamlet, when Al was quite young, so he's really a transplanted Hoosier.

Illinois baseball coach Lee Eilbracht thought enough of Brosky's fielding ability to give him a tryout for the Western Conference champion Illinois team last spring, but with Brosky, again it was a case of "lots of defense, but no offense."

Al struck out too many times to warrant a regular position and he dropped his third base duties after a few weeks. It excused him from spring practice with Eliot's 1952 team, but when you know Brosky's potential of pass intercepting, you can figure Eliot wasn't worried about his star safetyman.

Actually, though, quiet, soft-spoken Brosky doesn't believe he's a miracle pass defender. Brosky credits Herb Neathery, a defensive running mate, with his own success. "Herb used to cover his man so well," Brosky declares, "that all I had to do was come up and play the ball."

Though Neathery won't be back to help out, the Illini captain-elect, will still be the man not to throw at in competition. Quarterbacks in the Big Ten have learned to be wary of the guy whose first commandment reads: They Shall Not Pass.

john lattner: leahy's blueprint for a star

continued from page 42

come out for the team. He made our trip east to play N.Y.U. When we got to scraping the bottom of the bench in an overtime, Lattner went in, drove down court with the ball and made a 15-foot one-hander for the Irish victory with nine seconds left. He's just a natural."

The business of that first wobbly punt bothers Lattner, but if you can get his mind on something else, he forgets about it. In games, one of the assistant coaches usually gets John's mind off his work with a grid puzzler.

Irish fans are hoping Lattner keeps shooting for the performance chart of last season, when he was second in scoring with six touchdowns, first in playing time with 401 minutes, second in yards rushing, first in average yards gained, third in yards gained passing, third in punt returns, first in pass interceptions and fumbles recovered.

In the days of the two-platoon system, a back who can go both ways for 60 minutes is a rarity. Defense or offense, it doesn't make much difference to Lattner.

Against what Leahy calls "his toughest schedule" in 1952, here's just part of the tough schedule he has mapped out for the versatile Lattner:

Pennsylvania, Sept. 27

A new foe without spring practice sessions

John Lattner, Notre Dame halfback

behind it, but nonetheless, an Eastern power to be respected. Since Coach George Munger is a basic single wing coach with an occasional use of the T and a buck lateral series, Leahy figures that Lattner's biggest use will come on the defense.

A great exponent of defensive football, Leahy will use Lattner as a strong side halfback against Penn's unbalanced line. But should Penn turn up with a tall, or an extremely talented end, Lattner would take the left side, where he would be more valuable on pass defense.

The greatest hope for any coach in his first game is to score early and often. Lattner, a great running back (a five-yard average in 68 carries in 1951), will be used on trap stuff up the middle, should Penn use a conventional six or seven man line. But against a Notre Dame line that is splitting wider off a conventional T formation, combinations of the eight or nine man line are possible, leaving Lattner available for quick passes.

Texas, Oct. 4

In a game played in Austin in early October, the greatest asset is freshness. Chances of a cool day against Coach Eddie Price's split-T forces are almost nil, so Lattner and his defensive mates figure to stop Texas power with varying line combinations.

Though normally a halfback, Lattner will move up to back up the right side should the Longhorns employ the sliding-T option play.

Offensively Leahy hopes to pass more on a hot day than he would against a Midwestern foe, so quarterbacks Ralph Guglielmi and Tom Carey will be aiming at their best target, Lattner. The rugged Chicagoan caught eight passes for 157 yards last season.

Oklahoma, Nov. 8

Another new foe on the schedule. Leahy hopes things will have jelled with his young squad in time for a showdown battle with Coach Bud Wilkinson's Sooners. Again Lattner will be a right side defensive linebacker on option plays, as the Irish try to jam the Okie's ground game.

Barring injury, Lattner and backfield mates, Heap, Worden and Guglielmi will be able to engineer most of the intricate Leahy pass patterns against the Sooners' strong defensive line. Lattner, with Heap, is the Irish bread and butter man on punt returns.

For the first time, the Notre Dame will use an almost exclusive two-man safety setup on punts. Last season, only John Petitbon with 14 kick returns, topped Lattner's 10 returns at better than a 10-yard average.

Michigan State, Nov. 15

Anyone who thinks Notre Dame won't be pointing for this one had better not be bucking traffic in East Lansing on Nov. 15th. Playing for the second year on Spartan soil, Lattner is just one of 35 players who have bitter memories of a 30-0 rout last year.

With Tom Yewcic a fair distance passer and with a pony backfield operating for M.S.C., Leahy may switch Lattner to safety on defense to "hold down the score". State uses a varied offense, with a basic shift out of the T formation into a single wing and buck lateral stuff.

More important will be Lattner's offensive duties. Every possible use of this rugged back will be made with especial use of him and Guglielmi on option plays off Leahy's sliding T. With big (6-4, 230-pound) Art Hunter playing the right end, Lattner is especially valuable on options to the right, because as Iowa found out last year, he can pass.

Against the Spartans, Lattner will likely play 60 minutes. An Ironman of the old school, Lattner played 52 minutes against North Carolina, 59 minutes against Iowa and 60 minutes against Southern Cal in a 15-day span last November. And, Leahy adds, "If games were 90 minutes long, we'd probably use John that much."

Southern Cal., Nov. 29

Just as Lattner played 60 minutes against this regular Irish foe in 1951, he may have to do it again. The last game on the schedule, it's always an all-out battle.

Using last year's play as a pattern, Leahy would use Lattner on up the middle stuff, taking full advantage of his quick initial speed. Lattner scored one touchdown, set up another with a twisting sidelines hike with a Guglielmi pass. A 14-yard up the middle trap play set up the final and winning Irish tally in a 19-12 game.

val joe walker: eyes in the back of his head

continued from page 44

track team. His specialty is the 120-yard high hurdles, in which he is one of the nation's outstanding performers.

An all-Southwest Conference player, Walker devotes most of his attention to the offensive end. "Usually, if he blocks, I feel safe in coming in to help with a tackle. If the end blocks, it means a running play.

"If he doesn't block, howeyer, that means I have to keep on the alert, because a pass play probably is developing."

Walker operates with the stealth and efficiency of a cloak-and-dagger man. But it was not always so. He still remembers with acute embarrassment an occasion during his sophomore year when a Missouri end faked a block. Figuring a running play was in the making, Val Joe rushed up and became an easy victim on a pass; the end swept on by Walker and the aerial was completed.

Val Joe never has forgotten that maneuver, or mistake, as he calls it, although actually it wasn't a mistake. He simply was following the normal pattern which calls for a running play when the end blocks. To all intents and purposes, the Missouri end was blocking, for it's often difficult to determine the difference between a feint and a block.

no longer fooled by the obvious

What Val Joe means when he says "mistake" is that he no longer is fooled by what appears to be the obvious. Some call it instinct, but more than that, it is a thorough knowledge of what to expect from every slight movement by the opposition, even so much as a twitch of a little finger. The men who scout football teams are trained to make note of all unusual mannerisms. A glance in one direction or the other by a halfback, or a passer blowing on his hands, often give away the impending play. When the scouts pass along such information to Walker, they know he'll capitalize on it, and what they don't tell him, he learns for himself during the course of the ball game.

In the split seconds before and after the ball is passed, Val Joe sees and senses what is coming and he reacts accordingly. He no longer confines himself to established rules and that's what places him above the ordinary defensive back.

Passes from wingback formations give a defensive halfback the most trouble, says Walker. "You're liable to find two or three pass receivers in your area. You have to keep an eye on the passer to see if he'll give away his potential receiver; if he doesn't, you just have to try to anticipate the most logical receiver and beat him to the ball."

Another tough play to handle for a defensive halfback is the optional play on the split T. "There again, you have to keep your eyes on the man with the ball and try to pick up any give-away clues. If your tackles and ends have refused to be faked out of position, then you can figure that the quarterback is going to have to pitch the ball out to another back or fade back and pass."

A good sample of Walker's work may be extracted from the play-by-play account of the Mustangs' game with Texas last season. Val Joe broke up one pass, intercepted another, made three unassisted tackles and shared in three more. He returned a punt 92 yards for a touchdown. In the third period, Texas had the ball on the SMU 5-yard line, but a Longhorn back fumbled and Walker pounced on the ball like a cat, ending the threat. In the fourth period, he intercepted a pass on the SMU 4-yard line.

That 92-yard gallop provided one of his greatest thrills, for as a defensive operative, he doesn't get as much opportunity to run with the ball as do the members of the offensive platoon. But he proved that the instincts which guide him to the right place at the right time on defense can help him

elude the tacklers when he's a ball carrier.

"I thought I was about at the 20-yard line," he recalls. "If I had realized I was inside my own 10, I might have allowed the ball to roll into the end zone. Our blocking was set up for the right side of the field and after catching the ball, I started to get behind my blockers. All of the Texas players also started in that direction, so I cut back to the left. When Bob Hooks put a vicious block on Springs, the Texas end, I realized I was in an open field. Speed was the only thing I needed then, for there was no need for broken field running."

Walker played his high school football at Seminole. After one year at end, he moved to the backfield and that experience as a wingman may account for his talent for visualizing the intentions of opposing ends. He was more interested in track, and a meeting with J. M. Keaton, the SMU track coach, induced him to enroll at SMU rather than Oklahoma or Hardin-Simmons, both of which he considered. The Mustangs have been very happy in his choice.

frank mcphee: if he can see it, he can catch it

continued from page 49

flung his right arm upwards. His straining fingertips made fleeting contact with the spiraling pigskin. It popped even higher into the air but its bullet flight had slowed. When it wobbled down, twenty feet or so beyond, McPhee gathered it in with a desperate forward lunge and, recovering his balance, raced unmolested to the winning touchdown.

Writers covering the Penn-Princeton classic dubbed this sensational grab the "catch-of-the-year" and alert newsreel camera-men immortalized it on celluloid. It may have been the "catch-of-any-year."

All McPhee's big days have come on important occasions, which explains why he was the choice of his teammates as Princeton's eighty-third football captain and why Caldwell calls him "the finest end I've ever seen."

Against both Cornell (blocked a punt and made life miserable for Rocco Calvo, the Big Red's crack passer) and Yale (caught a 19-yard touchdown pass, had a 60-yarder called back and spilled the Eli backs for big losses), Frank was in the spotlight, too. In lesser games, he was sound but less spectacular.

he doesn't look like a gladiator

With his 200 pounds well concealed on his broad-shouldered 6-foot, 3-inch frame, his almost indolent grace, his soberly reflective manner of speaking, his strong-jawed but reposed countenance, rather mild brown eyes, and Ivy League crop haircut, McPhee at first glance doesn't altogether look the part of the devastating gridiron gladiator that he is.

Fact of the matter, though, is that he was born to the athletic purple. His father, Chester McPhee, was a great all-around athlete at Newberry College in South Carolina and for the last twenty-seven years has coached football, basketball and other sports at Youngstown's Chaney High, from which Frank was graduated in 1949.

Two uncles were multi-sport stars at Oberlin College in Ohio. So were his synthetic uncle, the doctor, and Frank's older brother, Chet Jr., now serving in Korea.

Adept at all sports, McPhee won All-Ohio honors in football and basketball at Chaney High, played baseball, too, and between times shot golf in the 80's.

While concentrating on football at Princeton, he made the basketball squad as a sophomore (then dropped out of that sport) and last spring picked up a track letter by flinging the javelin, which he never had handled before, more than 180 feet.

Football is his absorbing passion, however. "He'd rather play football than eat and he has a healthy appetite," says Caldwell.

Always big for his age, McPhee better than held his own against older boys. "Playing with my brother Chet, who is two years older, helped to bring me along," he says.

As a three-sport high school whiz, McPhee inevitably attracted the interested attention of college scouts. He spent practically every weekend of his senior spring taking expense-paid weekend junkets to various southern and midwestern campuses and had his choice of soup-to-nuts offers from many colleges.

"It was all very flattering," he recalls, "but after talking things over with my family, I decided to come East and get a real education." Princeton, of course, had the inside track because of Dr. McPhee.

On his excellent high school marks—he was president of Chaney's National Honorary Society chapter—he qualified for a Class of 1904 World War I Memorial Scholarship. He has supplemented this award of approximately $800 by working at various campus jobs, toting mail during the summer and with help from home.

At Princeton he has maintained the equivalent of a B-plus average. This offends his strong instincts as a perfectionist.

"I could be a real good student if I only could put about forty hours a day on the books," he declares. I don't have any trouble, or anything like that, but with the time I have to spend on study I get the feeling that I'm only scratching the surface. I like to dig deep into things."

"you never have to worry about frank"

Straightforward and serious in conversation, McPhee plays football the same way, with grim efficiency and resolute purpose.

"You never have to worry about Frank," says Caldwell. "He works hard, listens attentively and is always trying to improve."

While McPhee tends to be reticent concerning his accomplishments, he has keen personal pride. A cut that still stings was an observation by a Big Ten scout, who saw him play in high school, that he was weak on defense.

"That fellow really had a nerve," he fumes.

Frank is delighted that he'll be playing both ways for Princeton this season. "I love the hitting you get on defense," he observes, "But it's nice to get those touchdowns too."

Considering the limited service he has seen on offense, McPhee has been a sensational touchdown-maker. He has caught just four passes for Princeton. Three went for TDs.

Moving to end last season after serving as a defensive halfback, as a sophomore, when Princeton was overloaded with good wing material, McPhee blocked six punts.

"He's so fast, so strong and has such a long reach, you just can't keep him out of there," Caldwell points out.

In line with his character, McPhee is keenly aware of his responsibilities as a captain of a team that goes into the 1952 season with a string of twenty-two straight victories.

"When I look back on the pressure I felt last year, I hate to think of how it's going to be this fall," he moans. "When you're on a winning streak and every game means so much to so many people, the pressure really builds up. On Friday nights, I know I'll be thinking whatever became of that swell game I used to play when I was 12!"

lowell perry: michigan's fifth back

continued from page 51

handed off to the halfback, Frank Howell, who appeared to cut over the right end for a first down, a scant few yards from the end zone. When they disentangled the tacklers and the ball carrier, it was Perry at the bottom of the pile, the ball under his arm.

If the opposing teams are baffled over whether he's going to run, catch a pass, or on defense, return a punt or intercept an aerial, Midwestern All-America selectors are equally puzzled. They know he belongs on their teams but they never can quite make up their minds about where to place him. Pre-season prophets are inclined to list him for offense and defense, and that, by the way, is how Oosterbaan plans to use him during the 1952 campaign.

one of the top pass-catching ends in the country

Perry's qualifications as one of the top pass-catching ends in the country are backed by the statistics. In his sophomore year, he led Rose Bowl-bound Michigan to the Western Conference championship with 21 passes for 345 yards. Both figures are high for his team. He followed in his junior year by catching 16 tosses for 395 yards. The 37 catches in two seasons rank him with the best receivers in his school's history.

As a runner, on end-around plays in 1950, he averaged better than 12 yards per carry, and despite the fact that opponents were more aware of his methods in 1951, he gained 66 yards and one touchdown on the same type of plays. The one touchdown came against Stanford in a game in which Perry outplayed Stanford's great end, Bill McColl.

Oosterbaan likes him even better on defense. Michigan started widespread use of the platoon system in 1945, but Perry forced the coaching staff to revise its thinking by proving that the good man can and does go both ways.

As a soph, Perry was second to All-American Chuck Ortmann in punt returns and when the blond Milwaukee back left in 1951, Perry blossomed out as the top defensive back with punt returns of 25 against Stanford, 31 against Indiana and a 75-yard touch-

down run against Minnesota. The runs against Indiana and Stanford set up valuable touchdowns, though his defensive work saved even more in his nine games.

The problem of what to do with this halfback-end cropped up in 1949 when the Ypsilanti star enrolled at Ann Arbor. In high school, he had been a great quarterback. Ypsilanti posted a 35-game winning streak when he was in high school, with Perry calling the signals, passing, blocking and playing safety on defense. Players like Howard Mann and Dick Rifenburg were fresh in the minds of Coaches Oosterbaan and Orwig as they prepared to transpose the rangy, somewhat short, 19-year-old.

"Ordinarily," relates Oosterbaan, "we like to take advantage of a youngster's capabilities, but with Putich around we had a quarterback, and with Ortmann and Koceski juniors, a halfback really wasn't needed.

"His high school record indicated that he was a great athlete, a broad and high jumper and hurdler in addition to his football talent," Oosterbaan explained, "so Bill and I decided he would be best at end."

Perry will tell you about some anxious moments at Michigan, especially that first game against Michigan State. "It was just plain nerves," he claims, "but a week later against Dartmouth, I began to feel as if I belonged on the team."

Perry's feeling of confidence resulted in three intercepted passes and a 47-yard touchdown pass play from Putich, the key maneuver in a 27-7 victory. If there was a bad day in Lowell Perry's system, the Army game of 1950 was it. The Cadets whipped Michigan, 27-6, and one TD came on a pass play in which Perry was faked out of position.

But against Ivy Williamson's Badgers, Perry blossomed as the top defender on a team that was to win the Big Ten title despite its fifth place ranking on offense. Perry ran two punts back for 54 yards and intercepted one pass for 12 yards in an all-important 26-13 win.

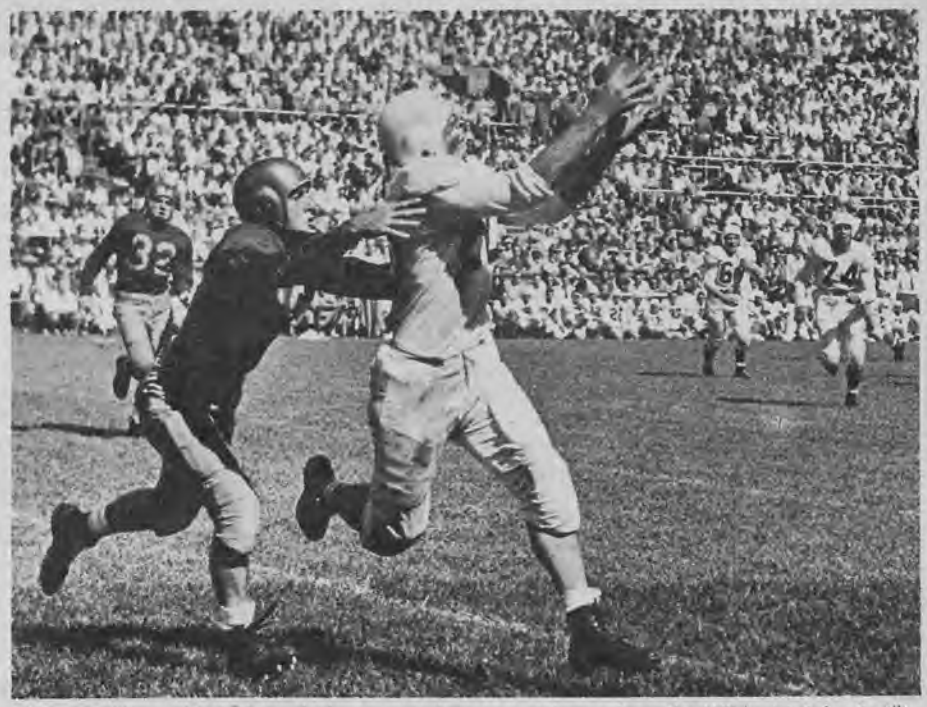
Those same Badgers had beaten Illinois and wound up within striking distance of the Conference title. A tie against Minnesota, 7-7, produced no particular Perry efforts. Two passes caught for first downs might have ended up with TD's but fumbles killed the chances.

leading td-maker for michigan

"Though no one in the stands noticed," Oosterbaan claims, "Perry played his best game against Ohio State when we clinched the Rose Bowl bid. He was all over the place on defense, stopping Vic Janowicz and the rest of the Buckeyes several times."

An injury against Michigan State shelved him early in 1951, but against Stanford, his end-around play scored one TD and a 25-yard punt return set up the other goal in a 23-13 defeat. Other top games in 1951 saw him catch five passes against Indiana, scoring once on a 35-yard jump pass and setting up two others with an end-around and a 31-yard punt return.

Leading touchdown maker for Michigan with 30 points last season, Perry will do even better this year as the Wolverines bounce up from their fourth place spot.



Steve Meilinger, Kentucky end, shown snagging an aerial pass from the Wildcats' Babe Parilli.

steve meilinger: he'd still be leaning . . .

continued from page 54

the great Parilli already had able catchers for his strikes, but Meilinger attracted more than his share because of a knack and love for running with the ball after capturing it from coveys of enemy backs.

This facility got him eight touchdowns, tops in the league for receivers during the regular season. At Dallas, he picked off three more key catches and 61 yards as Parilli had one of his best days and the Wildcats whaled the Frogs of Texas Christian.

"Being able to play a year with Parilli was one of the best things that ever happened to improve me. Babe made catching 'em easy most of the time. All you had to do was get where you were supposed to, reach up and there it was to drag in," Meilinger claims now.

This explanation is much too simplified, of course, but it has some merit. Certainly the confidence inspired by the presence alone of Parilli gave Steve a hoist in spirit when he started that first game, against Tennessee Tech. In Kentucky's next engagement he got 41 yards off three of Babe's chunks and followed this with seven catches of the 18 Kentucky managed against Texas and set a single-game high for the season. He made 54 yards against this first major college opposition. That tipped the ensuing opponents and they correctly deduced that chances were one in three that Meilinger would be the target when Parilli lifted his right hand.

However, Kentucky sagged and skidded in the next couple of outs and Meilinger sagged with the other 'Cats, although he was shifted to a defensive halfback position for the Georgia Tech loss as Bryant tinkered with his lineup to prevent further disaster. As a receiver in the test with unbeaten Villanova, Steve had his finest hour to date when he stomped 108 yards on four catches and scored three touchdowns.

Two weeks later, against a frozen batch of Miami (Fla.) Hurricanes, Meilinger scored twice more on the three aerials he pulled from the 20-degree air.

The teeth of the Floridians clacked loudly in the breeze at Lexington that day, and it wasn't all weather. Meilinger was superb and Parilli deadly. The University of Florida 'Gators had better luck against Kentucky in the heat at Gainesville and, although edged by the 'Cats, held Meilinger to two catches and only 38 yards. Against the others on the long list of Kentucky foes, Steve built his platform for the two campaigns ahead of him—except that honesty demands we mention Tennessee.

The Vols already were ticketed for the Sugar Bowl and Kentucky for the Cotton, and their longtime bitter rivalry was heightened by this happenstance when they met at Lexington. The game is a part of Southern football history now, for Tennessee crunched up and down the landscape to a 28-0 skunking of the 'Cats. More important to our story, Meilinger was held to one catch, good for a futile 16 yards.

"We had no special defense for Meilinger," General Bob Neyland reports—and Kentucky's Bryant concurs.

"We didn't see a thing that day but the same things Tennessee has been putting in defenses against us for years," Bryant says as he recalls that debacle. "They just knew how to handle it. We saw six-man lines in the middle of the field and seven-man stuff when deep in either territory. We had a foul day—and Meilinger did well enough."

More happily, Steve did better than that in the Cotton Bowl, as TCU will attest.

So where does he go from here? Bryant would like to know as much as anyone.

A onetime great flankman at Alabama himself, Bryant knows Meilinger has what it takes to reach the top of the national deck this fall, as a junior. There are some who say Steve was a trifle off in spring training and could use some pushing for his starting job. Maybe this is so—and it's an accepted fact that Kentucky could use some peace of mind about who will do the throwing when Steve is ready to do the catching.

Parilli's graduation leaves Kentucky up a gum stump for a replacement, although two experienced halfbacks, Larry Jones and Hal Gruner, have been shifted to the T-twister's position and either could be a fine quarter.

If they can get it off, Meilinger can catch it. But, while waiting for somebody to throw at him, Big Steve can brush up on his only known weakness—blocking large and determined people who wish to stop Kentucky runners. He's coming along nicely as a blocker and wants to do well at it. This means the odds are he *will* do very well at it.

He's a natural and something of an accident—and the hardboots of the Bluegrass are very glad, indeed, that John Butler made sure Steve no longer is leaning against that old jackass.

jesse arnelle: a baby giant

continued from page 56

It's a safe bet, though, that Jesse will be in the picture, front and center, whenever Penn State takes to the air seriously. Even coachly conservatism has its limits.

Only 17 and fresh out of high school, this large, limber son of a New Rochelle, N. Y., policeman did not get too much chance to display his gridiron talents last fall.

He never left the bench for the first three games and on the next five Saturdays had to be content with only a small taste of action, mostly on defense.

It was not until Penn State's November finale with Pittsburgh that Engle decided to see what the big fellow could really do. Turned loose for the first time, Arnelle showed Rip plenty.

On Penn State's 65-yard march to its only touchdown of the contest, Jesse snagged five successive passes, the last one in the end zone for the score. Two of his catches were sensational. No one but Jesse, probably, could have made these high-leaping fingertip grabs.

This significant exhibition, plus the speed and agility he displayed on the basketball court, made Engle doubly aware that he had a once-in-a-lifetime prospect in Arnelle.

Rip, however, is too old a hand at the precarious profession of coaching to climb all the way out on a limb for an untried player.

"There are a lot of rough spots that Arnelle still must smooth out," he observes, with studied restraint. "It would not be fair to push him out in front until he is ready to do a real job."

A straight-thinking young man, who has no illusions about himself, Arnelle goes along 100 percent with his coach's views.

"I know I still have a lot to learn about a lot of things. I'm far from a good blocker, for instance. I want to be in the line-up, sure. But I don't want to be a drag on the team, either."

The thing that worries Arnelle most at present is all the fuss that is being made over him before he has really made the grade.

"I hope these fellows know what they're doing," he said to publicity director Jim Coogan when the latter informed him that he had been honored in the FOOTBALL STARS poll, "I'd feel awful if I didn't measure up."

With his ability and attitude, Arnelle should "measure up". Could be that Penn State has a two-sport All-American in the big "baby giant" Engle's nursing along.

Tom Catlin (54), Oklahoma center, moves in to protect Sooner ball-carrier Eddie Crowder (16)

tom catlin: for him the toughest job

continued from page 63

the block. The center in the single wing and most other formations keeps his head down, looking back between his legs, concentrating on that all-important 5-yard pass. Once that is away, and only then, does he move.

Contrast that with the T-center. He crouches in the line, looking his opposing lineman right in the eye. He listens for the signal while trying to set up a fake to lure his opponent off guard. He then lifts the ball back to the quarterback, making sure that it is in proper position and that the quarterback has it firmly before letting loose. At the same time he lunges forward and blocks his man out, solo. No helping guard to carry most of the load. It's a rough, fast chore and probably the hardest thing to do in football.

one of the best centers in the game

The pivotal men in the split-T formation are the center and quarterback. If they don't operate with smooth precision, the team hasn't a chance to succeed with its offense It takes brains, guts and skill for these two and the center is the man who sets it all in motion.

Important? Of course, and if you've any doubts left, let's go back to that same play in Dallas in 1951 and see what might have happened if Tom Catlin hadn't been one of the best centers in the game.

Suppose, for instance, Tom had not had the courage it takes, after a long, man-killing drive such as the Oklahomans had just made, to give that extra ounce, that extra split second in timing which made the opening in the line. The Texas guard would have had the jump on Tom and Tom would have been flat, the play would have failed, the Oklahoma scoring record broken.

Suppose Tom hadn't been smart enough to give just the proper amount of reality to the head fake. The Texas man would have

had a tip-off on the block and been able to parry it. Result: failure for Oklahoma.

Suppose Tom hadn't the physical stamina and strength to rise to this most demanding of occasions. Suppose his legs had failed him in the lunge. Again, no touchdown.

So if you think the center is just a big hunk of beef who gets the ball back and then drops dead, better think again.

The physical power it takes to be a great split-T center is something a man is either born with or doesn't have. Next comes hard, grueling training. And it takes a knack for the job just as surely as a great broken field runner must have a flair for his specialty.

Tom Catlin came from a family of centers. His father, Hugh Catlin, played center at Vinita, Okla., high school (1920-23). He encouraged and helped Tom in the boy's younger days. Tom says his Dad used to spend a lot of time teaching him to pass the then-common spiral between the legs.

"I wild-pitched it a lot over the fences but Dad always was patient with me. He was my caddie. He always went after it."

Tom lived all his life in Ponca City before going to Oklahoma U. He didn't play grade school or junior high ball, but at Ponca City high he was an outstanding center who made the Oklahoma City *Daily Oklahoman's* all-state team in his senior year.

he had a lot to learn at oklahoma

Tom remembers one incident in high school which impressed him greatly. Tom's coach at Ponca City was Earl Sullins, a fine fundamentalist. One day before a game they had a pep assembly. Sullins got the football regulars on stage in red jerseys, put white jerseys on another eleven and lined them up.

"Now I'm going to show you a play we'll use against Cushing tonight," he said. "If every man does his job it should go for a touchdown." Then he had the offensive team go through the play in slow motion, showing the blocking. The idea was to create interest in the students and show that each man has an important job. The linemen liked it since it highlighted their parts in the action. That night, on the first play from scrimmage, the play went 75 yards for a TD.

Tom, having been a single wing center, had a lot to learn at Oklahoma. As a sophomore he was used on the defensive platoon as a linebacker. It's a job he still enjoys. "You might knock down ten guys who don't have the ball and it wouldn't mean much," Tom says. "But if you knock down the ball carrier just once, it's more fun and you feel you've done something important."

As a linebacker, Tom was pretty sensational. Against the Texas Aggies he was credited with six stops, yielding only 5 yards on the longest gain. Once the Aggies lost 11 on a behind-the-line-pass when Catlin drove in to tackle.

Against Texas he was credited with at least six stops. He stopped Byron Townsend for a yard gain on the first play and Texas called time out. Next time he stopped Townsend for no gain. Then Townsend got five but next time only two. Catlin also, with Jones, stopped an end sweep which lost 9.

Kansas's Chet Strehlow lost 11 to Catlin in what was supposed to be a trap play. Then Catlin intercepted a Jayhawk pass and ran it nineteen yards to score a touchdown.

Catlin was credited with nine stops and a pass break-up against Missouri, then in the Nebraska game for the title, Catlin figured in 11 stops, including an 11-yard loss for Bobby Reynolds which caused Reynolds to fumble. Catlin fell on it and set up a touchdown.

Catlin took part singly or in combination in 14 stops against the Oklahoma Aggies, again recovering a fumble after one of his tackles.

He wound up with six stops against Kentucky in the Sugar Bowl game of 1951, the longest gain yielded being for 5 yards.

When Harry Moore, 1950 Sooner co-captain and all-Big Seven center, graduated in 1951, Coach Bud Wilkinson found himself in need of a top flight offensive center. Catlin, despite knowing little about the split-T job (he figured in only eight offensive plays in 1950), was tried at the post and caught on so fast Wilkinson had his problem solved in jig time.

how to keep an opponent honest

Catlin gives Gomer Jones, Sooner line coach, credit for teaching him two highly important aspects of the job. One is to head fake an opponent in the direction the ball is not going, then whip a reverse body block on the opponent and move him out . This keeps an opponent "honest" who is too much disposed to play the center's head. The other trick is to brush block an opponent off the quarterback on wide plays, then move fast laterally with the sweep and look for your man as he drifts to cover. If he doesn't show, the center is free for a downfield block.

Catlin is big and fast, requisites for his job. He's 6 feet, 1 inch tall and weighs a solid 195 pounds. And Jones says he moves as quickly as he thinks, which is fast. He also relaxes so well he may be able to play for 50 of the 60 minutes.

They think a lot of Tom Catlin at Oklahoma. He's co-captain (with Eddie Crowder) for this, his senior season, and Wilkinson already is worried about finding a suitable replacement for this lineman who brings a world of talent to the toughest job in football.

bill forester: if he's on your side . . .

continued from page 65

much to do with SMU's crushing 47-7 victory.

The 6-foot, 3-inch Mustang leader is following in the footsteps of his older brother, Herschel, a guard who was co-captain of last year's team.

Bill is a coach's dream, a versatile powerhouse who likes to play on both offense and defense. The two-platoon system places terrific pressure on a double-duty man, because he is facing fresh, strong opponents throughout the game. That can be pretty tiring if it keeps up.

"I like it, though," says Forester. "I think I can go at top speed for about forty minutes."

And in forty minutes, Big Bill seems able to do as much damage as a whole crew of demolition experts working hard at their job.

HIGHLIGHTS OF FORESTER'S 1951 SEASON

GEORGIA TECH—A few days before opening game with Georgia Tech, SMU's regular left tackle was injured and unable to make the trip. Coaches asked Bill Forester, who had won a starting position at fullback on offense, to help out by playing tackle on defense. He willingly agreed and turned in an aggressive game.

MISSOURI—Fine blocking by fullback Forester cleared way for SMU's first touchdown. He made some fine gains on second touchdown march and recovered fumble by teammate on Missouri 13-yard line to keep drive moving. After fifth and final touchdown, PAT kicker fumbled passback from center, was rushed by Missouri tacklers, tossed the ball to Bill Forester on 10 and he bulled his way over for one point.

NOTRE DAME—Still playing left tackle on defense, Bill tore through the Irish line time after time to break up running plays or to rush the passer. With score 27 to 20 in favor of SMU in closing minutes of play, Forester broke through to throw Mazur, Irish quarterback, for long loss that broke up Notre Dame's last chance to tie the score.

TEXAS—Bill was credited with six unassisted tackles to lead this phase of the game. Also had 13 assisted tackles, nine more than any Texas player got. (Maybe because Texas had ball most of time.) Did fine job of going down under punts, stopping Dillon with 3-yard return once. Stopped Ochoa for no gain on several plays.

ARKANSAS—Forester led defensive statistics for both teams, being credited with 7 assisted and 9 unassisted tackles. No other player had more than 5 unassisted tackles. In first minute of game Arkansas had ball on SMU 24-yard line, but Forester broke through to throw McHan for loss on first play and Razorbacks took to air. Middle of first quarter SMU attack bogged, but Forester caught pass on Arkansas 16-yard line and bulled his way over for touchdown. Before half was over, Forester crashed through Arkansas line for a touchdown. In second half Forester threw Arkansas for no gains repeatedly and went down under punts to down receivers. Once with ball on SMU 11, Forester broke through to throw Pryor for 9-yard loss, and on next play threw Pryor for 16-yard loss. It looked as if SMU's best offensive was to let Arkansas have the ball and let Bill throw them for losses. Forester voted AP lineman of week for play against Arkansas.

BAYLOR—No defense statistics available, but Forrester stopped Coody and others for no gains on several occasions. In third quarter with score 14 to 7 for Baylor, Bill Forester intercepted Isbell's pass and returned to Baylor's 32-yard line, and then got touchdown on line plunges after pass had put ball on Baylor 8.

dick tamburo: if they get tough . . .

continued from page 68

rugged defensive back that Biggie Munn has turned him into a guard. And there's little Tommy, aged six. He'll be playing next fall in the second grade in football-conscious Pennsylvania.

Dick's kind of toughness has paid off for Michigan State, winners of 17 games with only one loss in two seasons of Tamburo-type linebacking. Playing on defense is his first love, even though he'll go both ways for the Spartans this fall.

Line coach Hugh "Duffy" Daugherty likes Tamburo's ability to diagnose plays. "He stopped Notre Dame cold twice on ground plays last fall after the Irish had a second down, one-half-yard-to-go-situation.

"Both times, Tamburo vaulted over center to grab the quarterback (Johnny Mazur) before he could hand off or try to sneak for the necessary yardage."

Munn, his coach, liked his play against Indiana when the Spartans were a little let down after whipping the Irish, 35-0. Tamburo scored the first touchdown against the Hoosiers by driving through Indiana's pocket to spill passing quarterback Lou D'Achille. But best of all, when D'Achille fumbled, Tamburo kept right on going and pounced on the ball in the end zone.

In a 30-26 game, another fumble recovery set up the final Spartan touchdown. A busy afternoon for a great linebacker.

Daugherty also tells about Tamburo's offensive ability at center. "We use two formations for punting, one a short, tight-knit lineup where the center snaps the ball about eight yards to the punter. The other has the punter back about 15 yards," Duffy recalls.

"Al Dorow, our quarterback, was instructed to use only the short snap from center when Tamburo was in at offensive center, because he didn't have time to practice the longer snap when he was working with the defensive unit.

"Against Indiana, Darrow became confused and twice called the spread punt and twice, Tamburo came through with perfect snaps back. But the following Monday, when we wanted him to practice, he couldn't get the ball anywhere near the punter."

That's another of his strong points, coming through in the clutch.

Only 6' 1" and weighing 200 pounds, Tamburo isn't as stout as most linebackers, but he's more shifty. With Michigan State usually using a 6-2 setup, Tamburo is set to either jam the center or flank out wide to the right.

Like most great college players, he used to be a back, a fullback for his seventh grade team, but in high school he switched to end, like brother Sam, and then to center, where he made All-Pennsylvania and caught the fancy of Michigan State.

At M.S.C., he follows through with the toughness of the Tamburos by studying police administration. He is an advanced R.O.T.C. man, specializing in military poilce work.

Dick Tamburo, Michigan State center

His quick starts from the center post make him a good downfield blocker, and for that reason, he played more minutes in the big games on the Spartan schedule than the No. 1 offensive center, Jim Creamer, last fall.

The Spartans trailed Marquette, 14-6 in the third period, but after Tamburo took charge, the greenclad M.S.C. boys squeezed by, 20-14. And Ohio State, leading 20-10 with 10 minutes left, got to see a lot of Tamburo, who played both ways in the last quarter.

Playing close up, he has little chance for interceptions, although twice last season he deflected passes into the arms of teammates who ran them back for touchdowns. Once in high school, he picked one off for a 90-yard runback.

There may come a day when Coach Biggie Munn will need this type of play to win a game. Folks around East Lansing are betting that Tamburo, who can get tough easy, will be the man to do it.

elroy hirsch: it was only the beginning

continued from page 70

to have on your football team—even if you never play him at end.

He's one of the league's most talented watchmen in the business of pass defense. Otto Graham, the fellow who tailors the Cleveland Browns' T attack, puts it this way: "A quarterback is lucky to be able to pass to a receiver like Crazy Legs. He's almost as lucky if he doesn't have to pass into a territory Crazy Legs is defending."

Graham tossed one of Elroy's greatest catches—when both played with the collegians in the 1946 All-Star game in Chicago. The bookmakers established the professional champion Rams 10-point favorites in that one but they forgot to reckon with Hirsch. They've been cussing the Wausau Whiz for their losses ever since.

The All-Stars were leading, 7 to 0, in the third period, when Otto pitched from the Rams' 38 into the arms of Hirsch on the All-Star 30. Elroy zig-zagged to the second touchdown in the All-Stars 60 to 0 upset.

Oh, yes! Elroy also scored the first touchdown—and that was even more of a crowd-pleaser. It came in the first quarter. Graham faked a thrust at the line and lateralled to Elroy. Hirsch followed Pat Harder, who took care of one man in the secondary, then twisted on for a 68-yard touchdown trip. Hirsch's performance that night was one of the finest individual shows in All-Star history, though a fellow named Hutson gave a couple that rivalled it.

Hutson, whose stringy frame was almost identical to Hirsch's 6' 2", 190-pound build, scored three touchdowns in the Green Bay Packers' 48 to 28 conquest of the 1940 All-Stars. One of those was an 81-yard pass-run collaboration with Cecil Isbell. In the Packers' 19 to 7 success over the All-Stars in 1945, Hutson scored a touchdown, a field goal, and two extra points.

So when Hirsch broke loose in the 1946 game, what do you think rabid All-Star fans said?

"That Elroy Hirsch is another Hutson!" Hirsch's rise to rival Hutson is one of the great comebacks in sports. A fragile fellow, Elroy often was plagued by the miseries—usually leg trouble—in his early pro career. But he always recovered. Then, in 1948, while wearing a Chicago Rockets uniform, Elroy smacked into a swarm of Cleveland Browns tacklers. He didn't rise after the collision. His skull was fractured and everyone but Elroy was convinced he was through.

he couldn't keep a ball from smacking him in the face

Even Hirsch must have had his doubts when he left the hospital. Conditioning workouts in a gym made him even more skeptical. His coordination was so poor he couldn't lift his arms to keep a thrown basketball from smacking him in the face.

Eventually Hirsch's coordination returned—after lots of rest and handball games. He sat around thinking he would like to continue pro football—if it wasn't with the Chicago Rockets. He favored Hutson's old team, the Packers of the National Football League, because of Green Bay's proximity to Milwaukee. Elroy wanted to be near Milwaukee to protect his business interests.

But the National League rights to Hirsch were held by the Los Angeles Rams. There was bickering about the Rockets' contract rights, but when 1949 rolled around, Hirsch was lining up with the Rams. The Rams' heavy pass-catching work in 1949 was being executed by one Tom Fears, who caught 77 aerials for nine touchdowns.

In 1950 Hirsch frequently moved up to end and scored seven times while catching 42 passes. Teammate Fears, who was being mentioned as "second to Hutson" by virtue of being the N. F. L. leading pass receiver for a third straight season, could get only seven touchdowns, though he caught 84 aerials. Fears' spectacular 1,116 yards gained on passes was short of Hutson's all-time mark but fans shrugged: "Who's ever going to match Hutson?" Hirsch answered that, last season.

Not too many years ago the good folks of

Wausau, Wisconsin, shook their heads wonderingly as they observed a lanky blonde running to and from high school. No boy in Wausau ever had been known to be in a hurry to get to school. More amazing was the way the young lad ran!

The sidewalks in Wausau were split into the regular sections, but each section was divided into four squares. When this boy raced along, he stepped from one square to another on the opposite side, thus getting a zig-zag motion while keeping a sprinter's momentum.

Eventually they began calling the boy Crazy Legs and they were right. His churning motion has driven foes crazy since the days he starred with Wausau High's eleven.

Ralph Serpico, once a Chicago Rockets' guard, best described Elroy's crazy legs. "They go from side to side," he said, "and if you try to tackle him, your hands keep getting batted back into your face by his hips."

In 1942 Hirsch was the sophomore sensation of one of University of Wisconsin's greatest teams. He gained 323 yards rushing and completed 11 of 23 passes (in those days he was on the pitching end) as the Badgers finished second to Ohio State in the Big 10 race. And Wisconsin beat State in their game.

Hirsch realized his ambition to play on a Big 10 championship eleven the next fall, but not at Wisconsin. The Navy V-12 program (he was a marine) transferred him to Michigan where, despite injuries, he registered seven touchdowns as the Wolverines tied Purdue for the 1943 title.

Elroy also was a pitcher and outfielder on the Michigan team that won the Big 10 baseball crown and he was the No. 1 broad jumper on the Wolverine track squad that took the Big 10 indoor and outdoor championships.

they all wanted him

Hirsch's next football was with the Camp Lejeune Marines (1944) and the El Toro Marines (1945). When it became known he would be out of service by the time the 1946 football campaign rolled around, Hirsch found himself besieged by visitors.

The Chicago Rockets of the new All-America Conference wanted him. The Los Angeles Rams of the National League put in their bid. Harry Stuhldreher, then coach at Wisconsin, opined that Hirsch would return for another season with the Badgers. The Rockets bagged the prize.

Hirsch was no great success in Chicago, but, then, neither were the Rockets. The Rockets showed amazing ability for running through an array of coaches, assorted bankrolls, and almost everything but opposing teams. Hirsch gave it a try for three years. Injuries jinxed him and the Rockets. Certainly the Rockets' chances for success in the pro football war then being waged took a tailspin every time Elroy, a great competitor and drawing card, was sidelined.

No one realized it at the time, but Elroy received one of the biggest strokes of fortune in his career when he was bumped by those tough hombres from Cleveland early in the 1948 season. An athlete of lesser stamina might have called it quits after so much misfortune. Elroy decided to try once more—with the Rams—and rallied to new heights.

otto graham: who compares with otts?

continued from page 73

and their jet-propelled offense might be slowed to a fizzle if they played in the tough competition of the National League, granddaddy of all pro football.

Then the pro merger put the Browns in competition with such rugged N. F. L. combinations as the Bears, the Eagles, and the Rams. The National League was loaded with Otto Grahams—guys like Sammy Baugh, Johnny Lujack, Bobby Layne, Bob Waterfield, and Norm Van Brocklin, etc.

This made slight difference to the Browns and their T (for touchdown) pass master. With Otto at the throttle, they drove to their fifth straight pro championship by taking the National League title.

Individually as well as from the team's standpoint, Graham has met the test provided by the men who had been playing in the "other league." At 37, and with 14 seasons under his belt, Baugh is past his peak and no longer can compare with Graham.

Even at his best, Slingin' Sam was a different type of passer. During the greater part of his career, he operated out of the single wing formation, which made it easy for him. Whereas the T quarterback must do a little faking, then run back before he passes, Baugh simply played deep in the backfield, backed off a little more if necessary, spotted his receiver and fired the ball. Graham has no such leisure for looking over the scene before he cuts loose his aerials.

Lujack, Layne, Waterfield and Van Brocklin all have been strictly T-engineers, and while Waterfield had several brilliant seasons, he never matched Graham's record for consistency, and now that he's a part-time performer, Bob's understudy, Van Brocklin, has still to prove he's in the same class with the Cleveland genius. Lujack and Layne, both great passers in college, likewise fell short of Graham's high rating in professional circles. Otto simply can do everything all the others can do, and at least a little bit better.

The championship monopoly owned by Cleveland and Graham was broken one gray afternoon last December only after the Browns were within range of a sixth title. The Los Angeles Rams did the dethroning—taking a 24 to 17 decision in a fierce playoff tussle. Otto, who had passed to 13 touchdowns during the regular 1951 season, hurled for one of the Browns' scores. His aerials set up the other Cleveland touchdown. And if officials hadn't whistled back another Graham touchdown pitch, the Browns well might have continued as kingpins.

Still, five championships in six years is not bad for a fellow who had only a scant knowledge of the T until he was singled out by Paul Brown as the foundation for a football team Cleveland would field in the All-America conference.

Graham's "discovery" by Brown was the second time fate pushed the 6 foot 1, 195-pound athlete to football stardom. The first came at Northwestern, where Otto had enrolled with recognition as a promising basketball player and an outstanding music student. One of Coach Lynn Waldorf's scouts saw Otts playing football in intramural competition and relayed rave notices to Pappy. Presto! Waldorf, who could sell Florida oranges in California, convinced Graham he should be playing with the big fellows.

Northwestern's Wildcats weren't particularly wild in those days, but Otto was a terror. He was a runner, a passer, a defender, a blocker, and occasionally thought up plays in the huddle.

His three year passing mark at Northwestern resulted in a gain of 2,162 yards as he completed 157 of 221 pitches. That made Big 10 history. Against Michigan in 1942 he completed 20 of 29 tosses and his passing that season surpassed performances at Notre Dame by a gent named Angelo Bertelli.

A month prior to his senior campaign at Northwestern, Otto gave fans a hint of what they could expect. He played in the 1943 College All-Star game (in war years undergraduates were permitted in All-Star competition) and raced 97 yards for a touchdown after pilfering one of Baugh's passes. That contributed to a victory for the All-Stars, who usually have slim pickings against the pro champs.

Otto followed up with a great concluding year at N. U. He carried 87 times for 355 yards. He scored nine touchdowns, passed for four more, and kicked seven extra points. Against Wisconsin he scored four touchdowns in 24 minutes.

At that time Uncle Sam was offering husky young men of Otto's type the inducement of clothing, board, room, and all the Japanese they could shoot. Otto understandingly took the offer—and the next time he popped into the football headlines was when he signed with the Browns.

Paul Brown, who had been signed by Arthur (Mickey) McBride to organize an All-America conference team for Cleveland, was still a Naval lieutenant of Great Lakes when he started outlining plans for a wonder team. The standout figure in Paul's plans was Otto Graham.

"I wanted Otto, period," says Brown. "I didn't care if he hadn't played the T at Northwestern, because I knew he had the qualifications I wanted. He was cool, rugged, and had the poise."

Otto determinedly set about to learn the intricacies of the T. He also learned he had a tough assignment—making Cleveland football fans forget a quarterback named Bob Waterfield.

When the All-America announced plans of invading the city, the Cleveland Rams, who had taken the National League championship in 1945, decided that the team that ran away would live to play another day. The Rams ran to Los Angeles. The Browns were left alone in Cleveland and faced with the problem of making those same fans, who had been apathetic about the champion Rams, take an untried newcomer to their hearts. The immediate acceptance of the Browns and Graham showed the Rams and Waterfield weren't missed.

Otto had won his first duel with Bobby as he quarterbacked the College All-Stars to a 16 to 0 victory over Waterfield and the Rams in the 1946 All-Star game in which

Elroy Hirsch sparkled for the All-Stars.

Only a few days after that game Otto and the Browns started their first season. It was a championship one as Graham accounted for 17 touchdowns and 1,834 yards while completing 95 of 174 passes. In four years with the All-America, Otto completed 592 aerials, and the 86 touchdowns that resulted represented a third of the Browns' scoring. And don't forget that Otto contributed other touchdowns by rushing.

Last year, after the Browns narrowly had missed their sixth straight pro championship, Coach Brown was asked how valuable Otto was.

"He's probably the highest paid player in the game," said Brown, indicating that this should be answer enough.

Ed (Tex) McKeever, the much travelled coach who had such standouts as Charley O'Rourke, Angelo Bertelli, and Johnny Lujack during their college days, once made a capsule quip about Graham.

"If Graham isn't the 'mostest' quarterback in pro football," said smiling Ed, who then was coaching the Chicago Rockets, "I'll be danged if I want to hang around and play against the guy who is!"

eddie price: moulded in a mighty image

continued from page 74

spoke spurred the Giant. Now he owns the record, but the next mark he'll be shooting for will be one thousand yards gained carrying for the year. Only Steve Van Buren, Tony Canadeo and Beattie Feathers have ever hit that amazing figure.

The remarkable feature of Price is that he is not built for heavy going. He starts a year at 190 pounds, but plays closer to 185. The secret of Price's success is an overwhelming ambition and the fact that he is the fastest starting back in football. Eddie seems to be running in full stride simultaneously with the snap of the ball.

Typical of Eddie's performances were the final two games last season. They reflect the nature of the man.

For most of the season Eddie led the league. But after the first nine games he started to drop and going into the next to the last affair against the Eagles at Philadelphia he was in fourth place. He gained 171 yards in Shibe Park in 27 carries, including an 80-yard jaunt for a touchdown. This still left him in second place behind Rob Goode of the Washington Redskins by a scant eleven yards.

It was a dreadful day to try for any title. A week of snow with the field uncovered had left it as hard as concrete covered with great patches of ice. But Price's plays were called 30 times. He tore off 138 yards. The closest ball carrier to him was the 'Skins' Forrest Griffith, who made 28 yards in 10 carries.

"Nobody else but Eddie could have made it under these conditions," said Owen when it was over. Steve was aware how much winning the title meant to his fullback. He also knew what it meant to the Giants because with Kyle Rote tied to the sidelines with an injury most of the season, it had to be Price carrying the mail.

On one occasion, Owen sought to rest the overworked ball carrier. It was only a signal drill, so Steve sent in a substitute. Price assumed Owen was dissatisfied. He left the field in tears. Owen knew then how much Price wanted to make it to the top.

"When a man wants to play as much as Eddie does," said the coach, "you just got to give him the chance to show he can do it."

Eddie Price, New York Giant back, goes for eight yards against the Philadelphia Eagles.

dan towler: deacon dan, the battering ram

continued from page 75

21-yard line, Towler barrelled around his own left end and ran over and away from all to score the TD that broke open the game. The Rams went on to win, 28-0. The field was a sloppy mess that day, but Towler carried 11 times for 144 yards.

A football, basketball, baseball and track varsity letter winner at Donora High School (Pa.), Towler can run the 100 in 9.8, toss the shot put 48 feet two inches and the discus 130 feet. Dangerous as a runner, Towler is an equal threat as a pass catcher. The 24-year-old, however, is as modest an athlete as can be discovered.

"Whatever talent I possess," he says, "I must thank God for. Without His help I would have nothing."

emlen tunnell: football isn't football . . .

continued from page 77

Football has known few more alert and aggressive ball-hawks than this erstwhile Iowa Hawkeye from Garrett Hill, Pa. Not counting scores of rib-cracking tackles that don't show in the statistics, here are some of the major wonders that Tunnell worked for the Giants last season:

1. Returned 34 punts (a National League record) 489 yards (high for the circuit in 1951) and three touchdowns.

2. Ran back six kickoffs 227 yards (including a record touchdown gallop of 100 yards against the Yanks).

3. Intercepted nine passes for a total gain of 74 yards.

"I've never seen anyone who could catch a flying football as well as Em," observes Owen. "He plucks those punts and passes out of the air just like a good outfielder grabs a fly ball. Most men will let a football get into their bodies. Not Tunnell. He picks it off with his hands and is on his way.

"Catching punts any way takes a lot of nerve these days, with the whole line bearing down with the ball from open kick formation," Stout Steve continues. "But it never fazes Em. He hits hard himself and isn't afraid of being hit. I've never seen him shy away from anyone no matter how big."

The defensive tiger of the Giants has been involved in some of football's classic head-on collisions and though he's just a rather scrawny-appearing 185-pounder, it's the other fellow who usually has to give ground.

"I'll never forget the time a couple of years ago when Em came booming up to nail Jack Jacobs trying to sneak around our end on a bootleg play," recalls Owen, who maintains "football isn't football until you can hear that leather pop.

"Tunnell caught up to that big Indian near the sideline and smacked him so hard that he rolled over three times and wound up under the Green Bay bench. The Packers just threw a blanket over him, left him lying there and sent in another quarterback."

bob waterfield: always out in front

continued from page 79

of the regular season, Bob still starred. The Rams and Packers were tied, 14-14, at halftime. But when the game had ended, the Rams had 42 to Green Bay's 14 and Waterfield had completed 10 of 18 passes for 204 yards and five TD's. He finished the year first in passing, first in field goals and second in scoring.

It's unlikely that professional football has ever seen a more remarkable back. No other man, married to beautiful movie star Jane Russell, would have a personality and identity all his own, but no matter what other achievements Mrs. Waterfield has to her credit, she could never have gone seven years in the rough and tumble of big league football and remained as much a star at the end as at the beginning.

Bob was born in Elmira, N. Y., on July 26, 1920, but his family moved to Van Nuys, Cal., when he was a youngster. There he became an outstanding basketball and football star. There it was he first wore his famous No. 7 and where he met the high school girl who was to become his wife and favorite movie actress.

Waterfield is now something of a celluloid hero in his own right too. A gymnast good enough to compete for UCLA on the rings and long horse, Bob has appeared in a "Jungle Jim" film. No matter what heights he can attain on the screen, however, it's not likely he'll come up with an Oscar. He's earned the gridiron equivalent every season in his more familiar moleskins.

dante lavelli: paul brown saw something

continued from page 78

In fact, the first time Paul Brown, who coaches Lavelli, saw Dante, he was a back who had paced Hudson, Ohio, High School to three undefeated seasons. Thus it was that Lavelli reported to Ohio State as a halfback and played through a freshman season at the position.

But following his freshman year (1942) observant Brown, one of the keenest analysts on the gridiron, noted a peculiarity in Lavelli's stride. The coach concluded it would be too difficult to correct. Rather than have him struggle along as a mediocre backfield man, Brown decided to convert Lavelli to an end.

Dante spent the summer playing touch football on the Buckeye campus. He practiced change of pace, faking and pass catching. In the fall the intensive practice paid off. He made the first team, but the strange twists which have characterized Lavelli's career dogged him in his first season. In an early game of the campaign, Lavelli suffered several cracked ribs. He could appear in only one more game before, like so many other potential stars, he was called into service. He was in the Army for three and a half years, serving in France, Belgium and Germany, but Brown hadn't forgotten him. When Paul took over the Browns he gave Dante a chance to make the club.

With so limited a background in football, Lavelli competed against several All-Americans for the pro job. He not only made the squad, but before the year was done he was the regular offensive end and led the league in pass receptions with 40 for 843 yards and eight touchdowns.

Lavelli's primary assets are speed and large sure hands. Whenever he gets near the ball he rarely misses gaining possession. Unlike his running mate, Mac Speedie, who depends upon deception to break into the open, Dante says he merely follows pass patterns as carefully as possible.

"It is my job to go in a certain direction and arrange to be at a certain spot at a certain count."

There can be little argument that the Official All-America Conference end for 1946 and 1947 has done that. But there is much more to Dante than his unadorned statement contains. Lavelli is something of a cutie. For short yardage only, he has developed the trick of hooking his arm around the goal post as an axis around which to twirl away from his defense. He spins around on the goal line to take short passes in the territory where they mean the most.

It is sort of an accelerated button hook and when you consider the 586 yards Dante accumulated last season on 43 receptions it is the kind of button hook that opened the way to many a Cleveland Browns victory.

lou groza: how 'the toe' found his body

continued from page 80

tackle, with all the rough work that goes with it.

Groza was an all-around athlete at Martins Ferry High School in southern Ohio. He won ten letters, three in football and basketball and four in baseball. He captained the three major sports in his senior year. His basketball team took the state championship and Lou was named to the All-Ohio squad. Not only was he picked as All-Ohio tackle, but Martins Ferry's favorite son was named the most valuable player in the All-State tournament.

For a star of such magnitude, however, Groza never got the chance to shine in college. He matriculated at Ohio State, where he played freshman football, but before he could play more, Lou was being fitted for Army khaki. There was time enough at Ohio State, however, for Brown, who was to move on to the Browns after serving in the Navy, to learn that Groza's passion was becoming master of his toe.

It is said that Groza picked the strangest places to practice and perfect his booting. On Okinawa, for instance, Lou managed to erect a goal post and practiced place kicking between barrages.

The payoff for this perseverance has been tremendous. For the last two years Lou has been named to the All-Pro Bowl games by vote of the pro coaches.

In Berea, Ohio, where Groza lives with his wife, a former beautiful New York model named Jackie, they're thrilled that Lou has proved he belongs with the top linemen in the league. But they'll tell you privately nothing gives them as much a boot as The Toe's booting.

george connor: gentle as a lamb . . .

continued from page 81

and McAfee."

All-League tackle in 1949, 1950 and 1951, Connor typifies the most desirable elements every coach seeks in every football player. One of the hardest working members of the Bears' menage in training camp this summer, Connor is the kind of operative who insists he must do his running before and after every regular workout. He is a real Bear in action and a real gentleman out of it. Fast, strong, spirited, the six-foot three-inch 240-pounder is idolized by the men who play beside him and feared and respected by those he plays against. He has a winning smile and is gentle as a lamb out of uniform. His soft-spoken voice belies his animal tendencies on the field and those who know him around his native Chicago say George could be a success at anything he tried.

He is the son of a popular South Side doctor, and during the off-season sells corrugated boxes for a Chicago firm.

Connor has a winning way about him. Handsome enough to have been given consideration for the Tarzan role in the movies a few years ago, The Moose, as he is called by his teammates, is prime material for a coaching role when his playing days are done.

From the first George was a star with the Bears, when he joined them in 1948, but his trail twisted a bit before he landed in the town in which he attended high school and first attracted attention as a two-sport star at De LaSalle.

After performing as a freshman at Holy Cross and winning All-America citation in Worcester in his sophomore year, Connor entered the Navy. He served in the submarine branch. In 1946, upon his discharge, he enrolled at Notre Dame and was named captain that fall as the Irish went on to a national championship and George to another All-America selection. The only player among the modern Irish to be elected to a captaincy twice, Connor again led the Ramblers to a national championship in 1947 and again was an All-America.

Drafted by the Giants, George was traded to the Boston Yanks, who passed him on to the Bears for tackle Mike Jarmoluk. From that day to this the pattern of Connor's brilliance has never varied. The outstanding player in the All-Pro Bowl game last January, Connor is the most versatile lineman in football today. Halas says he is a throwback to the old forwards. He is offensive tackle and middle line backer. He also plays defensive tackle and until the tackle eligible play was outlawed last season, he was the Bears' key man in that particular maneuver.

His rivals are interested in knowing, however, when league rule will outlaw Connor

5 best

running backs

Billy Vessels, Oklahoma.....22
Bobby Reynolds, Nebraska.....26
John Olszewski, California.....30
Andy Kozar, Tennessee.....34
Bill Tate, Illinois.....36

defending backs

Donn Moomaw, UCLA.....38
Al Brosky, Illinois.....42
John Lattner, Notre Dame.....46
Val Joe Walker, SMU.....48
Lowell Perry, Michigan.....50

ends

Lowell Perry, Michigan.....50
Frank McPhee, Princeton.....54
Paul Dekker, Mich. State.....58
Steve Meilinger, Kentucky.....60
Jesse Arnelle, Penn State.....62

linemen

Dick Modzelewski, Maryland.....64
Tom Catlin, Oklahoma.....68
Bill Forester, SMU.....70
Norm Manoogian, Stanford.....72
Dick Tamburo, Mich. State.....74